THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 197, Number 11

SEPTEMBER 13, 1924

5c. the Copy

Fanny Heaslip Lea — Edward Bok — Mrs. Joseph Conrad — Albert Payson Terhune
Herbert Ravenel Sass — Samuel G. Blythe — Alfred Pearce Dennis — Bertram Atkey

HOW DO YOU BUY CANNED FRUITS?

Do you buy them by the old "hit-or-miss" method of taking any brand that's offered?

—or by the only sure way—knowing exactly what quality you want—and always insisting on getting it under a brand that you really know?

You must make the decision! There are too many varying qualities—too many hundreds of brands—to buy canned fruits by guess.

If you want to be *certain* of quality, you must know which brand will give it to you, then make sure that you get that brand.

That's why it's so important—so really worth your while—to ask for and to make sure that you always receive canned fruits under the DEL MONTE Brand.

You always know in advance *exactly* what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

Order by the dozen cans—the convenient, economical way.

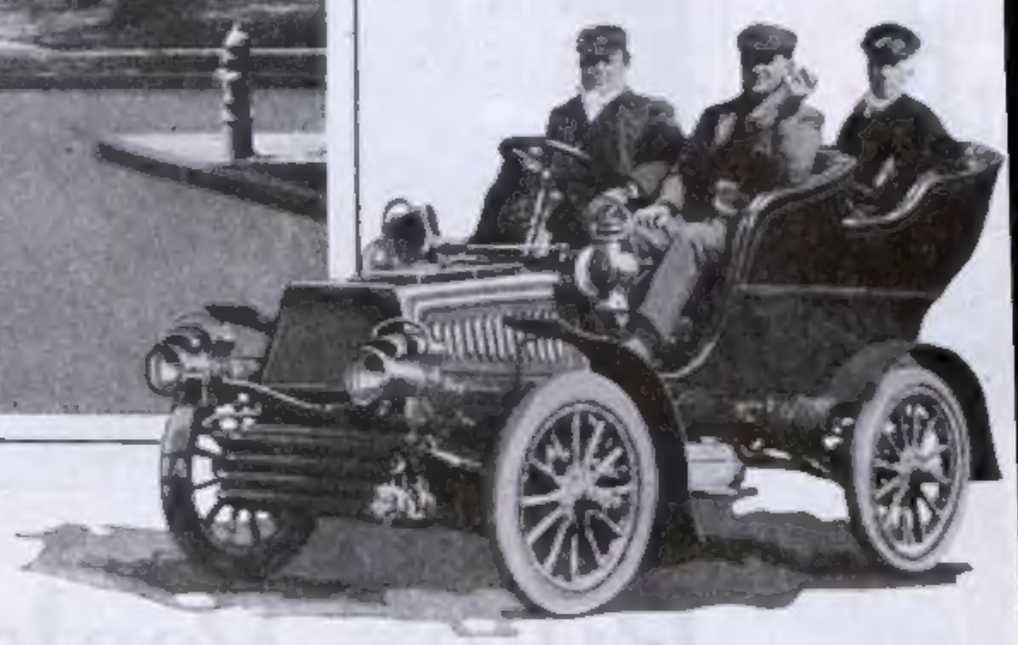
Choose the Size of Can to Fit your Need

Do you know that most DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in three sizes of cans—as a special DEL MONTE convenience?

No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium-sized fruit; and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit.

All have the same splendid flavor, for all are DEL MONTE. Only tree-ripened fruit of highest quality goes under the DEL MONTE label—varying in dimension but alike in flavor and quality—all packed in the same heavy syrup. Ask your grocer for the size of can to fit your need.

~ Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**



Bellflower Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Tarvia-built 1905.

Both were new in 1905—
Today the Tarvia Street is Still Good

CLEVELAND, 1905! Bellflower Avenue paved with Tarvia! Traffic in those days was almost entirely "horse-and-carriage." Occasionally a motor car passed—a puffing, high-seated affair that looked dangerous to the conservative citizen.

Time brings its changes. Traffic today means motor traffic. The old-time cars are junk—or preserved as curiosities. But the Tarvia pavement on Bellflower Avenue, after nearly 20 years of constant traffic, is as good as it was on the day it was laid.

Nor is this exceptional. At remarkably small cost, Tarvia streets can be kept good for many years. In fact, only economical maintenance is needed to make a Tarvia pavement last indefinitely. And in addition these facts:

Tarvia pavements will not wave, roll or rut.

Tarvia pavements are skid-proof because of their granular surface.

Thousands of Tarvia streets and roads have proved to taxpayers that for the money spent—and remember it's your money—Tarvia gives more mileage and the most years of satisfactory pavement service.

On request, we will gladly send you descriptive booklet, construction data and complete specifications. Address our nearest office.

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COLORADO SPRINGS, at the foot of Pike's Peak, "the Sentinel of the Rockies," is a beautiful city of more than 31,000 inhabitants. It is visited annually by thousands of health-seekers and tourists from every part of the world. A cog-railway, trail and automobile road lead to the summit of the towering, snow-capped peak. The motor road has been used for testing the hill-climbing abilities of many types of automobiles.

Pike's Peak and Gettysburg

—*one soap holds first place*

BY the window marked X on the accompanying picture of the old Wills House at Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln is said to have finished, on the back of an envelope, the brief address begun on the train from Washington, which today every school child knows by heart. This was Lincoln's room during his stay at Gettysburg. The Lincoln Highway passes the Wills House and crosses the Gettysburg battlefield where the famous address was delivered.

Photo by W. H. Tipton, Gettysburg, Pa.

IT is something more than 1500 miles by airplane from Gettysburg, Pa. to Colorado Springs. But, in the matter of laundry soap these two widely separated towns might be next-door neighbors.

For in both, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest-selling laundry soap.

And what is true of Gettysburg and Colorado Springs is true generally throughout the whole country —P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America.

There must be good reasons for such remarkable supremacy. And, of course, there are!

P and G is *white*, for one thing. As women become more fastidious and careful about the appearance and daintiness of their clothes, they naturally incline towards the use of a white soap.

P and G preserves the whiteness of white clothes and the colors of colored clothes.

It leaves no yellowish tinge.

It leaves no soapy odor.

It cuts down the drudgery of washday by eliminating hard rubbing and frequent boiling.

It saves the time and strength of yourself or your laundress.

With all these advantages, and at a price no higher than that of the very best of the old-fashioned soaps, is it any wonder that P and G should outsell every other laundry soap?

Of course, the use of P and G is not confined to laundry alone—women everywhere have found it superior for dishes, woodwork, linoleum and all household cleaning.

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THE RIGHT VOICE

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

He Stood Close Beside Them, Called Hallie by Name Before She Lifted Her Head From Young Meade's Shoulder

Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.—WALT WHITMAN.

COLONEL SUMMERS was giving a party. He stood in the moon-dappled shadows of his spacious veranda and turned a long black cigar about and about between his full, rather fleshy lips, savoring his party, the unquestioned success of it, the smoothness, the charm and the artistic finish of it, to the full.

He liked to feel that people maneuvered for invitations to his house—though he scorned them, to the depths of his soul, for so doing. He liked to hear—and there were plenty of his acquaintance ready to proffer the assurance—that his parties stood out from the common rut of hospitality; that his dinners were unique, his flowers, his food, his cellar, his music beyond anything else of the sort which Oldstown might dare to show.

His music—ah, there was the crux of it!

His music—Hallie's music. Hallie's music was the heavenly center about which all the colonel's parties revolved. Sooner or later, summer or winter, magical moonlight or warm yellow candle glow, with windows wide or with curtains drawn and great logs hissing in the fireplace—sooner or later Hallie's slim soft-eyed sweetness stood up beside the gleaming great piano, Hallie's dark head went back, Hallie's white throat rippled, and people quieted like rats hearing the Piper come down the street.

That was the moment for which the colonel staged his prettiest effects. It was the moment in which he delicately weltered now, standing in the dim twilight cast by a blossoming clematis vine, turning his long black cigar about and about, rocking a little on his heels and toes, smiling a little beneath the clipped and military grizzle of his short mustache.

Inside the big house, among the lights and flowers and the pretty women and the black-coated men, Hallie was singing. Her song hung on the air like a star in the sky at sunset—a little shining white star, dogging a frail new moon. As tender as that. It had

all the effortless lure of a mocking bird's love-making, all the cadence and poignance and croon of running water in the dark.

The thing she sang was one of the colonel's favorites. Her singing followed largely the colonel's taste in music which, founded in Verdi and Bizet, ranged pleasantly enough among a variety of ballads, with nice consideration for what a lady might or might not fittingly express in public concerning the emotions.

"What are we waiting for, oh, my heart?" sang Hallie through the stillness. "Kiss me once on the brow and part—again—again!"

Heartbreak, pure as a pearl on a jeweler's cushion! Hallie had never, in all her young life, known parting in its romantic sense, yet any bereft lover might have wept afresh on hearing her.

"Good-by, summer—good-by—good-by!" she sang sobbingly—with the colonel's entire approval.

Her song died out, exquisite, leaving an echo in the air like perfume. There was a spatter of hands, an eager murmur of applause. Hallie's voice cried gayly, "No, no; not now! No more."

With a wheedling squeal and an amorous whine, with a throaty call and a teasing whistle the Oldstown Orchestra sprang into action. Instantly came the susurrant shuffle of dancing feet, the whisper of swinging skirts. The party having held its breath one glowing moment fell back into step again.

"Very nice!" said the colonel with a satisfied clearing of his throat and a pleased jerking down of his waistcoat. "Very nice, eh? Hallie's in voice tonight."

The man beside him, tall and quiet, staring out of the fragrant dark into the rosy and golden spaces where the dancers moved, answered without haste, equally without fear of contradiction, as one knowing the worth of his own judgment: "She's usually in voice. I've never known a more even tone."

"Sweet too!" said the colonel, wagging a prideful head. He might, to hear him, have been himself the singer.

"Sweet's hardly the word," said the other brusquely. "She has a lyric quality which very few ——"

"Here she comes!" the colonel interjected. He flung away his cigar and, both hands out, made a sweeping gesture of welcome.

The other man was silent, watching and smiling, a smile that barely touched the corners of a controlled sensitive mouth, but lingered deeply in his fine dark tired eyes, watching the girl who ran toward them through the window. Hallie's eager little laugh, Hallie's tender throaty whisper, the swirl of her laces, the sweetness of her outstretched hands answering the colonel's own—like a docile child!

"Phillip, I'm Not Going to Open it Now. Not Till After I've Seen the Colonel"

"Was I good tonight? How was it? Were you pleased?"

Her dark hair waved into a heavy knot at the back of her head. Hallie would have liked it cut. She yearned for the softness of those cloudy masses about her face, yearned to throw back her head and feel—free! But the colonel cherished a fetish, one of several, concerning what he uniquely referred to always as short-haired women and long-haired men; so Hallie's hair, undone, fell almost to her knees, and coiled, weighted her head, quaintly.

She saw, in a moment, that her husband was not alone, and five friendly fingers lay for a glancing instant upon his companion's sleeve.

"Phil, were you listening? Did you like me? Were my legatos any better?"

She had the sweetest mouth in the world, Hallie had—bowed yet wistful, shaped to all the rules of beauty, but by that sweetness needing none of them.

The colonel thrust in jealously, "Delicious! I enjoyed every note of it."

"Much!" said the other man quietly.

Close on Hallie's heels, a slender blond youngster added himself to the group.

"Evening, colonel! How are you, Conway? Wasn't she immense? Gad, I shed a tear or so myself! And I'm hard-boiled, y'know; not given to weeping aloud, and all that!"

"Don't be silly, Kerry!" cried Hallie radiantly.

"No, really, I mean it!" Kerry Meade assured them. He offered a half-filled cigarette case to the colonel, who declined with something very near a snort; to Conway, who took one, and slipping it into a worn tortoise-shell holder stood shifting it between long restless fingers.

"I mean it," said Kerry earnestly. "When she came to 'good-by summer,' and all that, you could just about hear the sleet on the windowpane, couldn't you now? And the wind howling in the chimney, and the dear old wolf making patterns on the door with an anxious claw."

"Kerry, you're too absurd!" said Hallie; but she laughed.

And when she laughed, that soft mouth widened adorably, her brown eyes narrowed and glowed, her round chin lifted, her straight nose wrinkled.

Hallie, laughing, was very young. Kerry Meade, laughing back at her, wasn't much older. Her smooth dark head, its wreath of silver leaves shining against the silken hair, wasn't, after all, a bad companion piece for Kerry's fair one, brushed till it showed a burnished glint, cropped to a clear Greek gallantry of outline.

"Kerry's making fun of me, of course."

"Nothing of the sort!" put in Kerry promptly.

"But I truly do think I did that last thing rather nicely, don't you, Howard?"

Howard was the colonel's stately forename. At the appeal in its dragging syllables he laid a possessive hand on Hallie's cool slim arm, stroked the satiny flesh, beamed on her warmly.

"Very sweet indeed, my dear; I was very much pleased."

Conway alone stood silent. Hallie turned to him suddenly petulant, yet with a kind of coaxing appeal.

"Phil, you think I'm spoiled, don't you? You never will say if you like my singing."

"Why, you know what I think of your voice," said Conway quietly. "I don't care much for the song—that sort of easy emotionalism."

"Gosh, you're cold-blooded!" cried Kerry frankly.

"I have always been particularly fond of it," observed the colonel with a touch of displeasure. "I must say, Philip, I think you're hard to please."

"Sorry," said Conway briefly. "Hallie asked me."

"Oh, don't let's talk about it," said Hallie quickly. "I only ran out to ask how everybody ——"

Her voice shook a very little. Kerry's quick ears caught it. He put a hand on hers, drew her away with a laugh that covered her sudden pause.

"Let's go back, Hallie! This is my dance, you know, and it's already halfway over."

"Well, if I'm not appreciated here ——" murmured Hallie, turning.

Light came back to her lowered eyes, mirth to her lovely mouth. She was, in that moment, as young as April—youth answering youth as swiftly as peach blossoms breaking out of a bare brown bough when the first spring rains go by. "Yes, let's!" said she. "I'm sorry, Kerry; I didn't mean to spoil your dance. I'm so glad you're pleased, Howard. Phil, you've hurt my feelings dreadfully!"

She flung a kiss to her husband, twisted a childish lip at Conway, put out a confiding hand to Kerry, and was dancing in a moment with the best of them.

Conway and the colonel, thus deserted, leaned against the rail in an amicable silence and smoked—the one his perennial black cigar, the other, Kerry's cigarette, of a democratic and ubiquitous make.

"Young cub!" grunted the colonel eventually.

"Who? Hallie?" asked Conway with every indication of polite surprise.

"Don't be an ass!" returned his host without ceremony. "I'm speaking of young Meade, of course. Since when does a puppy like that go about calling married women by their Christian names?"

"Oh, it's rather generally done these days, I believe."

"Bad taste!" said the colonel. "Damned bad taste! I must tell Hallie she is not to allow it."

"I think I heard her call him Kerry," offered Conway mildly.

"I'll put a stop to that too."

"Oh, come, colonel, Hallie's not much more than a child herself!"

"She is my wife," said the colonel curtly, tugged at his mustache, and left the fact of Hallie's resultant eminence to be inferred.

"Of course," said Conway soothingly; "of course!" He whistled a bar of Hallie's song—very gently, almost under his breath. "How old was she, exactly, when you married her, colonel?"

"Hallie," said the colonel, with an air of straining his memory slightly, "was seventeen, I believe, the year that we were married."

"And that's been a good five years now?"

"Five years this summer."

"She's grown very little older, in many ways," said Conway.

The colonel nodded a satisfied acquiescence. "Hallie will always be a child at heart."

"I wonder!"

"What the devil do you mean by that?" inquired the colonel irritably. "Her simplicity, her freshness, her —— Why, Conway, Hallie's childishness is one of her greatest charms!"

"Nevertheless," returned the other man pleasantly, "I wonder just how long that particular charm survives maturity. Even under the—exceptional circumstances—the exceptionally sheltered circumstances, suppose we say—of Hallie's upbringing. Of course her father's ideas on the

subject of a girl's education were a good deal the same as your own."

"Not surprising!" snapped the colonel. "When you recall the fact that we were boys together, that we went off to V. M. I. together, that our youth was—er—molded—along identical lines."

"Molding youth," suggested Conway with one of his infrequent smiles, "is an interesting but tricky process, I should imagine."

"What do you know about it?"

"Not a thing; I merely infer. Was Hallie's aunt—the one with whom she lived after her father's death—also a—molder?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," retorted the colonel, sending out a cloud of smoke and waving his cigar through it imperiously. "She was an old cat, and she had a couple of cats for daughters. The child was miserable with 'em. Couldn't have stood it another year. I saw that, the minute I laid eyes on her. They were all jealous of her—her looks and her charm and her voice."

"Oh, her voice!" said Conway.

"Yes, they wouldn't even have a piano for her, to do her practicing. Didn't care for music, and so they saw no reason why she should. I laid down the law on that point at once. Said as her father's executor I had a right to insist."

"Were you his sole executor, colonel?"

"I was," said the colonel; "and a good thing for Hallie too! Those females would have done her out of every last cent of her pitiful little inheritance. I put an end to that in double-quick time. Day I took her out of their house for good the poor child hung about my neck and cried like a baby."

"Did she?" asked Conway curiously. "Poor Hallie! She has a large capacity for emotion."

"Eh? What makes you say that?" inquired the older man sharply.

"Her singing," said Conway, lighting a fresh cigarette, which he took from a case of his own. "All you've got to do is to listen to her—once; doesn't require any personal knowledge of her character. It's all there; in that voice of hers. If you heard her in the dark——"

"Oh, you're cracked on the subject of music, Philip!"

"Dare say I am. I know a bit about it, in any case."

"And would have known more—wouldn't you—if you'd had your way? If the war hadn't shunted you out of a woman's job—into a man's. You ought to be eternally grateful for that splinter of shell in your arm."

"The big pianists have mostly been men," said Conway equably. He was not offended by the colonel's frankness. Their friendship was of too long standing for that.

"What if they have? What if they have? Mean to tell me you don't get just as much pleasure out of that beautiful instrument you've got in your house, there, now?"

He gestured impatiently toward the dim white walls and long slanting roof of Conway's place next door.

Conway was silent in the grip of an old ache.

He said at last, "What—a mechanical piano? That's all the thing is. It's the best of its kind, of course; but it's like putting a doll in the place of a living breathing woman." This was metaphor he knew the colonel could appreciate.

True enough, the colonel laughed heartily, flinging back his head, erasing for the moment the sag of flesh above his collar, straightening his shoulders, inflating his chest. A doll in place of a woman—the colonel could see the inadequacy of that. He apologized presently, wiping his eyes with a flourish of fine linen faintly redolent of eau de cologne.

"Didn't mean to laugh at you, Phil, my boy; but—that's good—from you, who have no time for women, and never had. A doll'd do you just as well, any day! Why, when I was in my twenties——"

"Or even in your thirties," said Conway amiably.

"Nothing wrong with my forties, for that matter," said the colonel a little vainglorously. He cast a keen glance at his companion from the tail of a blue eye not so bright perhaps as it once had been.

Conway, who was fairly certain that the colonel had bidden his forties a reluctant farewell but a short time before, nodded and smiled, wordless.

"Oh, well," said the colonel largely, "three gifts of the gods to an ungrateful world—wine, women and——"

"Song?" cut in Conway amusedly. "I'm glad to hear you admit it!" He turned serious all at once, throwing the end of his cigarette away and returning the holder to his pocket. "Colonel, when are you going to give Hallie's voice the training it ought to have?"

"Good Lord!" said the colonel, and groaned deeply.

"I know," said Conway, "I'm making a nuisance of myself by bringing up the question once again. We've discussed it often enough. I realize that. And I know your views on the subject. But listening to her, here tonight, it all comes over me freshly; it's unfair, it's little short of a crime—to let a voice like hers go untrained."

"She has had teachers," objected the colonel stiffly.

Philip Swore Softly Between His Teeth. "When Did You Get This Letter?"
"Yesterday—Just Before I Left for Rehearsal"

"What sort of teachers?"

"The best in the state."

"Worse than none at all. She ought to go North."

"With what end in view? The stage? For my wife; for Mrs. Howard Summers? Never! And what's more——"

Conway laid his hand, the long-fingered powerful hand of a born musician, on the other's arm. He argued with friendly insistence, but with a disarming gentleness.

"Not necessarily the stage; although what possible objection could you have to Hallie's doing concert work if she wanted to? If you had children I wouldn't say a word, but, colonel, Hallie's got all the time in the world to be your wife and the lady at the head of your table—all that sort of thing—and let the artist in her come free as well!"

"Artist, ha!" said the colonel briefly, and added a naughty word.

"Yes, artist!" said Conway stubbornly. "That's what she is, at heart. It's there, beneath all that childish charm, that appealing softness of hers. She's got the fire and desire—and steel—of the born artist. You kill something in her, you kill a part of her, when you deny her her chance to sing."

"Well, God bless my soul!" said the colonel irritably. "Who's denying her her chance? Doesn't she sing at every party I give in this house? Doesn't she sing at half the other parties in town? Doesn't she sing at innumerable club meetings, and weddings, and——"

"Rot!" said Conway curtly. "As well give a soldier a cocked hat and a tin sword, and say he'd been to the wars."

Then he remembered tardily that the colonel's title derived from a certain governor's staff—not from any more martial organization—and involved in itself a certain amount of cocked-hat-and-tin-swordishness, and at the remembrance in the dark his smile broke irresistibly.

"Sorry, colonel," he said. "I don't mean to be a bore; only I do feel rather strongly that Hallie's talent is being buried in a napkin, to say the least."

The colonel clapped him warmly on the shoulder.

"Nonsense, my boy! What sweeter use could a woman's voice be put to than singing for the enjoyment of her husband's guests; to make her husband's home sweeter and more cheerful?"

"What indeed?" said Conway.

But he said it between his teeth, and the colonel, who had, though he would have died sooner than admit it, a slight auditory failing on the left side, missed the force of the reply, missed, for that matter, the fact that there had been any reply made at all, and proceeded with all his usual urbanity, selecting a fresh cigar, snipping off the end of it, rolling it between his lips, applying the spurt of a scraped match.

"No, my dear fellow, I disagree with you entirely. As I have said more than once before, a woman's place is at home. Whatever gifts or charms she may possess should be employed to make that home the more delightful. She could have no higher object; she should wish no more beautiful——"

Conway stemmed the flow of eloquence—the colonel was always much in demand in Oldstown as an after-dinner speaker—with a shrug and a nod.

"We're talking, of course," he said, "from opposite sides of the fence. It's only because of my—friendship—for Hallie—that I urge the thing as I do."

"I understand; I understand perfectly," the colonel returned genially. "And I can assure you she values your

(Continued on Page 131)

THE DIVERGENT MR. DAWES

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE Prunes and Prisms Society, which has a large membership throughout the country, having had its prim and prudish attention called to a widely published statement that when testifying before some one of the forty congressional committees that investigated the war, after it was over, from the patriotic and economical viewpoint of those who fought it at the trenchers and in the rocking-chairs the Hon. Charles G. Dawes used an expletive stronger than "Shucks!" has reported that such was not the case.

Pained and shocked by the language attributed to Mr. Dawes—which was substantially as follows: "Hell 'n' Maria, what's the use of you men spending your time looking for flaws in the brilliant record of the Army? If you men would spend more time trying to stem the waste going on under your noses we would have a hell of a lot better Government"—the Prunes and Prisms Society has devoted much time to a search at the source, and is now convinced that Mr. Dawes did not use so unconventional and impious an expression as "Hell 'n' Maria," and that what he did say was "Helen Maria," referring in terms of endearment to an old negro mammy who was his nurse when he was a boy and whose memory is so precious to him that he frequently injects her name into his conversations. Thus, the Prunes and Prisms Society has wiped this blot from the fair fame of the Republican candidate for Vice President, for not only has it proved that the heinous "Hell 'n' Maria" is entirely apocryphal, but it is convinced that Mr. Dawes did not say "hell of a lot," and that what he did say was "Hades of a lot," which term is admissible in the politer circles; although it is contended that the nicer people, in such circumstances, would have used "deuce of a lot" in preference.

When this report was made it was received with some misgivings by a certain group of refined Americans who, although they do not affiliate with the Prunes and Prisms Society, are in sympathy with its objects. It was felt that even this official explanation and extenuation of these vulgar charges did not get to the root of the matter. So another investigation, painstaking and comprehensive, was made into all the circumstances surrounding, and the results of that scrutiny are now made public for the first time, and, it is confidently expected, will forever dispose of this base canard.

It will be recalled that Mr. Dawes served in France with the Army during the war, and spent most of his time in Paris, where he was in charge of the purchase and distribution of supplies. Naturally, in such an environment Mr. Dawes had recourse to the French language, which, as is well known, is the most polite of languages, and used by courtiers and cavaliers the world over. What, then, is more natural than that in such circumstances Mr. Dawes, seeking as he always does that complete urbanity of expression that is his distinguishing conversational feature, should fall into French as his medium for emphasis?

Director of the Budget

NOTHING could be more natural, and nothing was. Unconsciously, but reverently, the "Helen Maria" of his American habit came from his lips transformed and transmuted to the softer French nuances of "Hélène et Marie." That is what he exclaimed: "Hélène et Marie!" And this may be said definitely to settle the vexed question to the satisfaction, it is hoped, of the Prunes and Prisms Society, and the nicer people generally.

However, that passionate devotion to veracity that must mark the work of the conscientious chronicler of events compels the admission that upon a few subsequent occasions Mr. Dawes did cast aside those amenities of language that are so truly his linguistic forte and raise hell, as the saying crassly is. It would be invidious, which one must never be during the progress of a presidential campaign, to set forth any one specific instance, with names and dates, for those days are gone, the budget is working, Mr. Dawes has passed on to other things, and there is no call to be precise. A general idea is all that need be given.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Charles G. Dawes; His Aunt, Frances Dawes, His Lifelong Counselor and Friend; and Mrs. Dawes Photographed at Their Home in Evanston, Illinois

In June, 1921, President Harding named Dawes as the first Director of the Budget, and Dawes came to Washington for a year to see what could be done in the way of reducing expenses, coördinating effort, and otherwise getting the business of the Government on a business basis under the authority of the McCormick Budget Bill. He began with such a whirlwind of reduction, coördination and debureauizing that official Washington was soon running around in pathetic circles and dazedly wondering what he would do next. He tore up precedents by the roots, kicked traditions aside, threw customs and usages on the dust heap, and rattled the dry bones of the various departments until the sound of it was like skeletons dancing on a tin roof.

There was resentment, of course. When a bureau has been going along for fifty or seventy-five or a hundred years doing a certain thing in a certain way, that bureau protests being shaken down to a newer and better way. The greatest tories in the world are government officials. What was good enough for their predecessors is always good enough for them, and easier, because precedents have been established and the fatigue and brain exhaustion of thinking up newer and less obsolete ways of doing their business are thus avoided.

Many students of the official flora and fauna of Washington are of the opinion that the rear admiral is the most interesting and the most perfect specimen of the bureaucrat we have, albeit there are some who contend that the major general has his surpassing points. With no desire to derogate the major general, for he assuredly has a high bureaucratic rank, it has always been my contention, and still is, that the bureaucratic manner flowers to its perfection in the rear admiral. No matter how much of a jolly old sea dog he may have been when he wore the four stripes of the captain on his sleeves, when he puts on the two-inch stripe and the half-inch stripe above it, he instantly solidifies into the solemn personification of all the precedents, customs, traditions and fetishes of the service. Solidifies is right. You couldn't get one of those rear admirals off the beaten path with anything less than a charge of TNT. He clamps himself to the regulations, and there he stays, living, moving, breathing and applying those regulations in their strictest letter.

Let us, then, set the scene in the budget room, a long low room in the Treasury Building, with the Dawes desk at the far end, and desks ranged in a row along each wall, leaving a bare space of floor in the center of the room as a forum for the officials who come to protest over rulings and orders. The desks are of the commonest oak variety. There is one chair beside the Dawes desk, and his chair, some filing cases, some stacks of papers, and that is all. Enter an outraged official, a rear admiral for choice.

He is palpably disturbed. He is more than that. He is angry. He has a letter in his hand, and he thumps the letter down upon the director's desk.

"What does this mean?" The tone is raspy.

"What does what mean?" The inquiry is calm, and somewhat amused.

Using the Club

"THIS letter from you directing me, as chief of my bureau, to do certain things enumerated therein?"

"Speaking offhand, I venture the opinion that the letter means what it says."

"But, sir ——" The rear admiral now boils over. His temperature climbs to 222 degrees. Outraged dignity exudes from every pore. Indignation makes him gasp and stutter. "But, sir, you cannot do this. You have no right that I recognize—no authority—it is contrary to our regulations—our customs—our precedents—I, sir, am a rear admiral and I protest—I demand the withdrawal of this offensive order—I shall not submit—it is outrageous—it is contrary to all naval precedent—it infringes on my rights—I, sir, am a rear admiral—I—I—I ——"

Dawes takes the letter, looks at it, and then straightens in his chair. During the rear admiral's eruption he has been rather slouched down behind his desk, puffing meditatively at his pipe. Now he goes into action. He lays down the pipe, and his lips thin to a narrow line. His eyes narrow. His voice comes cold and chilling. His manner is imperative.

"What I ask here," he says, "or order, if you prefer it, is that certain things now under the province of your bureau shall be transferred to another bureau in part, and in part discontinued entirely, thus avoiding wasteful duplication that now exists. This order is issued after a complete and careful investigation and is in the interests of economy and coördination of the public service under the terms and authorities of the Budget Bill. You will obey the order."

It looks for a moment as if the ranking captain of the line will have a chance to get a rear admiral's stripes, for there is every indication that the rear admiral present is about to explode.

"I shall not obey such an order!" he shouts. "You have no authority to ask such a thing. I do not recognize the authority you claim. My superior officers are the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States. Who are you thus to thrust yourself into the affairs of my bureau? I shall not submit. It is impudent—it is preposterous—I shall not do it. You have no authority and I defy you."

"The hell I have no authority," says Dawes. "I wrote you a polite letter requesting you to inaugurate these reforms in the interest of economy and efficiency, after a long study of the situation; and you come here bellyaching that what I ask infringes on your rights and dignities as a rear admiral and a lot of poppycock like that. I suggest that you conform to my request."

"I shall not. I protest your authority. It is preposterous."

Dawes smiles a cold little smile. He pulls open a drawer in his desk, takes out a bundle of papers and strips one from the top. He writes a few words on this paper and hands it to the inflamed naval officer.

"You protest my authority, do you? Well, since I have got to hit you with a club, glance at that paper and go and

do what I tell you to do, and be damned quick about it."

The naval officer looks at the paper. It flutters in his nervous fingers. His color changes from red to purple. He draws a long breath or two, stiffens, and says "Very well, sir," and stamps out of the room.

"Wouldn't those birds make you tired," says Dawes, addressing nobody in particular. "They holler and yell fit to kill over the slightest attempt to take anything away from their bureaus, to cut out duplication and get this thing down to a business basis. They are all alike. It is very discouraging. However ——"

He pats the bundle of papers, lights his pipe, and goes at his work, waiting for the next bureau chief to come in and protest the outrage perpetrated on him.

Thus it becomes apparent that the plot centers on that bundle of papers. And what were they? Those papers, dear readers, were executive orders signed in blank by President Harding. They were signed by the President when Dawes took hold of this business, and they showed just how solidly and effectively President Harding was behind Dawes. Dawes told the President he wouldn't undertake the job unless he knew he was to have full and unlimited support from him, and the President fixed that by giving Dawes this bunch of executive orders, signed in blank. Any time there was any difficulty in enforcing an order all Dawes had to do was to fill in one of the blanks, and that was that. He didn't have to go to the White House for authority when there were protests. He had his unlimited authority right there in his desk, and although he used it sparingly, he used it when he had to, and President Harding backed him to the limit.

According to his agreement Dawes stayed with the budget for a year, and as a result of his work the expenses of the Government showed a reduction of approximately $1,600,000,000 in 1922 as compared to the year 1921. The conduct of the routine business of the Government cost $907,500,000 less, owing to the discharge of wartime personnel in all departments, and the introduction of economies, the elimination of duplication both in work and in the buying of supplies, and in various other ways saved between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000.

With the budget thus started on its economical and businesslike way, Dawes went back to his bank in Chicago, and stayed there until he went to Europe last year as the head of the Dawes Commission to try to find a way out for the chaotic countries of Europe. His report was presented not long ago, and as this is written is the subject of discussion at an international meeting in London. Dawes handled this business just as he did the budget business, with straight-from-the-shoulder methods, and without flubdub, diplomatic deceptions or the usual official hocus-pocus. He blew into Europe like a fresh breeze from the prairie, did his job, explained what he had done with the usual Dawesian terseness and lack of indirection, handed his report to the European statesmen, and came home again. A definite person, this Dawes.

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The Dawes Children, Dana and Virginia

Politics

WE FIRST heard of him, politically, away back yonder in the Hanna-McKinley days of 1894 and 1895, when Mark Hanna was engaged in his enterprise of getting enough delegates to nominate McKinley for President. Dawes, at the time, was living at Evanston, Illinois, where he was president of the Northwestern Gas, Light and Coke Company, and he enlisted with the dominant Hanna. Those were the stirring days of the McKinley League, when Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, was trying for the nomination also, and making quite a fist of it, and Hanna needed all the help he could get. Being a wise person as to help, Hanna secured all the young men he could as his lieutenants, and it wasn't long until Charlie Dawes was known as one of the principal Hanna young men, aged thirty at the time.

He fought the Reed people, won his Illinois delegation, sat with it as it voted for McKinley, and went into the campaign as a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee. After the campaign was over and McKinley was elected and took office, Hanna asked Dawes what he might suggest to the President for him. Dawes, who began as a lawyer and had slanted off to the financial and business management of lighting plants of one sort or another, never was very keen about the law and did have a flair for finance. With interesting acumen he selected the place in the Government that breeds bankers—the Comptrollership of the Currency.

Pershing's Old Pal

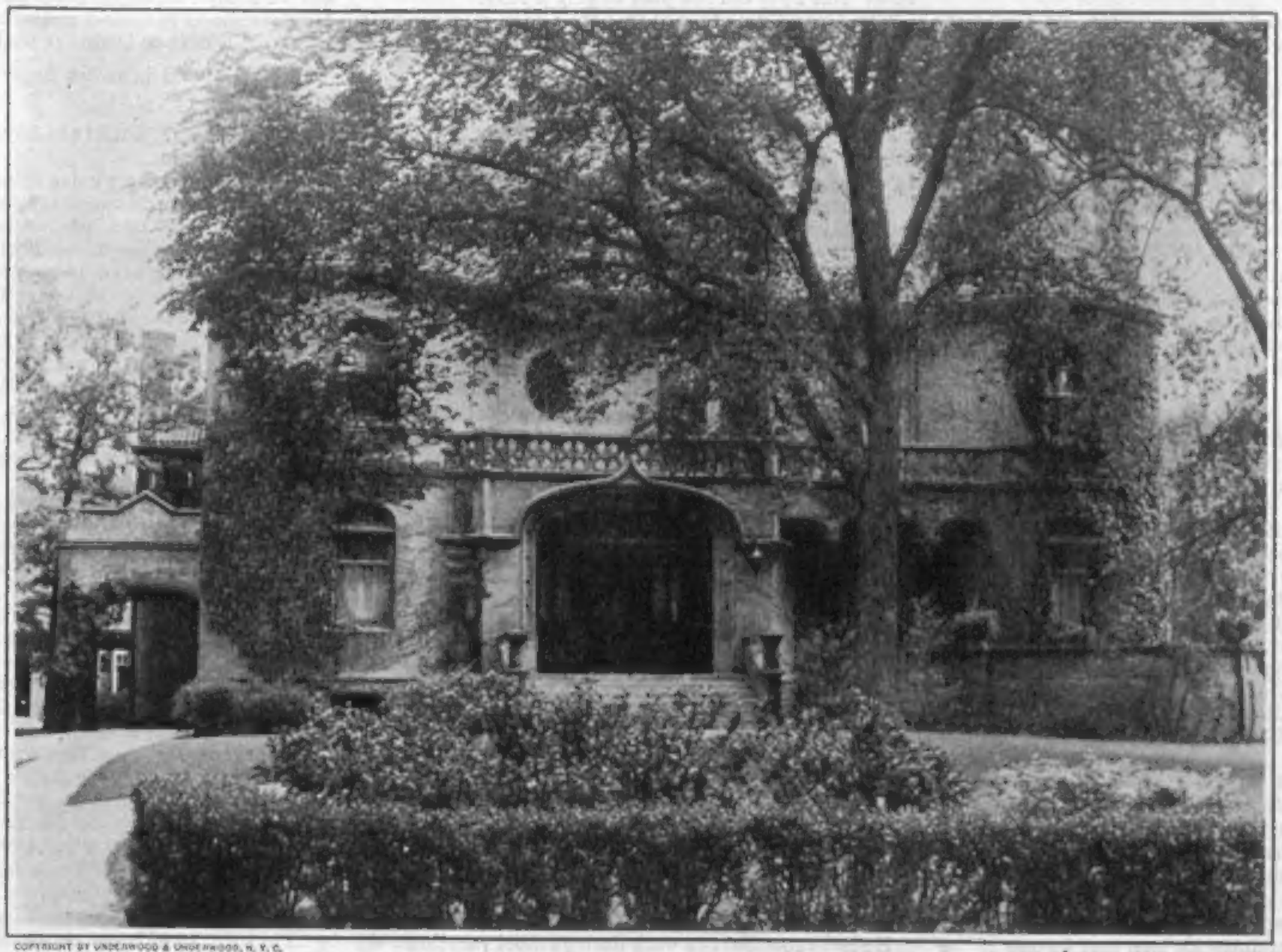
A COMPTROLLER of the Currency becomes a banker just as naturally as a Democratic United States senator becomes a candidate for President, and that is the most natural and prevalent thing there is. Witness the great flock of senatorial candidates for the nomination at the recent Democratic National Convention in New York. Dawes stayed in Washington until 1902 comptrollering the currency in adept fashion, and then Nature took its course. He resigned and went into the banking business. He organized the Central Trust Company of Illinois, and for fifteen years he was president, and built it up to be one of the big financial institutions of Chicago. He was the active head of this trust company until he went to Washington to organize the budget, at which time he resigned as president and became chairman of the board.

We went into the war in April, 1917, and Dawes went into the Army at about the same time. He was made a major of engineers in June of that year, and promoted to be a lieutenant colonel in July, during which month he arrived in France. After Dawes had finished school in Marietta, Ohio, where he was born, had taken an LL.B. at the Cincinnati Law School and had acquired a master's degree at Marietta College, he looked about for a place to practice the law he knew, and decided upon Lincoln, Nebraska. This was in 1887, and at about the same time a young West Point lieutenant, named Pershing, went to Lincoln as military instructor at the University of Nebraska. The young lawyer and the young warrior became fast friends.

Lieutenant Colonel Dawes, of the engineers, found his old Nebraska pal, Lieutenant Pershing, with a whole handful of stars on the collar of his military tunic, in Paris when he arrived, and in September Pershing made Dawes chairman of the General Purchasing Board and general purchasing agent for the American Expeditionary Forces. He put Dawes up in the American headquarters in the Elysée Palace Hotel and gave him his instructions, which were, in brief: "Now, Charlie, it's up to you to buy everything we want and not to get stuck doing it."

That was a large order, both in its inclusiveness and its exclusiveness. Everything the A. E. F. wanted was everything there was, and a lot of things there were not; and not getting stuck in the process was a requirement that demanded a degree of nonstickability

(Continued on Page 91)



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The Home of Charles G. Dawes, Republican Vice-Presidential Nominee, at Evanston, Illinois

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

He Broke Off Short and Scuttled Away, Wiping Sudden Perspiration From His Forehead With His Hand-Back

GAVIN PYCE set forth at twenty-one with a single goal in view. For nine years he bent all his trained energies toward that goal. At thirty he had reached it. His boyhood life had given him a sick hatred for genteel penury. His parents had slaved endlessly to earn enough money to keep on slaving. Gavin took a mighty inward oath that he would not follow in their steps.

He had the sense to know that mere ambition never made any man rich. He had read of the devastation wrought by get-rich-quick schemes and of the trap that waits the average thief. At twenty-one he took account of the future and shaped his course—a course which soon or late, he felt, would bring him comfortable wealth if only he could keep his head and wait for his chance.

His father was a paying teller in the hoary Aaron Burr National Bank of New York City, having risen to that brilliantly lucrative position after thirty-three years of honest plodding. The father had no brain for anything better. Being reliable, he would have a job as long as he could do his work. Being nothing more than reliable, he would stand always in pitiful need of that job.

When Gavin finished his college course—on a scholarship—he grieved his parents by refusing to enter law school as they had ordained, and by nagging his father to get him work as a runner in the Aaron Burr National. After much heartburning on the part of both disappointed parents, this was done.

Gavin brought to his task an eager gluttony for toil, a quickness and adaptability, a strong natural talent. He was as different from his dull father as a Derby winner from a plow horse. Also, luck was with him; presumably the accrued mass of luck which had been withheld from the Pyce family for generations.

At thirty, through a series of deaths and shifts of fortune among the bank employes, Gavin Pyce became cashier of the Aaron Burr. His chance had arrived. He was ready for it. Years earlier his every step had been planned and tested.

The same year that he had entered the bank as runner the Stoneland Valley Sewer Commission had chosen the Aaron Burr as the repository of its $3,400,000 sinking fund. The commission was in charge of a project to build a trunk sewer through Stoneland Valley, to serve the valley's string of small cities and villages. Bonds were issued—this was before serial bonds were required by law for public works—and the needful sinking fund was deposited in the Aaron Burr National Bank.

Almost from the outset Gavin Pyce had regarded this sinking fund with a loving eye. Owing to various delays and legal complications it remained, at the end of nine years, a semisomnolent account of the sort a bank thrives on. Patiently, methodically, untiringly, for more than a half decade, Gavin had been making innumerable practice copies of the signature of the commission's treasurer from the file card. He had plenty of time. He knew many years might elapse before he would have opportunity to put into use his hard-acquired gift of duplicating that very easy signature. Meanwhile he went on copying it and improving on his copies. Gradually his attempts neared perfection.

The week after he became cashier he replaced the signature card with one containing his own best forgery of the commission treasurer's name. Then he began to draw from the sinking fund sums ranging from $10,000 to $25,000, redepositing these amounts in out-of-town banks. It was a game that could not be played for an indefinite length of time. But Pyce did not plan to play it long.

The Aaron Burr assumed that the commission was buying gilt-edge bonds with the withdrawn money, to earn more interest on the fund than the bank could pay. The withdrawn signatures corresponded with the treasurer's filed autograph. When the monthly statements were made out to depositors, Pyce abstracted that of the commission and substituted one which showed no withdrawals. It was absurdly simple—while it lasted.

It lasted only two months. In that time Gavin had stolen $175,000.

It was all he wanted. He was alone in the world. His parents had died. The interest on the embezzled sum would keep him in very solid comfort in some less extravagant city than New York. He might even find one day a lucky investment which would double his capital.

True, it would be pleasant to get away with a million dollars or more. But it would not be worth the risk. Even at so safe a game as he was playing, there was always the chance of a slip-up. Better content himself with a competence and with freedom than to play for stakes whose alternate was a long prison term. Wherefore, on the morning after the second month's jockeyed statement had been O. K.'d by the commission's treasurer, Gavin started on his annual fortnight's vacation. That would leave him a full thirty days before the next month's statement should stir up a hornet's nest.

He had no trouble as to the date of his vacation. He arranged that it should coincide with that of young Dick Ferrill, the Aaron Burr's second paying teller. As they had done for the past few years, he and Dick planned to go to an Adirondack camp together for two weeks of fishing and tramping and canoeing.

It was an odd friendship—this between Pyce and Ferrill. Dick was almost seven years Gavin's junior. He was the nephew of Paul Vechter, the Aaron Burr's president. He had two idols in life: One was the bank; one was Gavin Pyce. To Dick, as to his uncle and grandfather before him, the Aaron Burr was the most important and financially sacred institution on earth. The boy had absorbed that gospel along with his alphabet.

He had come there to work during school vacations. As soon as school was ended he took a permanent position in the bank, with the loudly proclaimed intent of hammering his way to the presidency, as had his grandsire and his uncle.

It was during those school vacation days that Dick had become acquainted with Gavin. Pyce had been kind to the lonely boy, in a careless fashion; and had listened, without guying, to his golden aspirations to bank presidency. Young Ferrill had rewarded the good-fellowship with ardent hero worship, such as an imaginative boy so often lavishes on a magnetic man a little older than himself.

From regarding this adulation with mild derision, Gavin presently sought to cultivate and build on it. He foresaw that it might pay dividends. The two became chums. They fished and hunted together in vacation. They played golf and tennis together. They went everywhere in each other's company. Gavin exerted himself to live up to the other's hero worship and to prove a fascinating companion for him. He succeeded, even as he succeeded in most of the things he attempted. He was amusedly flattered at Ferrill's admiring deference and at the way the boy unconsciously aped his few mannerisms. Off to the Adirondacks went the two chums, as usual, this year. On the morning after their arrival at camp and just as they were setting out for a day's fishing, a telegram was brought to Gavin. He glanced over it, his face setting into keen distress. Then he passed it over to Dick. It read:

"Mary injured in motor accident. Can you come at once?
ANNA DENBY."

"Who's Mary?" asked the boy, puzzled, as he handed back the telegram.

"She is the girl I am going to marry," answered Gavin simply as he turned toward the tent.

Dick followed. Pyce was pulling his town clothes off their racks and tossing them on the bed.

"Why, I never even knew you were engaged!" exclaimed Ferrill, a tinge of hurt in his wondering tone.

"I—it was a thing I didn't want to speak to anyone about," said Gavin, beginning to take off his soiled khaki, preparatory to changing into more civilized clothes. "Besides, it was due to be a long engagement. She couldn't leave her mother. The mother is an invalid. She —— The old hen!" he broke off, in a gust of worried anger. "She is always making tragedies out of pin pricks. The chances are that Mary may just have been a little shaken up or cut with windshield glass. Her mother gets panic fits over less than that. I wish to the Lord I could believe that's all the matter. Anyhow, I must go. I'll just about have time to get the 10:05 from Scarlett, if you'll paddle me across."

"Of course I will!" assented Dick eagerly.

Already he was ashamed of his momentary vexation at his chum for not telling him of the engagement. Gavin's stricken aspect touched him to the heart.

"Like me to go along?" he added. "I'll be glad to if I can be of any use. I ——"

"No," refused Pyce. "It's white of you to offer to. If there's nothing serious the matter I am going to get back here by the first train I can hop. If it is serious—well, that's one of the things best borne alone."

He spoke heavily, wearily. All the vacation gayety was gone out of his face. Watching him, Dick yearned to say something of hope or of comfort. Manlike he remained silent and began to pack one of Pyce's suitcases.

"I'm sorry to walk out on you like this, old man," said Gavin as they parted at the station. "But if everything

is all right I'll be back in a day or so at most. If—if everything isn't all right—well, I'll stay there till it is; or till ——"

He finished the sentence by gripping Ferrill's hand painfully, and swinging himself aboard the moving train

Not until after Pyce was gone did it occur to Dick that he had not observed whether the telegram was dated from New York or from some other place. He was sorry. It would have been kindly to wire his renewed sympathy and to send daily inquiries as to the patient's health. Blaming his own carelessness he went back to camp, to take up alone the dampened pleasures of vacation.

It was the work of a day or so for Gavin Pyce to withdraw his deposits from the several out-of-town banks and to salt them away in the safe berth he had prepared for them. Then, going to Boston, he took ship for South America. He had not the remotest intention of living outside his own country as an exile. But South America seemed the most secure spot he could choose, just then, for divers changes he had in mind. At Montevideo he settled down to the achieving of those changes.

Pyce was of bare middle height. His face was colorless and lean. It bore a large brown mustache, of a sort more in vogue a quarter century ago than now—luxuriant and untrimmed and downcurving at the ends. At much pains had he cultivated that mustache for the past ten years. Now he shaved himself clean.

His only other outstanding facial peculiarities were his beetlingly shaggy brows: brows which formed a veritable penthouse over his alert eyes. At twenty-one he had shaved off his eyebrows—saying they had been burned by a lamp over which he had been lighting a cigarette. Twice more during the next few years he reported a similar accident. As a result, the shaven brows had not only grown out again, but, as usually happens in such cases, a thicket of long and stiff hairs had pushed through their undergrowth, giving the man a pair of eyebrows the size of a normal mustache and almost as bristly. A Montevideo skin specialist removed all the long dark hairs with an electric needle, and shaved what was left into a noncommittal crescent of almost colorless down.

Next Gavin produced two other aids to disguise which he had had made for him years earlier, and had laid aside for this day. One was a pair of horn spectacles, equipped with plain window glass. The other was one of several pairs of shoes, designed long since for him—two pairs a year—by an orthopedic cobbler.

They were such shoes as once were made for the six-foot actor who played the rôle of six-foot-three Abraham Lincoln. The heels, outwardly, were little higher than those of ordinary footgear. But, inside, they were built up and slanted in such way as to add two or three inches to the wearer's height.

Gavin had worn, invariably, clothes of black or of dark gray, cut to accentuate the meagerness of his figure. Now he bloomed forth in loose tweeds of light fawn or of biscuit color, shaped so that they would add to his apparent girth.

These—with the discarding of his high collar for a low one, slightly tight—were the only sartorial changes. But he proceeded immediately to make a physical change he had had in mind for years and with which he had twice made tentative experiments.

His mother had been a woman of great bulk. A doctor had diagnosed her as one of the not uncommon type which cannot eat heavily of meat without taking on weight. A diet of vegetables and even of eggs and milk would at any time reduce her flesh. But she loved meat; and she ate it in as large quantities and as often as her husband's slim purse could afford.

Gavin was of like physique. Meat always piled weight on him and gave him a tinge of his mother's semiapoplectic floridity. Wherefore, though he inherited her craving for much meat, in pursuance of his plan he had been practically a vegetarian. Now, eating heartily twice a day of good Argentine red beef, he waxed plumper and ruddier.

He discarded his carefully acquired stoop and walked square shouldered. He had his somewhat long and curling hair cropped close in what is technically known as a gopher cut.

In brief, a shortish, slender, somberly clad man with heavy curved mustache and beetling eyebrows left the United States. Six weeks later, in Montevideo, a man took passage on a New York-bound fruit steamship. This man was plump—partly by nature and partly by costume—well above middle height, loud of raiment, clean shaven, sparse and pale of eyebrow, his mild eyes masked behind owlish horn spectacles. The first man had had poetically long and wavy hair and a student stoop. The present man had a cheaply sportlike hair crop and walked with a square-shouldered swagger. A tinge of red was on his cheeks and nose.

Gavin knew that by this time every outgoing port would be watched. But he knew no watch would be kept for him on incoming foreign vessels. Wherefore he disembarked fearlessly at the dock, and fearlessly crossed the city and took train for the pleasant Chicago suburb wherein he had elected to spend the next year or two of luxurious laziness.

Gavin Pyce was very happy. Ahead of him stretched a lifetime of workless comfort. He had the means to gratify his fondness for athletics, for the theater, for rich food, for social idleness. It had been ridiculously simple, the whole thing. Not a hitch anywhere. He had not been pressed for time. He had taken nine years to pull off the coup which made him well-to-do, to do it in entire safety. At thirty he was independent. At sixty his father had died, insolvent, after a lifetime of grindingly hard and unremitting toil. Yes, life was good. But only to those who knew how to live it.

At the Aaron Burr National Bank, in New York, the cashier's fortnight of vacation passed on without a breath of suspicion attaching to the absentee. Dick Ferrill wrote to his uncle, Paul Vechter, with whom he lived, telling of Gavin's forced departure from camp and the sad reason for it.

Old Mr. Vechter was genuinely sorry. He liked Gavin and he knew how deeply a heartache can strike into so repressed a nature. He found himself hoping the grief for his sweetheart's possible death might not impair the quality of Pyce's service to the bank. Then he blamed himself for callousness in placing the bank's interests, as usual, above all else.

At the end of the two weeks Dick Ferrill came back from his vacation. Pyce was not at his desk. That evening Dick dropped around to Gavin's rooms. There he got his first tidings. The landlady showed him a hurriedly scrawled note, received by her a few days earlier. It was from Gavin Pyce and it was written in very evident agitation. Briefly it said the writer was in great sorrow; and that he might not be at home again for some weeks. He inclosed the next month's rental for his rooms.

Though Dick felt some surprise and more hurt that his chum should not have told him of Mary Denby's death, yet his concern for the bereft lover outweighed all this. He pictured Gavin, crushed by his loss and with his unhappiness augmented by enforced association with the calamity-howling old hen, Mary's mother.

Small wonder the stricken man did not want to take up the burden of business life until he could steady his broken feelings and face the world again with steadiness.

Paul Vechter shared his nephew's views. Yet, not being Pyce's hero worshiper, he was keenly aware that duty to the bank ought to have made Gavin write the facts to him as president, or to the directors, and apply formally for an extension of leave. Pyce was not the perfect business machine which Vechter so fondly had thought him. That was clear.

So another fortnight sagged on. Then fell the thunderbolt.

Out went the monthly statements, as usual. The treasurer of the sewer commission received his by the ten-o'clock mail one morning. Fifteen minutes later he was storming Vechter's private office, brandishing the statement, along with the statements for the past two months; and demanding the head of the fool clerk who had made a $175,000 mistake in the last report.

The rest of the day was a nightmare to everybody, except for the handwriting expert who received an adequate fee for determining that the several withdrawal slips attributed to the treasurer of the sinking fund were signed with rather clever imitations of that outraged official's signature; as was the file card.

This latter's likeness to the forged withdrawal signatures had balked the inquiry for some hours. Gavin had hoped it might cause a longer delay.

There were terrible times at the Aaron Burr National Bank that day. There were terrible times at the hastily convened directors' meeting that evening. There were terrible times at Paul Vechter's house that night. Dick Ferrill furnished the terrible times at this third session.

Never before in the bank's conservatively honorable history of one hundred and twenty-seven years had there been a major defalcation. Sneered at as old-fogyish by newer and more dashing financial institutions, it had remained a bulwark of serene trust to scores of men and concerns who preferred solidity to pyrotechnics.

Perhaps by good fortune almost as much as by supervision and by wise choosing of employes the Aaron Burr had walked, honored and unsmirched, through misfortunes which blurred the repute of other banks. Its 100 per cent soundness and its immunity from thefts had become a trade-mark. And now ——

Every paper in the country seized on the juicy scandal and was smearing it all over front pages. Rival concerns' presidents were writing sarcastically sympathetic letters to Vechter. Cleef Opdyke, oldest director of the

(Continued on Page 166)

He Babbled Deliriously as He Swayed To and Fro. "Now Send for the Police!"

BLACK BULL OF AHOWHE

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

DURING the night fierce unearthly voices had screamed or roared in the darkness. With the coming of morning, other and more numerous voices were added to those of the hunting beasts.

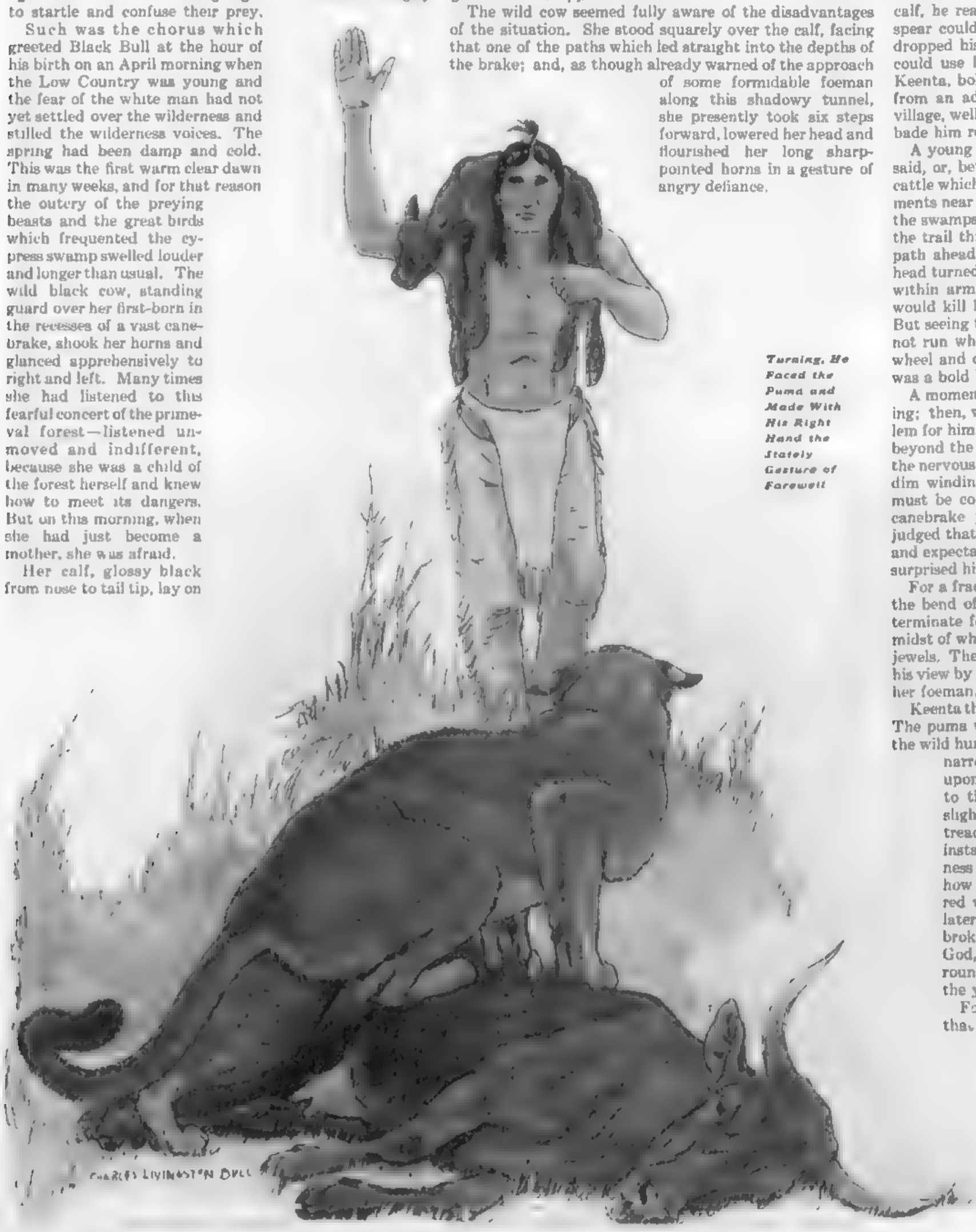
From the sunlit tops of tall cypresses near at hand a hundred wild turkey cocks sent out a rolling incessant clamor of defiant and amorous calls. Another great flock took up the challenge, another flock, and another, until the whole swamp for miles around rang and echoed with the noise. Fifty feet above the cypress summits sailed an army of giant white cranes, raining down repeated volleys of clear, resonant, whooping cries. Wilder by far, the deep reverberant dragon music of huge alligators shook the air while, like a sharper echo of these tremendous love bellowings, the hunting cry of a wolf pack trailing a deer through high pine woods a mile away rose and fell in sinister cadence as the fitful breeze freshened and lulled. Twice the hoarse coughing roar of a bear rolled from the depths of the cypress fastness; once from a greater distance came the long-drawn melancholy wail of a puma; again and again three wildcats hunting together screeched savagely to startle and confuse their prey.

Such was the chorus which greeted Black Bull at the hour of his birth on an April morning when the Low Country was young and the fear of the white man had not yet settled over the wilderness and stilled the wilderness voices. The spring had been damp and cold. This was the first warm clear dawn in many weeks, and for that reason the outcry of the preying beasts and the great birds which frequented the cypress swamp swelled louder and longer than usual. The wild black cow, standing guard over her first-born in the recesses of a vast canebrake, shook her horns and glanced apprehensively to right and left. Many times she had listened to this fearful concert of the primeval forest—listened unmoved and indifferent, because she was a child of the forest herself and knew how to meet its dangers. But on this morning, when she had just become a mother, she was afraid.

Her calf, glossy black from nose to tail tip, lay on a dry bed of leaves in the midst of canes which towered thirty feet above him. For forty miles or more the canebrake stretched between the great swamp and the dry upland woods, forming an evergeen belt a half mile in width, the height and girth of the canes attesting the richness of the dark moist soil from which they sprang. So close together stood the smooth green stems that no creature larger than a fox could make its way between them; but through every part of the brake wound well-trodden paths made by the buffalo and the deer and now used also by the wild black cattle which abounded in certain regions of the swamp country. It was at the intersection of two of these paths that the black calf was lying.

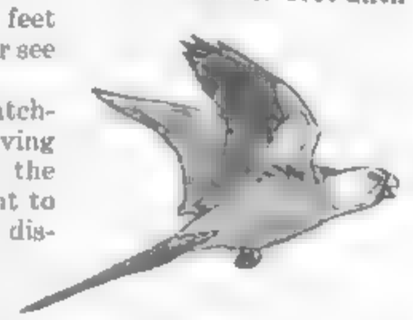
His mother could scarcely have chosen a more perilous spot for the bringing forth of her young. From any one of four directions danger might come, and she could not guard all four approaches at once.

The wild cow seemed fully aware of the disadvantages of the situation. She stood squarely over the calf, facing that one of the paths which led straight into the depths of the brake; and, as though already warned of the approach of some formidable foeman along this shadowy tunnel, she presently took six steps forward, lowered her head and flourished her long sharp-pointed horns in a gesture of angry defiance.



Turning, He Faced the Puma and Made With His Right Hand the Stately Gesture of Farewell

Yet it was from the opposite direction that the first intruder came. The light breeze blew from the heart of the canebrake. It had brought news of danger in that quarter and had concentrated her attention there. The moccasined feet of the tall young Indian hunter approaching from the canebrake's edge fell soft as velvet on the damp leafy carpet of the trail behind the black cow. Noiseless as a stalking lynx, the lithe brown form, naked above the waist, stole swiftly nearer. In the dim twilight of the cane thicket the black calf, motionless on its bed of leaves, was all but invisible at a little distance. Not until he had come within fifteen feet of it did Keenta the Beaver see the baby bull.



He halted, undecided. Catching her unawares and having her at a disadvantage in the narrow path, he had meant to attack the wild cow; but, discovering that she was the mother of a newly born calf, he realized that his spear could not save him when she charged, and he had dropped his long bow in the trail behind him so that he could use both hands in driving the spear home. Yet Keenta, boldest of young hunters, disliked to draw back from an adventure; and when he had set out from the village, well before daylight, Ahowhe the Long-Haired had bade him remember that she was weary of venison.

A young bear's paws would suit her taste well, she had said, or, better yet, a haunch of beef from the wild black cattle which had spread inland from the white men's settlements near the coast and now ranged in hundreds through the swamps. Keenta had rejoiced when, as he stole along the trail through the canes, he saw the black cow in the path ahead of him, up the wind from him and with her head turned the other way. With good luck he could come within arm's length of her and he knew a thrust which would kill her before she could travel twenty bow shots. But seeing the calf, Keenta knew that the wild cow would not run when the thrust had been delivered. She would wheel and charge like lightning; and Keenta the Beaver was a bold hunter, but no fool.

A moment the young Indian stood motionless, considering; then, with dramatic suddenness, fate solved his problem for him. Already his eyes had been searching the path beyond the cow, for he had noted the tossing of her head, the nervous lashing of her tail, and he knew that along that dim winding tunnel through the canes some great beast must be coming. Wolves, bears and pumas walked the canebrake paths, and from the cow's actions Keenta judged that she had scented one of these three; but, alert and expectant though he was, the swiftness of the tragedy surprised him.

For a fraction of a second he glimpsed a vague shape at the bend of the trail beyond the cow—a shadowy, indeterminate form which seemed to fill the path and in the midst of which two large eyes gleamed cold and bright like jewels. Then, instantaneously, the puma was blotted from his view by the black bulk of the cow impetuously charging her foeman.

Keenta the Beaver stood and watched, his nerves a-tingle. The puma was the Cat of God, the greatest hunter of all the wild hunters; but surely this puma, confronted in that narrow trail by those long sharp horns rushing down upon him, must turn and run or perish. Halfway to the bend in the trail the black cow stumbled slightly, her forefoot bogged in a deep hole in the treacherous floor of the pathway; and in that same instant Keenta saw the tawny master of the wilderness hurl his long sinewy bulk upon his victim. Just how the thing was done even the quick vision of the red warrior could not distinguish. But a moment later the cow lay motionless in the path, her neck broken, while upon her body stood the great Cat of God, his long tail waving slowly to and fro, his round, cold, passionless eyes fixed steadfastly upon the young Indian.

For perhaps a minute Keenta the Beaver returned that glassy stare, standing erect in his tracks, his spear poised in his right hand. The Cat of God was no coward in those days. The white man's weapons had not then broken his spirit. He was no fool, like the buffalo bull, to rush heedless to destruction. But he knew his own might and was master of the wild creatures of the primeval forest; and the copper-colored men of the forest respected him and did him honor, because he was the greatest of all hunters and killed only to satisfy his need. Between them and

him a sort of truce existed; yet it was a truce which was sometimes broken in time of stress when the red man tried to take the puma's kill. So for a while Keenta the Beaver and the black cow's tawny slayer watched each other warily in the twilight of the overarching canes, neither knowing what the other might do.

Presently Keenta, his gaze never straying from those cold inscrutable eyes, began to speak. First and at great length he paid the puma many compliments, hailing him as the forest's lord, extolling his lithe beauty, praising his skill as a hunter, lauding the niceness and cleanliness of his feeding habits. Then, with glowing eloquence, he told of the loveliness of Ahowhe the Long-Haired and of her capriciousness and of how she had wearied of deer's meat. In conclusion, he proposed a bargain. The Cat of God should keep his kill, he should feast on the cow that he had stricken down; and Keenta the Beaver, young warrior of the Yemassees, would take as his share the little black bull calf and carry it alive to Ahowhe.

He paused, searching the unwavering yellow eyes for a sign. Then, thrusting his spear into the ground, he walked slowly forward. The great yellow-brown form looming above the body of the cow stiffened and crouched, the cold eyes narrowed and gleamed. But Keenta walked on, smiling a little in satisfaction with his own valor. Calmly he knelt beside the calf. He could no longer see the puma, because his back was turned. He knew that at one bound the huge cat could strike him lifeless. Yet he stopped to stroke the calf and to speak to it gently.

"Little black bull," he said, "Ahowhe, who sent me to hunt, has saved you, for the great beast yonder would have killed you had I not come. With Ahowhe you will be safe, for she loves all young things. And some day you will be known as Yanasa, the Very Great Bull, the Master of the Herds."

Slowly he lifted the calf and slung it across his broad bare shoulders. Turning, he faced the puma and made with his right hand the stately gesture of farewell. Then he strode off along the canebrake trail.

Lashing His Tail, Black Bull Marched Majestically Across the Narrow Strip of Prairie and Into the Woods

Burliegh, the English hunter, coming down to Charles Town with a small mounted caravan from the trading posts of the Muskogee country, camped for the night near the head of the great cypress swamp. Again it was spring, the season of late jasmine and Indian rose. At first dawn Burliegh, awakened by the bellowing of great alligators and the incessant tumult of tall white egrets roosting in thousands in a black gum bay near by, mounted his wiry Chickasaw pony and rode out in advance of his comrades to get meat, his larder being empty. In a land of miraculous plenty, where the poorest man—provided he could shoot—might dine on the choicest of meats, Burliegh craved plain and common food. Surfeited with venison and bears' paws, with wood duck and wild turkey, he yearned for a breakfast of roasted rabbit.

Leaving camp, he rode along the outer edge of the canebrake through wild pea vines and dark green rushes as high as his horse's back. Away to his right stretched a long narrow prairie, two miles long and half a mile wide, a natural meadow reaching deep into the virgin forest, which walled it in on either side. Down this green vista Burliegh's gaze roved casually, viewing familiar things—deer grazing in herds of thirty or forty, a drove of fifty wild black cattle, a flock of ten thousand passenger pigeons flying like the wind, a swarm of vultures crowding about a carcass, a lordly bull elk striding through a group of whitetails toward the forest's rim. On the prairie the pea-vine growth was luxuriant, but not so tall, and in the moister places it was supplanted by short vivid green grass. One such spot, an acre or more in extent, gleamed white as snow—a solid mass of big birds of various sizes, some of them almost as tall as a man; whooping cranes, wood ibises, white ibises and egrets of two kinds.

Where the deer paths entered the canebrake the tall rushes through which the hunter rode fell away. In one of these openings at the entrance of a path his horse stopped suddenly with a snort. A small black bear which had just emerged from the brake wheeled with ludicrous haste and vanished amid the canes. At the next opening, warned by an ominous sound, Burliegh scanned the ground ahead of him, tickled his horse's flanks with his heels and spoke two words. The pony, well trained and unafraid, bounded forward, then jumped. His small hoofs passed high over the obstacle—a six-foot diamond rattlesnake, coiled at the threshold of the canebrake trail.

Presently the hunter found a spot suited to his purpose—the entrance of a wide path striking straight into the cane thicket and crossing another path thirty feet from the thicket's edge. Burliegh halted, sitting motionless in his saddle, his rifle ready, his eyes fixed on the place where the two trails crossed. Two raccoons, a whitetail doe and five swamp rabbits came and went before he saw and shot a rabbit big enough to suit him.

Securing his game, he rode on, still skirting the cane thicket, intending to stop and cook his breakfast in the woods just ahead where no rushes or wild pea vines cumbered the ground. On the prairie a group of ten deer, feeding in tall grass close to the forest edge, scattered suddenly in all directions. Burliegh craned his neck and saw a sinuous movement in the grass as though a huge snake were winding through it.

It was a young puma, he concluded, young and small; or else an old and very wily one, wily enough to crouch low as it made its way through the grass and thus keep its body hidden. After a minute, he swore softly. Proud of his woodcraft, he permitted himself no excuses. The serpentine weaving of the grass had ceased at the edge of a small circular opening around a sink hole, and across this opening had passed four black wolves of the small Low Country breed, one trotting behind the other.

Burliegh stared moodily at the spot where they had reentered the grass, frowning over his mistake as though some misfortune had befallen him. Suddenly his expression changed. Rising in his stirrups and pushing back his wide-brimmed hat, he gazed for a long minute at a dark object far down the prairie, a bow shot from the edge of the woods.

A troop of whitetails intercepted his view and he rode on a dozen yards, then halted to examine the distant object again. Presently he was satisfied. No bull of the wild black cattle, which were generally lean and undersized, could bulk so large. It was a buffalo, he was sure; yet for years buffalo had been practically unknown in the Low Country—where, indeed, they had never been abundant, preferring the uplands where the prairie meadows were more extensive. Burliegh marked the spot where the bull was feeding, then rode on at a quicker pace to the edge of the woods.

There he decided that breakfast could wait. The lone bull out on the prairie interested him and something in its shape puzzled him. A short ride just within the forest margin would afford him a better view. He broke a sapling to show his comrades the direction he had taken. Then he set off at a brisk canter at right angles to his former course.

No undergrowth hampered his pony's progress through the splendid parklike forest of gigantic white oak and red oak, hickory, magnolia and beech, alive with gray squirrels and fox squirrels, some of the latter coal-black save for white noses and ears. Many times deer lying just within the woods edge bounded away before him, most of them running out into the open. A large flock of brilliant green and yellow parrakeets, screaming like mad, passed low over his head. Alighting on the ground a little distance to the left, they covered a space fifty feet square with a gorgeous carpet of rich green and vivid gold. Alarmed at his approach, they took wing again and flew with shrill screechings out of the woods and across the prairie.

Burliegh paid no attention to them, but marveled a little at the wild turkeys. The place was evidently a courting ground for the big flocks which roosted in the cypress swamp beyond the belt of canes; and on every side, as he rode amid the far-spaced trees, he saw great bronze gobblers strutting and pacing before coquettish hens. Once or twice he fingered his weapon nervously as some exceptionally magnificent gobbler tempted him; but remembering the object of his quest, he rode on.

Black Bull, lazily cropping the succulent prairie grasses a bow shot from the forest's edge, raised his head often to look and listen. Six springs had passed since, as a newly born calf, he had been borne out of the canebrake, ten miles farther down, on the strong young shoulders of Keenta the Beaver, who had carried him to Ahowhe the

(Continued on Page 166)

EARLIER AND LATER DAYS

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad

One of the Latest Photographs of Joseph Conrad

SECOND of a family of nine, leading a quiet life of circumscribed interest in a remote, quiet part of the greater London, my marriage, apart from the momentous change of life it implies, had also for me an added element of high adventure. I was to leave England for a prolonged period, to live far away from all those whose very thoughts and intentions were to me as an open book. I had to endeavor to adapt myself to the moods of a man whose mind was full of the meaning of life, with its difficulties of joys and sorrows, long before he had met me, an utterly inexperienced girl of twenty-two. I did not think that I could understand him wholly from the first; but he seemed to understand me very well.

There was one thing I felt certain of, and that was that we were starting on our joint adventure with very real and profound affection and trust in each other. And I may say that already on my part there was, even then, a great deal of maternal feeling for that lonely man who had hardly known anything of a mother's care and had had no experience of any sort of home life.

We were married on March 24, 1896. It was a very fine day; but by the time we got down to Southampton on our way to Brittany the weather had completely changed. We dined in a large hotel near the docks, in a very splendid but practically empty dining room, and went on board the St.-Malo boat shortly after eleven o'clock. It was very dark. As we stood on the deck, disregarding the drizzle and with no one near—apparently the whole number of passengers was seven besides ourselves—a burly figure passed by with the gruff remark, "We are in for a dirty night." It was the captain, and that was all he said; but to this day I think of that night as simply terrible I had never been at sea before. As I lay wedged up in the bed place of a deck cabin thoughtfully provided for me, not much frightened, but bewildered by the noise of the wind and the shocks of the heavy seas falling on board, I doubted whether even to see my family I could face such an experience again. I have a faint notion that I thought then that a Channel crossing was always something like that. I could not have foreseen that before returning to England I would get on terms with the sea in a five-ton cutter and be complimented on my good steering

Our First Home on Ile Grande

NORMALLY we were due at St.-Malo at seven in the morning, but it was three o'clock before we got ashore and went to the nearest hotel. Of course the table-d'hôte déjeuner was over a long time ago and the dining room was a mere barren wilderness. No doubt we could have had something to eat, but somehow my new husband did not think of asking for it; and I, not yet accustomed to my new status of a wife, did not like to say anything, and so we went for a walk.

Everything was strange, interesting and amusing, and about half past four we walked into a café to have some tea. They brought it to us, a teapot, a thing like a bottle of scent, with *fleur d'oranger* in it, and four hard biscuits. Then I broke out. My fortitude gave way. I declared I was dying for something serious to eat. I reminded him that I had had nothing to eat since dinner the day before. I didn't burst into tears, however. I had never seen anybody so remorseful. He made as if to rush out of the café—I don't know why; perhaps to raid a provision shop. But as I did not want to be left alone there, I assured him hastily that I could manage to exist till six o'clock, the dinner hour at our hotel.

It was my first dinner abroad, and the only one in St.-Malo. Next morning we started by train to explore Brittany, mainly with a view of finding a small house somewhere on the coast where we could settle down. It was all very vague. That evening we arrived in Lannion and went to the principal inn.

From now on I shall refer to my husband as J. C., not because that manner of addressing him or alluding to him belongs to our early days, but because it has become habitual now in the circle of his family and his immediate friends. I think it was started during the war by our eldest boy, and now we find it extremely convenient. J. C., then, and I took up our quarters at this very provincial hotel in Lannion and went out for many drives, looking vaguely for a house, which had to be very small and very retired and very cheap. Incidentally we saw some ruins, some bits of Breton landscape and quite a lot of Breton population. I looked at them with the greatest interest. Very many young girls were quite pretty, with a spiritual delicacy of feature which seemed to me very surprising in a peasant population. I liked the women's dresses, and at that time many old men were yet to be seen in Breton costume, with long gray locks flowing from under their round hats. Their thin faces had a sort of refined dignity, and I enjoyed immensely the novelty of all this. Our guide and friend was our driver, a round-faced man of forty, from whom we hired the carriage. He was a widower with a lot of small children, and he was an excellent father. Also he was a kindly man and scrupulously honest in his charges. One day he told us that he had heard of a good peasant house, just built. Nobody had lived in it yet. And when we heard that it was on Ile Grande we thought it would probably be retired enough. Ile Grande is just a big piece of rock with a very broken-up surface and a few patches of thin grass which the inhabitants call fields. I don't think there was a single tree on it. All the population lived in a small cluster of houses.

The house of which Prijean spoke was certainly new, built of rough stone, and for a peasant's house was rather sumptuous. It was also very clean. There was a large kitchen with a big fireplace, and beds like ship's berths along the walls, but fitted with doors like cupboards Of course we did not use them. There were two rooms upstairs and in them we found beds of the usual kind. Looking toward the setting sun, there was nothing between that house and North America but the whole sweep of the Atlantic Ocean, and on stormy days the salt spray flew right into the great stone quarry, where some stonecutters worked every day. We could just hear the metallic ring of their tools. I looked at all this wild strangeness with a little awe, but certainly with plenty of hope.

The house was furnished with just mere necessaries. We took our meals in a little room partitioned off the kitchen, off an oilcloth, but we had napkins. This is characteristically French. The bed sheets were unbleached coarse linen made up of two widths, with a seam in the middle that in its rigidity and hardness reminded one of the long stone walls dividing the so-called fields. All the glass was greenish. The crockery was thick and heavy. It was, indeed, the simplest life; but who wanted more? There is no doubt in my mind that it was a happy time. From a certain point of view it was momentous also. But that I did not know. And yet it was Ile Grande which saw the beginning of The Nigger of the Narcissus, and also of The Rescue, the novel that was published the year before our silver wedding anniversary.

I entered now upon my duties of a literary man's wife; the duties of the early days at any rate. My instrument was a strange little typewriter that had a sliding bar containing the type and was worked with a striker. You had to slide the bar about and stamp the letter by pressing that striker. In its primitive character that machine matched the peasant's cottage perfectly; but you had to be extremely careful how you moved that bar, because if you went ever so little too far all the type would fall on the floor. At first I remember spending quite a lot of time on my knees picking up the letters. Yet a lot of that first tentative text got copies into type somehow. The end of each page was a small triumph. It was a happy time.

Aboard La Pervenche

THE climax of a long-drawn excitement came with the arrival of a five-ton cutter with a very pretty name, La Pervenche. J. C. had hired her from a retired shipmaster, Captain LeBras, with whom he struck an acquaintance in Lannion. He was a tall fat man with a very big face, slightly grizzled hair and blue eyes.

So one day Captain LeBras sailed La Pervenche round and turned up at our cottage for déjeuner, having left the boat anchored on the stretch of sands between Ile Grande and the mainland. That déjeuner would have been bolted if it had not been for the captain, who took his time over the omelet and the sausages, his fromage and his café. But at last we dragged him away to the shore and then walked over the uncovered sands for quite a mile and stood at last in the shadow of the Pervenche.

On the coast of Brittany the ebbing tide leaves an immense extent of glistening sands on which the uncovered rocks and islands stand up like buildings and monuments of some immense ruined town. Later we often used to walk out to our cutter, which had two wooden legs to keep her upright, just after the tide had turned, clamber on board by means of a ladder, pull it up after us and sit in the cockpit till she floated, when we started for a sail for four or five hours or perhaps for a three or four day cruise along the coast.

It was in the Pervenche that I graduated as a fore-and-aft helmsman—good; and a lookout—first class. My eyesight was always very good and some of those pinnacles of rocks just awash at high water wanted some looking out for. Sometimes we would go to Lannion—our town—by sea, round the coast and up the river.

It was on our return from one of those trips that I felt for the first time the sense of heavy responsibility, when J. C. had a violent attack of gout. Nobody on Ile Grande could understand a word I said; indeed, most of the older people did not know a word of French. Our doctor, a retired naval surgeon, with a red ribbon in his buttonhole, a dear old man, came every day from the mainland; but even he could understand and speak very few words of English. For a whole long week the fever ran high and for most of the time J. C. was delirious. To see him lying in the white-canopied bed, dark faced, with gleaming teeth and shining eyes was sufficiently impressive; but to hear him muttering to himself in a strange tongue—he thinks he must have been speaking Polish—to be unable to penetrate the clouded mind or catch one intelligible word, was truly awful for a young inexperienced girl.

I watched him night after night, powerless to do anything except to give him something to drink when he wanted it, but for the rest writing letters by the light of a single candle, pages and pages of them, which in the end I always destroyed in the course of the next day. Everybody seemed too far away to be worried by those outpourings. The sense of there being nobody at hand to help overpowered and silenced me. At last that anxious time came to an end and we resumed gradually our life as before, though perhaps somewhat less light-heartedly.

Soon after this a large box containing clothes, books and other articles was forwarded to us from England. I found among its contents J. C.'s first two manuscripts. Somehow it seemed to me that I had acquired the beginning of a family. Almayer's Folly was finished some months before we knew each other, and my printed copy of that book is inscribed to Miss Jessie George; but An Outcast of the Islands begins the series of first editions bearing on their first page the simple line, "Dear Jessie's Copy." He never would talk about and still less show his work to anyone; so of the Outcast of the Islands, finished after we were engaged, I had only one glimpse before, a mighty pile of blackened pages, which I did not dare touch. Those words, written before I had come to take up my part on the scene, treating of many skies, of distant places and strange events, seemed to me impregnated with the essence of his past life, of which after all I knew then so very little and understood perhaps even less. He himself seemed to think these pages mere food for the waste-basket, but they became the object of my anxious, though secret, care.

All through my married life I tried to protect the manuscripts against the consequences of his contemptuous indifference. A certain yellow chest of drawers became their refuge for many years, till most of them went to America and met lately their rather blatant auction-room fate.

Directly after his bad attack of gout, still weak and very shaky, J. C. began and finished the short story, An Outpost of Progress. During the three weeks or so it took him to do it his humor was sardonic all through. Then he wrote The Idiots. Much of our Ile Grande life is in that short story, for which J. C. has, I think, an unreasonable contempt. The stonecutters are in it, our landlady is in it, and the feeling of our surroundings perhaps a little more somber than the reality. We saw the actual idiots while being driven by our friend Prijean from Lannion to Ile Grande. I won't describe the idiots. J. C. has done that; but the origin of the story lies with Prijean's remark just after we had passed them sprawling in the ditch:

"Four—hein! And all in the same family. That's a little too much."

In addition to those two stories, J. C. wrote certainly two chapters of The Nigger of the Narcissus and a good many pages of what may be called the introduction to The Rescue, pages that were to precede the beginning of the dramatic action. Very little of all that is left in the published book; but I can catch here and there in a phrase or paragraph the precious feeling of those early days. They slipped by quickly. He wrote, I typed; and when we didn't go out for a sail we took long walks along the shore or over uncovered sands and bare rocks, always with one eye on the watch for the return of the tide. We exchanged greetings with seaweed gatherers and often walked back with them in the rear of the slow-moving carts.

Early Works

ONE evening I hinted at my wish to get back to England and find a permanent home. I do not think J. C. felt the same need, but he agreed at once.

A conviction of the significance of his work had begun to grow upon me; I mean significance of it to himself, of which he did not seem to be aware so much as he ought to have been. I felt that it would be not only the best but the absolutely necessary thing for him, for that deeper self-realization, of which he never spoke and has perhaps always thought too lightly.

In less than a week's time we embarked at St.-Malo for Southampton. The delightful night

Mrs. Conrad and John in the Summer of 1922

of that return passage, starry and calm and friendly, I spent on deck in a comfortable hooded chair, and only opened my eyes to see my native land, represented by the Isle of Wight, looking extremely attractive at daybreak.

The early years of our joint history in Essex began in a charming farmhouse which I have heard was Carolinian. Of that I am no judge. It had a low body and two short wings with high gables, and was built of lath and plaster; and its name was Ivy Walls. Its greatest attraction consisted in its nearness to the village of Stanford, where Mr. and Mrs. G. F. W. Hope were then living. They were J. C.'s oldest English friends. Theirs had been the first English home that had been opened to him. I remember shortly after we were engaged his telling me that now his uncle was dead, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, as far as feelings could go, were the nearest relatives he had in the world, and that he wanted to take me to make their acquaintance. I knew the whole extent of friendship and gratitude he had for them, and I knew that they would be kindly disposed toward me; but on the occasion of that first visit I was feeling so painfully shy that even Mrs. Hope's most friendly reception could not put me at my ease for some time.

I shall never forget the great assistance I received from the youngest child of the house, then a boy of five, who, prompted perhaps by the miraculous instinct of children, kept me in countenance by coming to my side and ultimately letting me take him up on my knee. I managed to become more like myself long before we left in the evening; and I should have been an ungrateful wretch if I had failed to respond to the atmosphere of quiet and sincere good will which I felt around me from the very first moment of arrival. A couple of days later I heard from J. C. that just as we were going away, while Mr. Hope was helping me with my wraps, Mrs. Hope took him aside to whisper her approval of his choice and predict confidently the success of our matrimonial venture.

Memories of J. C.'s Friends

IT WAS while awaiting the arrival of our first boy that J. C. finished The Nigger of the Narcissus. The writing was done by the end of November and a couple of days afterwards I finished the typing. This was the last piece of work done by that first machine. It was retired to the upper shelf of a cupboard, and, I am sorry to confess, forgotten there when we moved—a most ungrateful treatment. It was succeeded by a more modern make.

Our boy Borys was born in January, 1898, on a mild and bright forenoon, while J. C.—so I have been told was wandering vaguely among the beds of the kitchen garden. Suddenly he heard a child cry, and approaching the house where Rose, the maid we had then, was standing, he demanded she should send that child away. She put her head out of the kitchen window and remarked calmly, "It's your own baby upstairs, sir." Hurrying round the corner, he met my mother, who gave him a few details "Such a big boy"—and ran back indoors. Whatever his feelings might have been, J. C. managed to conceal them under an air of detached interest.

A few days afterwards came a letter from Mr. Heinemann, to say that W. E. Henley had definitely accepted the Nigger for a serial. As I knew what importance J. C. attached to being published in the New Review, I was made perfectly happy by the news. He immediately went on with Karain, a story which he had begun in the previous December. That led to another auspicious event, because a few weeks afterwards that tale was accepted by Mr. William Blackwood for his magazine. This J. C. looked on also as a very fortunate thing. All this added to my feeling of contentment and peace. The baby, too, was a very peaceful person. He cried just enough for the good of his lungs and disgraced himself only once by screaming most horribly at Mr. Edward Garnett with such fear and apparent dislike that it took us all aback. We were extremely mortified, but Edward Garnett displayed a benevolent indulgence.

Edward Garnett and John Galsworthy were some of the friends of J. C.'s bachelor days, but they accepted me without question, as though I had been part of J. C.'s appointed fate, engaging his thoughts and care like the ships he had sailed, like the books he wrote. One of the most satisfactory memories of the past

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An Old Photograph of Joseph Conrad and His Younger Son, John, in Front of Platt Cottage, Bore Green, Kent

TO BEAT THE DUTCH

By John Scarry

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IN CHILACHAP, on the south coast of Java, Johnny Moore was at his desk in the office of the Penn-Orient Oil Company. He was opening the local mail. Now and then he rearranged a couple of carbon sheets and entered an order in a cloth-bound book. The yellow triplicates went to a native godown foreman who was standing near by.

Crowther, Johnny's boss, came out from his sanctum. Johnny did not bother to look around. He disliked his superior and had long since lost all respect for him. Crowther, he knew, was a man whom the East had claimed; a man whose ambition now rose no higher than snoozing by day in his office chair and drinking by night in the Chilachap Club.

"Here's a little Christmas present for you, Moore."

Ah, that was different!

"Salary increase? Batavia's come through, eh? How does it read, Crowther? It's got to be better than last year, I tell you, or I'll start something."

As Johnny Advanced, Eng Bong Drew Into His Shell. Being an Oriental, He Could Not be Stampeded Into a Change

"It's the same as last year—twenty-five guilders."

"No!"

Crowther tossed a letter across to the younger man. Johnny read it and his face hardened. He got up from his chair, walked over to a window from which he could see the narrow strait and the jungle-blanketed ridge of Nusa Kembangan. He was small as he stood there, blond, lean and alert. Something about him suggested that here was one whose nervous energy would keep him going after his physical strength had failed. And the vehement way he cursed the Penn-Orient Oil Company, root and branch, left no room for doubt as to his present dissatisfaction At last he turned.

"Well, that settles it," he said to Crowther. Jerking a telegram blank from his desk, he inserted it in a typewriter and banged away for a minute:

"JACKSON,
"Penn-Orient Oil Company,
"Batavia.

"Salary increase insufficient. Expect me January first to tender resignation and arrange passage to States. Reserve room Netherlands Hotel. MOORE."

Without reading it over, Johnny offered his ultimatum to Crowther to read. He was angry and resentful clear through. Remembering the Javanese who was waiting, however, he resumed his clerical activities.

Three years previously, fresh from college, Johnny Moore had come out from New York with two other youngsters. Jackson, the company's general manager in Batavia, shuffled these newcomers and sent them forth as the needs of the territory demanded. Johnny drew Chilachap.

Chilachap the unspeakable. The town was a deadly oasis in the middle of a tremendous bog. Of all the company's substations, this was the humblest from a business point of view, the most unhealthful, the farthest removed from civilization. But Johnny did not care. He was too full of the pride of being a cog in the wheel of American foreign trade.

It took no more than a week for him to appraise Chilachap with shrewd accuracy. The white inhabitants, he saw at a glance, were a case-hardened aggregation. There was no golf; there was no tennis. Homeside magazines were at least two months old when they arrived—if they arrived. The Ruth Roland serial films in that rickety bamboo monstrosity they called the Prins Hendrick Bioscope were years and years old. Remained, then, a choice of three evils—to work one's head off, to drink one's head off or to go crazy.

Johnny chose hard work. Naturally, for he had been all business from boyhood. He loved it. He loved a tough battle, and that was what the Penn-Orient was having in Chilachap territory. They were taking the short end of a ninety-ten split with De Petroleum Maatschappy Java, their Dutch competitors. A question of price, Crowther was wont to argue in that ineffectual whine of his. Wholly a question of price, he insisted. American kerosene was better, of course, but costlier. And the Javanese wanted things cheap.

Why not? If a man burned his oil in a bottle with a bit of rag wick, why should he worry about anything except how much the stuff cost? A little smoke would never hurt him. Indeed, it aided sleep by driving away the mosquitoes. Utterly absurd to try to sell quality to half-naked savages!

That was Crowther's attitude. Nevertheless, Johnny pitched in with all his youthful enthusiasm. For the most part Chilachap knew him only at week-ends. His work was to range from one end to the other of the substation's territory, encouraging the Chinese agents, exhorting them, firing them if necessary, appointing new ones if possible—everything, in short, that would make for the greater consumption of American oil. And it soon developed that the young fellow had a way with him.

He got the Penn-Orient's oil into the *pasars* in Kebumen and Singaparna and Klampok, where it never had been before his day. He trebled the quantities shipped to the agents in Sampit and Dampit. No rules restraining him in that far-off land, he won over four or five agents from the Hollanders. Dombrinck, who traveled for the Maatschappy, had a separate and distinct fit over each one of them.

Johnny laughed at him and kept at it. Now, after three years, the Penn-Orient Oil Company was going 100 per cent better. No thanks to Crowther! Johnny had brought it about alone. His manner of putting his proposition up to the Chinese middlemen smacked of wizardry. They all liked him. In their nondescript shops, they listened to his smiling eloquence, grinned a little—and ordered.

Some, to be sure, held back stubbornly. Some tough nuts to crack, like old Eng Bong up there in Tambak. But soon or later Johnny cracked them. And Crowther got all the kudos. Crowther, as substation manager, wrote all the letters to the head office in Batavia; and in them the first person singular was shamelessly prominent. If he had no ambition, he also had no intention that his superiors should discover his shortcomings. That at first, however, had been of slight importance to Johnny Moore. For all the practicality of his nature, he had brought with him from the States a sort of undergraduate loyalty. The Penn-Orient Oil Company could do no wrong. It was American, and far and away the most efficient organization in the world. The honor of being connected with such a company, Johnny had once believed, had power to lift a man above thoughts of mere money.

Such sentimentality, though, had gradually passed. That cheering-section stuff, after all, is only a veneer. It strips off in this workaday world. Two inappreciable annual raises had brought Johnny down to earth, hardened him. And now came the third, as scant as the others. By this and by that there would be no more of it!

Johnny moved with characteristic speed. With Crowther regarding him in odd dismay, the young fellow sent the foreman to his day's duties, then summoned a diminutive office boy to dispatch the telegram.

"You're not going to send it!" Crowther protested.

"You bet your life I am!"

"But you're mad! Twenty-five guilders a month, Moore! Why, when I was your age ——"

Johnny flung up his hand.

"Bunk, Crowther! Cut the bunk! Times have changed. And I guess I'm just getting wise to myself. This job's too much like working for the Government. A man's safe all right; all he's got to do is keep his fingers out of the petty cash and he's got a meal ticket for life. But not for me. I'd rather run some risk and have a chance for a killing."

Curiously, the fact that Crowther was largely responsible for Johnny's difficulties prevented a more definite statement. Johnny was not vindictive. If the old sluggard could get away with it, well and good. The company, however, that allowed itself to be thus deceived was no place for a man to be wasting his best years.

"But you can't quit all of a sudden like this," said Crowther. "Batavia's short of men. They'll have to leave me here alone."

"As a Dutchman would say," came the reply, "that leaves me cold."

Johnny was not vindictive perhaps; still, he would never take a prize for meekness.

Crowther started pacing up and down.

"There's my monthly report," he wailed. "How can I write it unless you visit those Serayu Valley agencies? You're putting me in a hole, Moore."

"Huh!" Johnny grunted; and disgustedly he gazed at the other's bulging eyes. Then he relented a little. "I'll not quit you flat as all that, Crowther. My boy can pack for me, I guess. Lucky I'm living in the hotel and haven't got a houseful of furniture to get rid of. Tell you what! I'll swing once around the circle and be back on the day before New Year's. I want to, anyway. There are some

loose ends I want to pick up before I start for Batavia on the first."

"Will you have another try at Eng Bong?"—eagerly.

Johnny shrugged.

"I don't know. If I have time, perhaps. But frankly, Crowther, I don't give a good dingdong whether I have time or not. From now on Eng Bong's nothing in my young life."

The circle had been swung, all except Eng Bong. Johnny had visited some ten or a dozen upcountry dealers, and now was returning to Chilachap along the narrow highway which pauses for the ferry across the Serayu at Maos. The road ran straight and white between never-ending rice fields. Here and there, like islands in a green sea, rose the clumps of bamboos and coconut palms which marked the locations of small villages. Now and then Johnny caught a glimpse of buff shacks under the foliage; now and then a pale light winked across the cultivated ground, for it was getting dark. Most of the fire had died out of the sun to the west. A saffron-and-pink grayness was creeping down on all sides.

Beautiful country, and interesting. In the course of a mile or two one could see every stage of rice culture from planting to harvesting. There was a sturdy chap breaking ground. His lumbering big water buffaloes, distinct against the black soil, seemed slow to the point of weariness. There were some women planting, bent over eternally, knee-deep in water and mud; and a crowd of young girls making for home with their harvesting knives thrust jauntily into their thick black hair. The Javanese chauffeur must have grinned at them, for their giggles reached Johnny's ears as the car spun by.

Peaceful, a scene to delight the eye; but the young American would have none of it. He sat in the back seat, huddled in an old cloth raincoat, staring straight ahead out of hot, aching eyes. A touch of fever, of course. No one could live long in Chilachap and escape it.

In that town malaria got into a man's blood and bones, and a taste of cold weather could be depended on to wake it up. Wonosobo, high in the hills, where business had detained him the previous night, was to blame for Johnny's present discomfort. Gosh, it had been cold up there! In Java, when the mercury drops below seventy, it is worse than freezing weather in the temperate zones. Nothing to do about it though. Wonosobo had to be visited. The Penn-Orient Oil Company had to be kept on its tottering old legs.

"Not after tomorrow night!" Johnny reflected. "Not by me, I'm through!"

This was the thirtieth of December. Johnny was a day ahead of his schedule and he was going to stay a day ahead. Visit Eng Bong? No, he'd be jiggered if he would! He was sick. The trip to Tambak would take him off the highway, into the howling wilderness that fringed the Serayu. It meant an insect-haunted night in one of Eng Bong's guest chambers, and to no avail. Eng Bong was always glad to see Johnny; but always adamant. American oil cost two and a half cents a tin more than the Dutch product. That settled it. To use it must result in fifty guilders a month less profit for Eng Bong. *Mana bisa, tuan!*

"Of course you can do it!" Johnny had argued time and again. "Our oil is better. All you need do is jump your price up to your customers."

But the Chinese had steadily refused. He could not do that. So, on the first day of every month—supposedly—a motorboat from Chilachap swung a deep-laden proa alongside the landing of Eng Bong's godown. Five or six hours later it started away down the Serayu with its empty tow. Beforehand, in the office of De Petroleum Maatschappy Java, Eng Bong's agent in Chilachap paid cash for the shipment. Eng Bong himself distributed the oil. Sweet business, thought Johnny Moore, and the Penn-Orient could whistle for it. Crowther would never land it for them.

The chauffeur slowed for a lane which ran to the right, rutted and uneven across the rice fields; well-nigh impassable, Johnny knew, after it had entered the jungle beyond. The road to Tambak. The native looked around inquiringly. "No!" was the command he received. Johnny pulled the raincoat tighter around his neck. He muttered some bitter profanity. Nothing doing! He guessed not! Then a tire blew out.

Johnny had a quick temper. Perhaps he had been too long in the tropics. Perhaps he smoked too many cigarettes. An hour later, at any rate, it was plain to be seen that his mood had grown into something approaching viciousness.

Of course, the tire was not the sole cause of it. Johnny was sore on the whole island of Java. He squatted in the white flood of a flashlight held by the chauffeur. His khaki-colored sun helmet hung precariously on the back of his head; his white drill suit was limp from the day's traveling and beginning now to pick up smudges of grease and dust.

As he pounded that refractory shoe under the rim, he cursed torridly in three languages—English, Dutch and Malay. All his accumulated bitterness poured out on the Javanese.

"*Wah, bodo, loo!*" he rapped out hotly. "*Bodo sekali, loo!* You are an awful fool, Karto; and I am a fool for bothering with you. How long have I been trying to make a chauffeur out of a coolie? Four months! And you cannot yet put on a tire properly! This *chilaka* is entirely your fault, blockhead! You must have pinched the inner tube!"

"*Tida, tuan!*"—uncomfortably.

"I say, yes! And I say again that you are a blockhead! This is bad enough, this stupidity; but consider what you did last week. You ran the car for half an hour with almost no water in the radiator. *Wah, itu kliwat bodo!* And who paid for the damage? You? Huh! If I had asked you to pay, you would starve for the next six months. *Sudah;* you must lose your position. I must tell Tuan Crowther. Now pump it up, *monyet!*"

Karto jumped as though he had been shot. During all the time of repairing the tire he had been shifting from one bare foot to the other, obviously anxious to be allowed to do something. He looked to be close to tears; and seeing this, Johnny's heart softened. Johnny grinned, although his breast was still turbulent, and grinned the more at the look of relief that came over the fellow's brown features. A bit of a dandy was Karto, with his natty headcloth and sarong and tight-buttoned jacket. He wore a chauffeur's fine feathers.

The rest would come. Give him time. One had to remember that Karto, nor Karto's father, nor his ancestors for a thousand years, had ever looked upon anything more mechanical than a hoe or a plow.

"Now get in!" Johnny commanded at last, with only a remnant of his former impatience. "This is your last chance, monkey! If you put us into a ditch, I shall surely ask Tuan Crowther to release you. Go to Tambak."

"Tambak, *tuan!*"

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Beautiful Country, and Interesting. In the Course of a Mile or Two One Could See Every Stage of Rice Culture From Planting to Harvesting

RUSTY MEETS A TRICKY ONE

I Notices the Odd Little Twinkle in Her Eyes. Nothing Old About Them. They're as Keen and Clear a Pair of Lamps as You'll See on Anybody

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AND listen," I says to this fish-eyed bimbo that takes my ten-spot at the agency. "I ain't signin' on with any lady bosses. Get me?" He stops fillin' out the card and gives me a sneery look.

"Afraid some rich widow'll want to elope with you?"

"I notice none of 'em has kidnaped you," says I. "Besides, I got other reasons. Anyway, I'm passin' up any job where I get my pay check from a skirt."

"Huh!" says he. "You chauffeurs are gettin' choosy, ain't you? Well, stick around and maybe some he angel will drift in. What's the R. stand for, Mr. Gillan?"

"Rusty," says I, "but you don't need to write that out. I only lets the topnotchers call me that when we get chummy. See?"

"I know now," says he. "You're really one of the young Morganbilts in disguise and are doing this to spite the family. Well, dust off a couple of chairs and we'll see who draws the prize."

That's a sample of what you gotta stand for when you start rustlin' a private sit at one of these Sixth Avenue high-class-help shops—takin' cheap guff from birds like that. Then you squat around, maybe for days, mixed up with a bunch of Swiss chefs and near-English butlers and all kinds of shuffers, from Japs to ex-buddies that maybe drove ammunition trucks in the big scrap, with not even a chance to while away the time by rollin' the bones. Every now and then, too, a fussy old dame or some potty old boy will step in and give you the cold eye, like they was buyin' somethin' on the hoof.

But it's all in the game. The first thing any shuffer learns is to be a good sitter, and some never get much further. Most of this collection in the men's room at the agency sprawls around with their legs stuck out and their chins on their wishbones, yawnin' and dozin', like they wasn't more'n half alive. But that ain't my way of huntin' a job. I don't exactly strike a pointin' pose, with my nose out and one foot up, but I try to look kinda bright and perky, specially when clients is apt to bob in.

Maybe that's why I had three chances to them other guys' one, and all before three o'clock the first day. But once I missed out because I couldn't show no letter from a minister tellin' what a little saint I was; another time I got scratched for not bein' able to fill a size-38 uniform; and the third turn-down was from a finicky old sport who thought my tangerine hair wouldn't blend with the upholstery in his limousine.

I was about to quit and call it a day when the agent comes towin' in this funny little old girl with the russet-apple cheeks and the freak lid. Honest, she might have strayed from some vaudeville-sketch team or an old-time fashion review, with that get-up—stiff black silk dress ballooned below the waist, white ruffs at her collar and wrists, and a black pancake bonnet with purple flowers. She even carries a dinky black parasol and wears a fringed black silk shawl over her shoulders. A reg'lar antique. I near dropped off the chair when she points to me.

"What about that one?" she asks the agent.

"No use," says he. "That's the one I told you about."

"But I think I'd like him best," says she. "No harm in my asking him, is there? What's his name?"

She has a smooth easy way of talkin', kinda low and soft with just a bit of brogue in it, that sort of gets me. So, just to humor her, I trails along out to the anteroom and we gets introduced.

"Sorry, Mrs. Gowdy," says I, "but I'm off the ladies. That is, as bosses. I ain't had no luck with 'em."

I didn't go into details about the old dame whose coupé I crushed, or about Mrs. Maitland or Aunt Bertha.

"Who said anything about ladies?" says she. "Can't you see I'm just an old woman?"

And at that I notices the odd little twinkle in her eyes. Nothing old about them. They're as keen and clear a pair of lamps as you'll see on anybody, and while they're beamin' on me sort of gentle and friendly I can guess there's a lot of shrewdness behind 'em too. Something catchy about the old girl. Still, I'd made up my mind. You never know what any female is gonna let you in for. I shakes my head.

"I expect you're all right, at that," says I, "but I'm more used to men."

"You'll soon get used to me," she goes on. "How much a month?"

"I'm a headliner," says I. "I been gettin' one-eighty."

"I shall pay you two hundred," says she.

"That makes it worth talkin' over," says I. "What make of car?"

"Mine?" says she. "I haven't any. Don't know a thing about 'em. I shall want you to buy the sort of car you think I ought to have, and one that you'd like to drive."

Say, I expect I went open-faced at that. You don't often have it dealt to you so free, with a chance to split a commission, and everything. I took another look at the Lydia Pinkham costume, from the square-toed shoes up to the purple flowers, and concludes that somebody must have left her a bunch of money lately. But when I gets back to the shrewd eyes I finds they haven't missed a trick.

"I know," says she. "I don't look as though I could afford to do things like that. It never troubles me though. And you shall see. You pick out the car and send the man to me for his check. Couldn't you find one this afternoon?"

"Why," says I, gaspin' a little, "I expect I might!"

"Then that's settled," says she, grabbin' her parasol and startin' to go.

"But see here, Mrs. Gowdy," I puts in, "what's your limit? Cars run into all kinds of money, you know."

"I suppose they do," says she. "Well, just remember who it's for. Nothing too fancy, but it ought to be a good car, hadn't it? And I think I'd like one of those closed affairs."

"How many in the fam'ly?" I asks.

"Only me," says she. "Well, you'll take the place, will you?"

"I guess you've sold me the proposition, Mrs. Gowdy," says I. "I'll take one more chance."

And inside of two minutes she has sailed out, leavin' me her hotel address and a line scribbled on a card sayin' I'm to buy a bus for her. Looks like I'd speared something soft too. I swaps grins with the agency guy and heads for Automobile Row. Say, you shoulda heard me tellin' some of them chesty floor salesmen where they got off when they tries to spring their usual patter on me—stuff about duo valves and tested crank shafts and high-duty bearings.

"Ah, save that up for someone that believes all they read on the wrappers," I says to one bird. "Anybody can

cook up specification bunk. Lemme see if they've got the growl out of the generator gears in this new model. Yeauh! Sounds better. One of them trick carburetors too. It's a wonder, though, they wouldn't pack them water-pump bearin's decent. How about a quick cash delivery?"

Yes, I'll say Rusty Gillan, for once in his life, gave it to 'em cockeyed. Had 'em steppin' around, too, until finally I fixed up a nice little deal for a nifty six-cylinder coupé, all striped velvet inside and royal blue on the body, with a good rake-off due me when the money passes. And by ten o'clock next mornin' I'm in front of the hotel sendin' word up to Mrs. Gowdy that the carriage waits.

I notices that the doorman kinda gawps when I gives him the message, but then he chases right in to the phone, and a few minutes later he comes easin' the old girl down the steps as gentle as if she was his mother. She don't say a word for a while, but just looks the bus over sort of beamin', like a kid would a new toy, runnin' her fingers over the nickel door handles and reachin' in and pattin' the seat cushions. Then she turns and smiles at the doorman.

"You see what an extravagant old woman I'm getting to be, Larry," says she. "Don't you go laughing at me."

"Indeed not, Mrs. Gowdy," says he. "It's no better'n what you ought to have. Ridin' around every day will do you a heap of good."

"Huh!" says she. "I can see myself. Gillan, do you think you can find your way out to Capooset, Long Island?"

"Sure!" says I. "That's out this side of Oyster Bay. I've been through there."

"Well, take the car out and ask for the Trimble place Mr. Philip Trimble," says she. "He's my son-in-law Likely I'll be there first. I'm going out by train."

"Yes'm," says I. "But, if you'll excuse me, why don't you let me drive you out?"

"Right through the city!" says she "Oh, I wouldn't dare. I—I'm not used to that sort of thing"

"Just as you say, ma'am," says I, "but I could take you there easier and almost as quick as you could go by train."

"What do you say, Larry?" she asks.

"If he's a good careful driver you'd find it the best way, Mrs. Gowdy," says Larry. "You'd have to take a taxi to the station anyway."

"That's so," says she. "I—I've a good mind to do it. I'm such an old goose though."

Well, we was the best part of half an hour persuadin' her, but finally she goes up to get ready, and while I'm waitin' I gets some advice handed me by the doorman.

"Mind you take good care of Ma Gowdy," says he, "and don't give her any scares goin' through the traffic, or do any speedin' when you get out in the country. If I hear of your gettin' fresh, young feller, you'll have me on your neck."

"You don't mind who you throw a scare into, do you, you big stiff?" says I. "But rest easy. I'm used to cartin' old ladies around. Kinda partial to this one, ain't you?"

He nods. "They don't come any better'n Ma Gowdy," says he. "She's been here goin' on six years now, and I ought to know."

"That long!" says I. "Why, I thought she'd just come in from the sticks."

This starts him off again, and durin' the next few minutes, between signalin' taxis for guests and shoovin' off delivery trucks, he gives me quite a sketch of the old girl. Seems she's a widow who comes from some dinky upstate burg along the Hudson where she and her old man used to scrub along on a farm that was mostly claybanks and alder swamp. And up to ten or a dozen years ago they was as poor as they could be without actually starvin' to death Old Gowdy used to push a wheelbarrow in the near-by brickyard when he was real ambitious, but mostly he liked to sit and smoke in what he called his workshop and putter away at different things. Then, just before the war, the brickyard people switched to makin' drain tiles and had taken on some big contracts when all of a sudden they found their clay pits was worked out and all they could dig was gravel.

They was about to go broke, too, when somebody discovered that most of the Gowdy farm was underlaid with the finest kind of drain-tile clay, so they called the old man into the office and offered him four times what he thought the place was worth. He was all for sellin' out at once, but Ma Gowdy held him off until she could call in a lawyer nephew of hers, who sleuthed out all the facts in the case and was smart enough to make a deal on a royalty basis at so much a cubic yard.

Well, it didn't look like such a big thing at the start, but the tile concern hooked some fat government jobs later on and got in a lot of new machinery and put a couple of hundred men to work, and the next the Gowdys knew their monthly pay checks was runnin' into five figures and they ain't stopped yet. So much easy money was what finished old man Gowdy. He never did a lick of work after that, nor walked a foot when he could ride, and he insisted on havin' buckwheat cakes and sausage every mornin' for breakfast, so the cramps got him for good one day, and Ma Gowdy put him away under a polished granite shaft that cost more real money than he'd ever earned in all his life. It was a year or two after, that she moved to New York and begun livin' at this hotel.

"How many children?" I asks.

"Four," says Larry. "Two boys and two girls. But some was married, and the others got mated up soon after, and that left the old lady sort of stranded here alone. She don't seem to mind. Guess she don't make much of a hit with her in-laws, although it's her money keeps 'em all going. They're kinda stylish folks, I understand, and Ma Gowdy's just a plain old-fashioned body. Something must have started her up to go visitin' 'em, though, but I —— Sh-h-h! Here she is."

Maybe you can feature how odd she looks steppin' out from under the fancy marquee and bein' escorted across the sidewalk by this six-foot-three party with all the gold braid on his cap and overcoat. Just ahead of her comes a henna-haired zippy-dressed female that Larry don't seem to see at all. No. He gets Ma Gowdy by the elbow and hands her into the coupé like she was a movie queen. She turns and gives him one of her quirky smiles

"You're not to worry about Nora, you know," says she. "It's all fixed about her room at the private hospital, and if the baby comes before I get back you're to send me word. They have the address at the desk. Maybe I'll be brought back in pieces myself, but that won't matter much to anybody. Good-by, Larry. All right, Gillan. A bit slow until I get my nerves steady."

And if I'd had a load of dynamite aboard I couldn't have driven any more cautious until we got across Queensboro Bridge and well out of the heavy traffic. Twice I was

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"It Helps Keep the Moths Out of My Bobbed Hair," Says She, Chucklin'

FLYAWAY YORCH

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Wind Strengthened. The Smoke Drifted. Soon it Blew Strongly; and Down Before it Sailed the Ship, a Thing of Awful Grandeur, Foaming Through the Seas in One Tall Mass of Flame

WHEN the Ebro crossed the line—— Well, sailors seldom sigh, but the men of the Ebro hoped. There was never much romance in the coolie trade between the East and West Indies, even in the days when sailing ships had and kept decent crews. When steam began to drive the white wings from the routes and seduce sailormen into paint-and-polish bondage, leaving only the raking and scrapings of hell, Hull and Newgate for the clippers, three nasty trades remained for sailing ships which good men avoided: Bones from the Argentine, guano from the Chinchas and coolies from Calcutta. And the worst of these was the coolie trade.

"If somet'ing ain't done putty soon, them niggers vill bust loose und make curry oud ouf us," proclaimed George the bos'n.

The days in the Bay of Bengal had been sultry and dolorous. This was the second Saturday night since the tug let go outside Sandheads, and the Ebro was not up to the line yet. There was one good point about the best of the coolie ships—they usually let the men drink to sweethearts and wives on Saturday nights. It was one reason why such ships as the Ebro contrived to procure white crews long after other ships had been forced to rest content with natives. George the bos'n—Flyaway George as the men called him because of his explosive habits when excited, and, in his own Finnish interpretation, Flyaway Yorch—held forth on the subject of the restless coolies while carefully stirring the jorum of swanky he had compounded out of the men's rations of rum and some pineapple juice donated by the steward in return for help on stores. It was his first voyage with coolies as cargo. He had regarded them wonderingly at first. They were so helpless, so childlike, so useless. He had terrified some of them by his bully-be-damned directness of speech and forthrightness of action. Now, in turn, they had frightened him just a little by their brown mysteriousness, their oxlike stares, their queerly lulling chatter which yet did not entirely lull.

"Men ought to carry guns in these ships," grumbled Yorch, stirring the punch round and round while the men hung over him impatiently. The bos'n got on their nerves sometimes. He was direct enough, but in some things he was too deliberate, they thought. And the night was hot, windless; and the coolies droned and whined; a baby squalled now and then. A pig squealed in the pen, and it sounded more human than the rest.

"You oughta let blokes handle their own grog, you ought," said Lofty, the old soldier. "'Oo cares abart a lot o' sirupy muck in ——"

"Carry on, bos'n, yore all right," put in little Swipes, the Cardiff mud lark, who liked plenty and cared little for quality.

Since Flyaway Yorch had assumed the custody of the rum ration on Saturday nights, a man got two drinks of a mild knock-out punch, whereas before he had got only one paralyzing jolt of raw country liquor. Yorch stirred placidly on. It was a task he relished. He was roundly bellied, deeply dimpled by gunpowder, and held to the religion of thirst relieved. A long, pleasing drink was more than flashing eyes to Flyaway Yorch. For two such draughts he would have turned his back upon houris. His thick lower lip dripped as he lifted a ladleful of punch to taste it. His shipmates shuffled uneasily. Patience might be forced while mere stirring was going on; the sight of a man getting a taste was a strain on patience. But Yorch knew his business. He sucked up the ladleful, grunted soulfully and twirled the ladle once more before picking up his tin hook pot, which had marks scratched around the inside at various levels.

"Git a move on, bose!" grumbled Lofty, wiping a tarry hand across parched lips.

Flyaway Yorch dipped up a ration, carefully measured it and sat down on the doorsill with a heavy sigh. Then with half-closed eyes he drank it off, slowly, ecstatically, while all hands looked on thirstily. The hook pot drained, Yorch dipped another ration, and the men crowded in, holding their own pannikins for theirs. Lofty's cup was knocking at the mess kid in which the punch was brewed. Swipes knocked Lofty's arm aside and came near starting a fight. But Flyaway Yorch calmly wiped his forehead of the sweat started by the first strong swig, and as leisurely as before drank down his second pannikinful.

"Lummee!" swore Lofty in rising rage. "Y' bleedin' hog! Two fer you afore we blokes gits any! Wot sort o' hookum is that? Bli'me! I'll ——"

Flyaway Yorch ladled a ration into the cup of little Swipes, who slipped out of the crowd quite satisfied. Yorch had done the same trick before. It was his due. The extra ration was his reward for his labor of love. Perhaps another man might have taken his extra ration, at least, afterward; but Yorch was honest enough to admit that he was thirsty by nature, and preferred to take his rations while they were palpably there rather than wait until last and perhaps have something happen to the bowl before his turn came. He poured Lofty's tot slowly into the shaking hook pot, heedless of the old soldier's grousing. Not once did the steady stare of his placid blue eyes waver from his task. Not once, until, toward the end, there seemed a possibility that the rations might not quite drain the kid.

Then the blue eyes gleamed, the thick lower lip drooped thirstily and the pudgy hand shook just a trifle; while Lofty, his ration greedily swallowed, watched with jutting head, vulturelike. But there were no drainings. Flyaway Yorch's sigh carried clear down to the coolie deck.

"Good fer you, y' bleedin' soak!" cackled Lofty with evil glee.

But Yorch failed to explode to the spark. He was filled with pleasant warmth utterly independent of and different from the sultry heat of the evening; it took much to ruffle the rotund bos'n under such circumstances.

All the mutterings and croakings that had been rife concerning the restlessness of the herded coolies below decks magically ceased with the disappearance of the grog. The men struck up a scraggly singsong. It was the first of the passage. It grew in volume and heartiness. Lofty sang a wonderful army ditty, all about terrew Briteesh soljers on the burnin' plynes of Egyp'. Little Swipes broke in before Lofty had quite finished and squealed a ribald Come-All-Ye about a jolly sailorman who found a string hanging from a lady's window to be pulled by somebody else entirely. Jack's adventures after pulling the string were such as to keep the Ebro's crew roaring, and Swipes was saved for the moment the red vengeance of the interrupted Lofty.

Frightened coolies crept out of the reeking hold to peer black-browed at the uproarious crowd on the fore hatch. The strange men of the sea always made the coolies shiver. Especially did they hate and fear the rotund, dimpled bos'n, whose dimples were no proof of a joyous nature. Flyaway Yorch had been told on shipping that he had only to call on the coolies for all the extra men he needed, whether for hauling on a rope or washing paint or scrubbing decks, and he had used that privilege to the limit. They feared him as they feared Shaitan. Now, after a fearsome uproar by other white devils, up rose their dimpled devil himself, ruddy with rum, swaying with musical fervor, beating time with a hairy fist to a tune not yet started:

Come, all ye men und maidens as wishes for to sail,
Un I soon vill let yu quickly hear apout vere yu shall roam.
Ve'll embark intu a ship, vhich her lawps'ls iss let fall,
Und all ontu an ileand und nefer more go home.
'Specially yu ladies vot's anxious for tu rove,
T'ere's fishes in ta sea, my lofe, likevise ta buck and doe;
Ve'll lie town on ta banks ouf some plasant shady grove,
T'rou ta vild woods ve'll vander und ve'll chase ta puffalo,
Und ve'll chase ta puffalo!

The wind-starved sails shivered to Yorch's hurricane voice, and the coolies drew close together, muttering fearfully; but when all hands, led by Lofty's artillery tenor, howled forth the refrain, the coolies clambered back into the hold to assure their fellows that the Ebro was manned by evil things.

Through th' wild woods we'll wander
And we'll chase the buffalo!

"Clew up on the harmony, lads. Time to relieve wheel and lookout in five minutes," sang out the young third mate from the shadows where he had paused to hear the last of the roaring chorus.

It was when the Ebro had drifted almost up to the equator, with no sign of imminent wind, that Flyaway Yorch went to the mate with a request.

"Lofty talks ta lingo ouf ta coolies, sir, und ta poor teffils is scared stiff. Ta ship ain't gettin' novhere, und ta water iss bad, und ——"

"What do you want, bos'n?" snapped the harassed mate.

Windless days were quite trial enough, with several hundred coolies and a limited water supply, without having a scary bos'n bringing up fresh troubles.

"Ta coolies ain't happy, sir. Ta ship is nigh ta line. If we done ta Neptune business ta coolies would laugh und be happy, und ——"

"And all hands for'ard would get an extra tot o' grog," cut in the mate with a dry smile. "Tell that long soldier to keep away from the coolies. He's probably cooking up some juicy bit of army horseplay to get even with you over something. Had any run-in with him, bos'n?"

Yorch shook his head dully. He had expected a simple answer to a simple question, and had been met with a wordy barrage. As for Lofty's bearing him a grudge, Flyaway Yorch never bore a grudge, so why should anybody wish him harm?

"I thought you stopped him hammering Swipes."

An apprentice slipped up beside the mate, grinning.

"Beg pardon, sir," the youngster cut in impudently, "I heard what Lofty was telling the coolies. He was telling 'em about the bos'n's song on Saturday night. He said Flyaway Yorch was saying what he meant to do to them if there wasn't any wind soon. He was going to turn 'em all into buffaloes and chase 'em into Gehannum, sir."

The mate glared at the boy, speechless for a moment, then aimed a slap at the ducking head as the lad darted away, and turned, grinning, to the bos'n.

"Lofty's guying you, bos'n. Thump him in the ribs a couple of times and he'll give up. He's a sojering fathom of wind, anyhow. Don't let him upset you."

"Aye, aye, sir. Ay shall kick him in ta stommuck," returned Yorch placidly. "Und about ta Neptune ——"

"Forget that nonsense!" snapped the mate irritably. But the captain, coming from the companionway, heard a word and came forward.

"What about Neptune, mister?" he wanted to know.

"Bos'n wants to have Neptune aboard to pacify the coolies, sir. I tell him to forget it. Trouble enough with all these days of calm."

"I think it's a good idea, mister," nodded the captain. He glanced around at the windless skies, at the glassy sea, at the murderous glare of the brazen sun. "It may amuse the poor beggars below, and Lord knows that'll be some good. Carry on, bos'n. Let the boys help. Pull it off this afternoon, and go to the steward for some grog."

Flyaway Yorch went for the grog first. Sure of that, swinging a wicker-covered jug in one hand and a can of fruit sirup in the other, he marched along the simmering deck to his tiny, stuffy cabin, planning make-ups, heedless of the glowering black looks flashed at him by the groups of coolies he passed through. Lofty left a group where he had been holding forth like a patriarch, attracted by the swinging jug. There was a lot of excited chatter in that group. Every member of it snarled after the back of Flyaway Yorch. A child, scarcely bigger than one of the bos'n's fists, spat audibly and viciously toward the little cabin within which Yorch vanished, and the adults chattered shrilly in admiration. Little Swipes, coming from the wheel, stopped to stare at the urchin, and the coolies snarled boldly. Swipes hurried forward, a bit uncertain regarding the safety of a turned back.

"'Ow abart a snifter afore we starts, bose?" suggested Lofty, taking up the doorway and leering at the jug in Yorch's bunk.

Flyaway Yorch held up a set of oakum whiskers and hair, appraising it with head on one side. He was very much in earnest about his rôle of Neptune. Lofty puffed hard on his sizzling pipe, growing hot as he received no attention. Other men crowded around the door, most of them doing something to help, none of them having any time to waste upon an idler.

"Deaf, ain't yer?" said Lofty in a high voice. "I sed 'ow abart a snifter o' rum afore the proceedin's?" With his pipe in hand, the old soldier waved emphatically toward the wickered jug. "'Oo guv you charge of everythink, hey? Wot say, lads?"

"Go coil up an' die, useless!" snarled little Swipes from behind the broad back of Old Sails, whom he was helping in the manufacture of wondrous seaweed out of old canvas and paint. Lofty crouched. He had an old grudge against the little Cardiff waster. Now, before Swipes could dodge, an avalanche seemed to overwhelm him, and he reached for his sheath knife. But Lofty was overwhelmed with the rest. Flyaway Yorch was the avalanche. Lofty had flicked a spark from his pipe into the oakum whiskers, and now it was a flaming torch, frantically waved in the pudgy fist of the maddened bos'n.

"Yu lopster! Yu fadom ouf bilge! Ay stuff yu wit' ta whiskers, py golly!" roared Yorch, hurtling all hands aside like spray before a trampling prow.

But Lofty was already under a pile of angry sailors. The flaming oakum burned Yorch's hands; he rushed to cast it into the placid sea, and then the pain sent him to the galley for slush. When he got back to his cabin he had forgotten all but the fact that he must make fresh whiskers and hair. Lofty lurched back to his coolie friends, battered and bleeding from the nose, to find solace for his grievances with the poor shivering creatures who a moment before had cringed from the sight of the furious Finn bearing his flaming hands to the rail.

Curiously, none of his shipmates cared that Lofty refused to help further with the preparations. Rather, they seemed hugely satisfied. Flyaway Yorch was an artist too; he was insensible to everything about him except the need of making his portrayal of Father Neptune a thing of art.

Sufficiently wrapped in himself, he needed no dressing room. There in the open door he transformed himself from a florid Finn into a rubicund ocean monarch, fearsomely bearded, crowned with green gold and port-light paint jewels, naked but for a girdle and fringe of canvas seaweed, his hairy body and limbs rugged as brine-pickled oak. The other actors' progress could be estimated by the merriment escaping through the forecastle doors; but Flyaway Yorch changed from bos'n to sea god in full view of a hundred broody-eyed coolies, and Lofty spun them horrific yarns about the black magic of Finnish bos'ns. They were ready to believe any of them. When Flyaway Yorch ran from his cabin to the carpenter's shop for his trident, which Chips

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"Ta Men Share ant Share Alike," Said Yorch Stolidly. "Ay Got None. Yu Got None. Tomorrow, Maype"

COMMERCE IN AMENITIES

By Katherine Sproehnle and Jane Grant

PERHAPS it was the war that made a business of amenities, and touched activities which had been previously the most delicate of social graces with the steel hand of commerce. Certainly there is something which in the course of the past few years has brought about a change in social intercourse. Relationships which were once possible only through charm, chance, birth or maneuvering are now purchasable much like any other commodity. Social contacts, the lack of which was once borne with patience or an envious sigh, may now be secured in a regular and recognized manner in the open market.

The man or woman who finds that his or her list of acquaintances is insufficient, or too dull, too old, too stodgy to put the color of life into recreation hours may nowadays find solace, for there have arisen new adjuncts to social life—escorts to make you happy, escorts to make you gay, to say nothing of hostesses to make you prominent if your interests are not only gregarious but consequential, and chaperons to make you proper. This traffic in the amenities of life has developed because of the feeling that social pleasures, like all other phases of modern life, must be expedited. Chance is no longer considered a strong enough ally to rely upon to brighten moments of relaxation. The reasons which lead people to hire their companions in amusements are innumerable, ranging from boredom to desolation; but what this article is interested in is the professional escorts, chaperons and hostesses who, for value received, will sell the pleasure and protection of their society and the sunshine of their smiles, not to the highest bidder, but to anyone who will pay the market price.

No longer is it necessary to do your dancing vicariously from the sidelines and your theatergoing in single-seated splendor or with an uncongenial companion, for to satisfy the longing of the lonely city dweller or the unacquainted visitor to the large cities in this country a profession has sprung up which is as systematically and respectably conducted as a smart shop.

She Must Not Only be Eager But Competent to Take Up the Various Forms of Entertainment Which a Season Demands

Having on their side the weight of numbers, escorts come first. These festive aids may be obtained by organized or scattered means. Under the head of the organized sources come the bureaus where these expert companions can be secured. For some unexplained reason these bureaus are not coeducational. Though they might be side by side in the same building they are run as distinct entities. There appears to be an understanding that though patrons and their guests are usually of opposite sexes the bureaus supply either men or women exclusively.

Hiring Professional Escorts

AT THE present time there is a preponderance of bureaus which furnish men. The stock is swiftly moving, and it is the escorts, not the managers of the bureaus, who run the financial risk. Except for a small office staff the manager of an escort bureau has no weekly pay roll to burden him, for the work is done entirely on a commission basis—and usually a very generous commission. Arrangements are usually made by telephone, and minute instructions given as to the kind of entertainment in view for the evening. When a man is wanted as an escort, the order from the patron is not usually exacting. She may specify the height she would like and whether or not she wants a dancing man.

The rates of bureaus are more firmly fixed than when escorts are obtained from hotels, restaurants and other scattered places, but the price per evening is determined by what clothes the man wears. At one agency, which we will call the B. Samuels Bureau, because that isn't its name, the price list is:

Gentleman in business clothes. . $ 5.00 an evening.
Gentleman in dinner clothes . . . 7.00 an evening.
Gentleman in full evening clothes . 10.00 an evening.

Bureaus for women are more difficult to operate. The highest standards must be maintained, and the clerical work of getting and keeping references of both the employer and the employed is great. More exacting demands are made here as to the type of companion desired. Whereas a woman will merely ask for a tall man who can dance, an applicant for a girl escort will make all sorts of intricate requirements. He will want a blonde, short, chubby, vivacious and a good dancer. Another will ask for a slender brunette with blue eyes. "You know, sort of wistful. I don't care whether she can dance or not. I'm not so much on it myself." A third—this was several years ago—had only two specifications: She must have wavy red hair and she must enjoy Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln, for which he had tickets.

In all cases it is assumed by the patrons that the girl they are to spend the evening with must be of ravishing beauty; it is only rarely that demands or even inquiries are made for intellectual equipment.

The woman manager of a bureau said, "I am almost overwhelmed at the list of graces my girls must have. These men expect me to supply their boyhood ideal of femininity on an hour's notice."

There are, however, a greater number of men and girls who work independently of the bureaus. For them, escorting is apt to be an avocation. Some of them cooperate with hotels, some with restaurants and some through friends. It must be understood that the major premise of this rather delicate business is that all contracts are supposed to be as eminently respectable as buying a suit. At a number of large New York hotels—and this is also true of other great cities—the management sees that there are always extra girls and men at the tea and evening dances. In some cases the hotel hostess may even arrange for activities outside the hotel. A man and woman will be so gracefully and subtly introduced by her that it becomes a social possibility for an unacquainted bachelor or even a lonely married visitor to invite an attractive girl to dinner and the theater. Some of the girls receive a small remuneration from the hotel, sometimes the privilege of signing checks in the café, sometimes a small room under the roof to live in, less often a tiny sum of cash. Usually the men do not pay the hotel anything—it comes under the head of service.

The entertainment on these occasions must, of course, be on a rather splendid order. If the arrangement is for dinner and the theater, dinner means a pretty glorified meal, the theater the best seats, and no doubt supper at a smart dancing club afterwards. This is hardly lavish payment, though it is color and nourishment, and the men who take such girls out are the first to realize it. Impressed as they have been by the decorum demanded on such occasions, they are reluctant to offer their charming companions money. Expensive flowers and candy are the obvious substitutes, and are sent in profusion.

The Flower and Candy Problem

IT WAS Genevieve, a novice in the profession of escorting, who actually wept one day on receiving a great corsage bouquet of orchids. It was the third box of flowers that afternoon—the result of a very busy week. She stamped her pretty little foot and burst into tears when the box arrived in the presence of her friend Louise, who had happened in. "What can I do with all these flowers?" she wailed. "If I wear them I'll look like the prize exhibit from a Long Island nursery at a flower show. If I leave them in this stuffy little room they'll die right off. There must be twenty dollars' worth of orchids in this bunch alone, and I have exactly two pairs of silk stockings in the world, and I have to keep my thumb tucked in so the hole in my glove won't show."

Louise exclaimed in surprise: "You don't mean to say you keep these flowers?" she asked.

"What should I do with 'em? Send them to a hospital or distribute them among my friends?"

"Don't be absurd. You don't have to keep them. I have an arrangement with every big florist in this neighborhood. When a man goes into a flower shop to send flowers to me one of two things happens: If he just leaves an order to be sent later, the flowers never leave the store. They credit me after deducting whatever their profit would have been. Of course, my dear, once in a while the man insists on picking out the flowers and seeing them started. And me, when the box comes, I just hotfoot it to the store, and back they go into stock."

"Well," gasped Genevieve, "that's a wonderful idea!"

"And candy," continued her friend. "Why, I'd no more eat candy than I would rat poison. I must keep my figure. It's back in the store ten minutes after I receive it."

"Do you think it's all right to do that?"

"Of course. They send us stuff to be nice to us, and if we have no use for flowers and don't eat candy, they'd be glad to have us get things they feel they oughtn't to give us that we really need."

Correct or not as this line of reasoning may be, it is a practice that is very general, and some source of income comes to the girls, though the money follows a tortuous path in reaching its destination.

This method is far less simple than one in practice a few years ago when men paid the fee for a girl escort on the check at the hotel or restaurant. Of course this limited their place of dining, but the girl got her share far more quickly. In any event, the financial gains for the girls are not overwhelming. The attraction is, rather, entrance to a world of light and gayety which even a much larger salary at some other place could not procure for them. It is only the most fortunate girls who have such a wide circle of affluent friends that they get their fill of the luxuries of pleasure which a great city offers. Even though they have comfortable homes, the movies and mild entertainments that the average family affords are insufficient to satisfy their desires for what they imagine is really gay life. For girls with jobs, who live alone, the problem is even greater. The vast sums necessary to feed, clothe and house a girl in

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AGE 50—MARRIED—AMERICAN

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

WHAT is the answer to it all? I am able and willing to work and I know I can handle any job I undertake as well as a man ten to twenty years younger. All that I want is the chance to prove it. I can do that to any business man who will give me the opportunity, but I can't turn back the hands of the clock."

The speaker was a man in the early fifties. His appearance is not important, his type is; for there are many thousands in the country today who are fellow rankers with him in the rear guard of veterans who in humble or high rôles of the past have helped to make industrial America what it is; men willing and anxious to campaign again with the combat troops of business.

Many are, in fact, qualified physically and mentally for vanguard service; others believe themselves qualified. Regardless of fact or belief, however, they face the drab daily problem of earning a living. It is not a new problem, and yet as one meets men who are trying to solve it and talks with those who are attempting to assist them in their task, the fact strikes one forcefully that it is each year becoming more difficult for the man nearing or past the fifty-year milepost of life to secure employment.

Take my caller. His experience would not be unusual or especially worthy of comment did it not give a pretty accurate cross-section of what the man who is no longer young is up against when he searches for ways and means of playing his part in what is called the great adventure.

At fifteen he ran away from his farm home to join a railroad-construction gang as a water boy. Two years later, when husky enough to swing a pick and wield a tamping bar, he became a track laborer. His first promotion. Other promotions followed: Section boss, telegraph operator, chief dispatcher, trainmaster. At thirty-two he deserted railroading to take up the selling of railway supplies. He remained in that field for ten years and then purchased a controlling interest in a small plant manufacturing patented specialties for office use.

The war came—to him and to others. With it came official priorities, embargoes and rulings from Washington affecting nonessential industries. Uncomplaining, like many thousand others, he liquidated his business as advantageously as he could, and in the two years that followed did his bit as he saw it.

Some months ago the company with which he had associated himself as traffic manager during the war went into the hands of a committee of creditors.

Beyond the Age Limit

"PERHAPS I stuck to the ship a year or two longer than was wise," he had told me. "The company managed to weather the storm of 1920 and '21, but by the beginning of last year there was a heavy list to starboard and no port in sight. Now it is a case for salvage. In any event, I took account of stock and talked things over with my wife. I inclined toward starting in business again on my own hook. While I have always made a pretty fair success at selling, the manufacturing fever was still in my bones and I wanted to give it another ride.

"My wife dissuaded me; I don't know if she was right, but our partnership isn't a limited one, so I put the idea definitely behind me. The money we have saved has never assumed the proportions of a principal, but it is enough to set me up in business for myself on about the same scale as I started ten years ago; enough and no more, so it meant risking everything or holding on to what we had for the rainy day which is bound to come to every family. Of course, if I were footloose I would gladly take my chances, and with even more confidence than I had before.

"A case of timid capital, you might call it," he went on with a smile. "When the proposition strikes close to home a man looking for a job realizes that money isn't such a cold commodity after all. Having decided what I would not do I went after the only other thing that is in the wood—a job. I never held out for a position, for a position is only a position, but a job is a chance for a man to show what he can do.

"But it made little difference what I called it or where I went; my age flagged me at nearly every crossing. There were one or two occasions where I lost out probably because I did not match up squarely with the openings; doubtless better-qualified men filled them; or perhaps the legitimate breaks of the game were against me for the moment. I am disregarding isolated cases, and I do not for a moment contend that there is a conspiracy on foot to bar out men near or past middle age, but, nevertheless, a dead line exists. The man of my generation who gets by it is either a sapper or an aviator who knows how to drop a smoke screen; not quite that perhaps, but at least he's a supersalesman when it comes to marketing himself.

"A selling job on the road is what I have been looking for. I have trailed to its source every lead that came to me or I could dig up. When I answered a blind advertisement in the newspapers or trade publications for salesmen or a district sales manager, back would come an application for me to fill out—that is, the applications came when I didn't state my age in my first letter of inquiry. I have learned to omit that bit of information unless it is asked for. I have no fault to find with most of the applications, but I would like to have a tankful of gas for every time I have written '53—Married—American.' I could drive to the coast on it. Out of the scores of these that I filled in and mailed, I heard from two that were worth considering, and had personal interviews. In both instances I lost out; younger men, men between thirty and forty, landed. In one case the sales manager frankly told me they preferred men under forty and that they had made it a rule not to go above that limit when employing new salesmen. They had neglected to state it in their advertisement. Every other prospect that sized up to me as a good connection faded away the moment I gave my age in an application or a letter.

"The only concerns that seemed at all interested in my services were the brand that is perfectly willing to let a man wear out shoe leather and his bank account on a straight commission basis without spending a cent themselves in traveling expenses or in backing up a man with advertising. It's a great game; spend your money and time not only trying to sell their goods but in advertising them. All they stand to lose is postage."

"It Made Little Difference Where I Went; My Age Flagged Me at Nearly Every Crossing"

The Fatal Fifties

"ONLY the other day I had a final show-down with an organization I had been dickering with for two weeks. They manufacture and advertise widely a line I am entirely familiar with and have handled before. I knew I had to cut my way through, for they said in their ad that forty-five was their limit. They gave me more than the usual consideration because of my experience, yet they couldn't see their way clear to deviate from that arbitrary age limit, although they admitted they wanted the best man obtainable to sell their product. They gave me credit for being that, which is gratifying, of course, but doesn't pay fixed charges.

"So there you are," he concluded. "If anyone thinks I am spoofing or hunting an alibi let him look through the papers for desirable openings of an executive nature. Nine out of ten specify applicants should not be over forty or that men between the ages of thirty and forty-five are preferred. There are a couple in today's issues. I won't starve to death and business will go ahead just the same without me, but if the world didn't have a headache I'd like to ask it: 'What's the answer? Is a man around fifty only good for jury duty the rest of his days?'"

Perhaps that worthy public service is a vocation for which certain men, not now answering the seven to nine o'clock roll calls of business, are best equipped. Our ex-railroader, however, is not among them, for three weeks later I glimpsed his name in a lower

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TIES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WOMEN the world over like to talk about the men they have left behind them, and even in New York girls become confidential at midnight.

"I was fond of him," Laura explained, one foot curled up under her on the boarding-house bed, which was really only a cot with a blue denim cover. "I liked him awfully. I might have been perfectly happy with him if I—if I hadn't a talent, you know."

Her voice sank to a deprecatory murmur at the phrase. But there was no apology for egotism in the other girl's manner. She was blond, with a pretty, rather too plump figure; and as she talked she kept stretching out one silk-stockinged leg before her, admiring it frankly.

"Of course a girl with a talent can't be tied down to marriage!" she cried, arching her extended foot prettily. "It's just what I told Cliffe and Ned and Jerry and all the other men who wanted to marry me. Imagine a dancer being married!"

"Well, of course, it would be just as bad for a writer, too," Laura murmured.

"Oh, yes, almost," agreed Claire, stretching out a graceful hand, holding it against the light so that the spread fingers turned rosy. "My hands and arms are really my best points, don't you think so, Laura? Or do you think my legs are prettier? Karosov said he never saw any girl who was better equipped to become a dancer."

Dark, intense Laura looked a little annoyed at this digression.

"I wonder, though, Claire," she said, frowning, "if you've ever really cared for anyone? You can't quite know what I mean about giving up Bob if you've never ——"

"Oh, I've been in love heaps of times!" cried Claire. "But I seem to lose all interest in a man the moment he proposes to me."

"How many men have proposed to you?" asked Laura with unwilling admiration. Only Bob had proposed to Laura.

"How many?" said Claire, with a little shriek of laughter, showing her perfect white teeth. "Why, I've never met a man who didn't propose to me, Laura!" she solemnly averred, opening her big wood-violet blue eyes innocently wide.

She was about to begin further confidences, but Laura, knowing the length of Claire's stories, glanced at her watch.

"I'm sorry, Claire," she said. "But I have to be down at the office at nine."

"Well, good night then; I was just going anyway," replied Claire, yawning. She strolled toward the door, walking with conscious grace, and, as a dancer should, lightly. She paused at the door in a picturesque attitude.

"Well, thank goodness, this is the last night we shall ever have to spend in this terrible place!" she cried gayly.

For the two girls had decided to leave the boarding house and take an apartment together.

"Where we can get our own breakfasts and maybe dinners, and not have to eat this awful food!" Claire had outlined the plan enthusiastically.

And at last, after much urging, she had won the more conservative Laura over.

Of course it had been difficult to find an apartment they could afford; but after much trudging up and down Laura had discovered two furnished rooms and a kitchenette, rather too far uptown to be convenient, it's true; but still, "Some sort of a home," as Claire pointed out. "And we can fix up this dingy furniture with cretonne covers and things," she added.

"I'm sorry," Laura had replied, wrinkling her white brow, "but I can't spend any extra money, Claire. It's all I can do to pay my share of the rent. It's going to be more expensive than boarding."

"But, Laura Dear, You Don't Have to Live With Claire. You Aren't Tied to Her"

"Why, how can you say that?" cried Claire. "With all the money we'll save on food!"

"We are paying almost as much for these rooms as we paid at the boarding house for rooms and meals," Laura reminded her.

"But we shall have such good meals in our own apartment that we won't have to go out and buy any extra food like we did when we were boarding," retorted Claire triumphantly.

"There's something in that, of course," agreed Laura.

Five weeks later she didn't know whether to be amused or angry when she remembered that conversation. For she had long ago discovered that Claire's enthusiastic ideas about home meals worked out only when someone else did the cooking.

It is always extraordinary how one human being can, quite without force or weapons, gain ascendancy over another human being. It is even more extraordinary when you consider that it is usually the weak and helpless who gain this power over the strong. It was quite inexplicable to Laura, as she struggled up the five flights of stairs to their apartment with a cauliflower, a loaf of bread and a can of coffee in her arms; quite inexplicable how she had become Claire's maid of all work; and why, every afternoon at five, she felt impelled by some force as mysterious as the call of destiny to begin the preparation of Claire's dinner. Claire had certainly never demanded it, for then as certainly Laura would have rebelled; she had not even asked it, for then Laura might have refused. No, she just had a deadly way of expecting it; quite sweetly and quietly, just sitting down and waiting for her dinner. She could not cook; knew nothing about it, she cheerfully confessed.

Once or twice Laura had let her wait without preparing anything. And then they had had to go out to a restaurant and spend more than they could afford—especially more than Laura could afford—on a simply beastly meal. Claire had been quite amiable about it, never complained at all, never given an opening for an argument. But the following day Laura had cooked dinner solely in self-defense, and naturally she could not refuse to allow Claire to share it. After all, it was half her kitchen, her stove, her gas, her matches, her half of the staple provisions, such as milk and butter and potatoes and bread. Besides, as Laura reflected despairingly, no one except a barbarian could prepare a meal and eat it before the eyes of another hungry person without offering them some.

Laura would have moved back to the boarding house, but she and Claire had signed a year's lease on the apartment; and Laura had been brought up to believe that to break one's promises was an unforgivable sin. So she and her companion arrived at an agreement by which Claire was to do the cleaning and Laura the cooking. Five weeks had passed, and Laura was cooking every evening, and Claire occasionally developed a frenzy for moving the furniture about, and sweeping so vigorously that dust flew from one object to another indiscriminately. Usually this ardor came upon Claire when she was expecting a masculine caller; and as Laura prepared dinner that evening she noticed signs of the periodic upheaval.

She set the table in the living room; remembering, a little ironically and a little resentfully, how very unselfish she had thought it of Claire, at first, to choose to sleep on the living-room couch and to insist on Laura's taking the bedroom. Now she understood. Gay singing floated out from her bedroom, where Claire was dressing. Powder would be scattered an inch deep over her bureau, and Claire's hairpins and clothes would be dropped all over the room. But, as Claire very reasonably and rightfully explained, "I don't like to dress in my own room when you are setting the table in there!" The whole thing amounted to this: That Claire possessed a fairly large room of her own, which might be turned into either living or sleeping quarters, while Laura had only half a hall bedroom. When Claire had callers, and they were becoming increasingly frequent, Laura felt it necessary to retire to her own room. But on the one occasion on which Laura had a caller Claire settled herself down in a chair with a book and said sweetly, "Now don't let me disturb you a bit. Just go ahead and talk; I'm not listening. I would go into the next room, but it's not heated."

And she raised her big sweet blue eyes pathetically to the masculine caller, who was Laura's faithful old beau, Bob, the man she had left behind her. Only she had not left him very far behind—just over in New Jersey.

And the first thing Laura knew, after that pathetic remark about the lack of heat in the next room, Bob was trying to include Claire in their conversation, just to make her feel she was not in the way. And very soon Claire laid down her book and was laughing and chattering about her dancing class, and waving her white arms in the air and showing Bob how very difficult some of the dancing steps were, and eating up most of the chocolates Bob had brought Laura, with pretty cries when the cherries in liquid splashed over. And Bob became entirely different from his usual sober, manly, steady, reliable self, and began giggling like a silly schoolboy.

"You didn't see Bob at his best—at all!" said Laura after he had gone. "I don't know what possessed him. I never saw him act like that before."

"Why, Laura dear, I thought he was char-ming!" cried Claire, smiling at herself in the mirror and taking a dancing pose.

"As far as the heat goes," said Laura, in a voice that shook angrily in spite of herself—"as far as that room not being heated—I sit in there three or four evenings out of every week!"

"Why, Lau-ra! Are you mad at me?" cried Claire, quite appalled. "You ought to have told me you wanted to be alone with Bob."

"It wasn't that. But I ——"

"I never dreamed you wanted to be alone with him," said Claire with injured dignity, "or I'd have given up my room to you entirely, of course. I really ought to have gone to bed early tonight, because I'm doing a solo dance in Karosov's exhibition tomorrow; but I couldn't take your bed, and I didn't want to hurry your beau off my couch."

"He is not my beau! I told you he's just an old friend."

"Then that's why I didn't think you'd want to be alone with him," said Claire, with triumphant logic. "If you'd been crazy about him or anything -but I knew you wouldn't lead a man on you weren't going to marry."

There was a pause. "Besides," said Claire, pirouetting before the mirror, "somehow, Laura, I just can't imagine you being made love to, or anything."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Laura, humor as always struggling with her anger.

"Oh, kissing or anything. I just can't imagine it somehow. You don't seem to have much temperament. But of course, if I'd known you wanted to be alone with Bob — "

"Oh, hush!" cried Laura. "And good night."

"You may sit in my room any time I have a caller," Claire called after her. "I don't mind, Laura. But I guess you wouldn't want to, though. You couldn't write."

Ah, that was just it! Laura had counted on having that living room to write in when they took an apartment. In fact, that had been the chief inducement for leaving the boarding house, where in the evenings she had only her hall bedroom. Now she found herself with only an unheated hall bedroom. For even on the nights when Claire had no callers it was quite impossible to use the living room for any purpose that demanded concentration. One might have thought that Claire would be tired after her daily dancing lessons and glad to relax quietly in the evening. Not at all! She practiced indefatigably before the long mirror, turning and whirling and muttering "Damn!" when the dance steps didn't come out right.

But, "Don't let me disturb you" she would always cry when Laura looked up from her desk. "Just go ahead with your writing and don't look at me."

Once, in desperation, Laura had set her teeth and made up her mind that she would obey that impossible command. And she had bent over her desk, pretending concentration in the vain effort to capture it. Then, gradually, the faint explosions of "Damn" grew more frequent, louder; and finally Claire had called petulantly, "Oh, Laura, can't you stop a minute? You've been writing hours!"

"What is it?" asked Laura coldly

"Do look at me a moment!" pouted Claire. "I can't tell what I'm doing in this wretched mirror. Now look, Laura, when I turn like this on one toe—see?—the other foot is supposed to be out like this and the left arm so! Now watch. I can't really see myself when I'm turning so quickly. Tell me now, when I turn, am I doing it right?"

"But how can I work if I watch you?" asked Laura as calmly as possible.

"Why, Lau-ra, I only asked you to watch me one second. And you've been writing all evening!"

"And do you know how much I've accomplished?" asked Laura bitterly. "Just one paragraph —one!"

"Well," said Claire, "it isn't my fault, is it, if you write so slowly?"

The subject of Laura's resentful recollections came into the living room now, freshly dressed, curled and powdered for the evening.

"Is dinner 'most ready, Laura?" she asked cheerfully, smiling at herself in the long mirror.

"Yes," replied Laura, going toward the kitchen. "I'm taking it up now "

"Oh, but wait, Laura!" called Claire. "Teddy hasn't come."

"Teddy?" Laura stopped in the doorway, flushed and resentful. "Have you invited your beau to dinner again, Claire?"

"Why, Teddy isn't any more my beau than any of the others," replied Claire complacently.

"That isn't what I asked you. Did you invite him to dinner?"

Claire pouted. "Why, yes," she murmured in an injured tone. "I told you."

"You did not tell me. This is the first I've heard of it."

"I mean I'm telling you now."

Laura sank down in a chair.

"How many times have I asked you, Claire, not to invite people to dinner without asking me?"

"Oh, Laura," wailed Claire, dismayed, "isn't there enough food?"

'Yes, there's enough I got a roast. But really, Claire, aside from any consideration of me well, really, we can't afford it."

"Can't afford having one guest to dinner!" gasped Claire with open mouth. "Why, at home we always had guests dozens of them!"

"And who paid for the food?"

"Why, Lau-ra! How horrid to to count up the cost of what your guest eats!"

"I don't like it any more than you do!" Laura burst out "Do you think I like scraping and managing and being stingy? No girl does. But I've nothing to live on but my salary, and you know it."

Claire lay down on the couch and stretched out a pretty leg in a transparent silk stocking.

"Oh, well," she yawned, "I've asked Teddy now. Besides, I can't see what difference it makes. We are not having anything extra for him."

"No, nothing extra," replied Laura, determined to pursue the much discussed subject to a satisfactory conclusion this time. "But don't you see, Claire, if only you and I ate dinner there'd be plenty left for tomorrow?"

"I hate left-overs."

"But they don't cost anything "

"Oh, dear," cried Claire, bouncing up, "you are so mer-ce-nary, Laura! You never talk of anything but money, money, money!"

She snatched up her beaded bag from the chest of drawers, and took out a bill crisp from the bank.

"There!" she cried. "I'll pay for Teddy's dinner."

Laura shook her head, and waved the money away. Her face was white and scornful.

"Why doesn't Teddy ever pay for yours?" she asked

"I don't work men for what I can get out of them," retorted Claire.

"Do you mean I do?"

The bell rang; rang again sharply.

"Well," said Claire over her shoulder, as she went to push the door opener, "you let Bob give you that Spanish shawl ——" *(Continued on Page 74)*

"My Goodness, Laura! You Must be Going to a Costume Party. How Perfectly Weird You Look!"

COLORFUL COTTON

By Alfred Pearce Dennis

Special European Representative, United States Department of Commerce

SILK, the aristocrat; linen, ancient and honorable; wool, the pillar of good society; cotton, the plain fiber of the plain people. But cotton the parvenu waxing prosperous has become a social climber and is moving in the best circles. Cinderella cotton, taking on color, masquerades as linen, as wool or as silk. Poor little sister thus gets herself invited to the ball and dances with the prince.

Colorful cotton! But, man, where does the color come in? The white of cotton is really no color at all. Cotton culture is a tedious business, wearily done. Cotton spinning and weaving are so deadly dull that men fall asleep over the whirring spindles and looms. Cotton growing is done by the blacks, cotton spinning by the whites of the world.

But cotton itself, assisted by chemistry, takes on color in answer to the world's craving for show and luxury. The painter's canvas employs the language of color and form. The language of color and form expresses change, contrast, the bloom of youth, the pallor of disease, shifting lights and shadows on land and sea. Cotton touched with the artistry of human hands and transformed by the magic of modern chemistry has become protean, brilliant, astounding.

An Italian Cotton Mill Near the Foothills of the Alps in Operation Since 1831 Without a Labor Dispute or Strike

"How short a fiber can be used in your mills?" I asked a Southern spinner.

"Anything that has two ends," was the crisp reply.

An epigrammatic answer, but commercially not quite correct. It does not pay to spin the short fuzz that sticks to the seed after cotton is ginned; but this fuzz, known to the trade as linters, is shipped to Germany and returns to us as long-fibered, silky and beautiful as Lucrezia Borgia's yellow locks preserved in their proper glass case in Milan. How is this work of transformation done? Alchemy never succeeded in transmuting baser metals into gold, but modern chemistry transforms cotton fiber into something that looks like silk, feels like silk and sells for silk. "No man ever looked twice at cotton stockings," runs a bright line in a popular student play, but does the playwright know cotton stockings when he sees them? Of the silk sold last year in the United States the silkworm was responsible for slightly more than one-half. Think of the technic, agricultural and mechanical, that is capable of producing from a single pound of our sea-island cotton two hundred miles of yarn. A train on express schedule would take all of four hours to run from one end of the thread to the other. Italian raw silk will do better than this. But, after all, the spider out of the limited laboratory of its tiny belly can spin a filament which surpasses in extension and tensile strength the best that man and all his machines can do.

Predictions That Haven't Come True

IN THE spring of 1921, before the worst anticipations for the ensuing summer's crop had been realized, John W. McConnell, the British expert, remarked to the writer over a London lunch table that the world was facing an absolute shortage in spinable cotton, and that prices of cotton would go sky-high. A few weeks later in Milan, Giorgio Mylius, president of the Italian cotton spinners' federation, made about the same forecast. "In view of the impending world shortage," he remarked, "the American growers can combine and put the price of raw cotton up to fifty or sixty cents a pound, and we will have to pay it." During the Civil War, with America practically the only producer and England the sole great consumer, raw cotton went to $1.90 a pound. During the Great War the high figure on New York spot American middling was forty-five cents. Since the war New York spot cotton has touched thirty-eight cents. At the present time prices are ranging around thirty cents.

The Ravages of the Cotton Boll Weevil—Note How the Early-Maturing Bolls in the Upper Branches Have Been Entirely Destroyed

In 1914 cotton persistently sold under ten cents. Will raw cotton again fall to ten cents or will it go above fifty cents, as in the opinion of experts three years ago it was bound to do? There is always the unknown quantity in the equation.

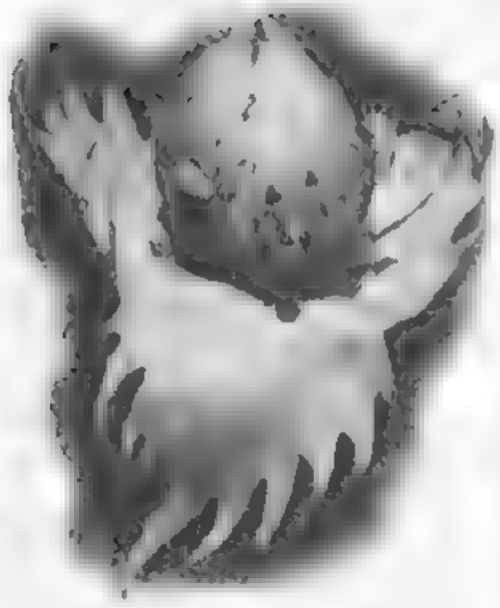
Neither the British nor the Italian expert could foresee the severe drop in cotton-goods consumption in Europe and in the Far East. This drop of at least one-third in normal consumption in the past three years we don't understand. In trying to discern the future we are dealing with variables. The seasonal x is weather. Another x is the boll weevil, the crop of cotton standing in inverse ratio to the crop of boll weevils. Another x is the consumptive demand, which in turn depends on the shifting factors of human necessity, prosperity and caprice.

The white torrent of cotton is flowing in a broadening stream into new industrial uses, such as automobile tires, moving-picture films, artificial silk. Cotton primarily is a bread-and-butter fiber. It furnishes a fabric to cover human nakedness. But the world's consumptive demand for cotton is x, or an unknown variable. Cotton fabric is at once a necessity and a luxury. Of necessity the body must be covered and protected, but man is the only animal that aspires, the only creature whose wants are insatiable. Having satisfied his primary wants—food, shelter and covering for the body—he becomes aspiring, and with the awakening of the aesthetic instinct grasps after beauty and all the refinements which flow in fashion's train. In the domain of luxury human wants and the satisfaction of their demands spread fanlike, and the feet of mankind are set upon the steps of an infinite progression.

When Cotton Sells High

THE fields both of necessity and of luxury admit a vast consumptive swing in the use of cotton. The Chinaman accustomed to three shirts a year gets along with two by piecing and patching. During the four war years Germany had only port and mill stocks of cotton to draw upon. Many a German went without a cotton shirt, and tolerable suits of outer clothing as well as underwear were fashioned out of paper. The German even in the heyday of his prosperity was never distinguished for his sartorial elegance. But human elegance is largely a matter of clothes, and without cotton civilized man becomes a sorry spectacle. An immense amount of pinching and saving may be done in the matter of clothes if the word "elegance" is banished from one's vocabulary. When cotton sells high certain elements of the world's population swing to wool because it is more accessible. In the interior of the island of Sardinia the mountain slopes are alive with pygmy sheep hardly larger than a jack rabbit. Despite the long hot summers, the peasant clothes himself in woolen homespuns. Spain and Bulgaria are other sheep countries in which custom and heredity lean to wool unless cotton cloth may be had cheap.

The effect of the Russian revolution was to convert Russians, 85 per cent of whom are peasants, into economic hermits. The Russian peasant has become a snail within its shell—a self-contained, self-sustaining



Parent Beetles Attacking a Cotton Boll

unity. He can do without sugar, he can get along without cotton. He grows his own wool and flax and makes a shift to clothe himself. He has managed to come through somewhat as Abbé Sieyès, who observed that his most remarkable achievement during the French Revolution was the accomplishment of having lived through it. Russian cotton production before the war averaged 1,000,000 bales a year and is now less than 200,000. Russia before the war occupied the same position in flax that we do in cotton. Nobody knows what their flax crop now amounts to. Certainly they are not exporting it. Doubtless they are wearing it upon their backs.

There has been much talk by conservationists about the ultimate exhaustion of our raw materials, such as timber, coal, copper and petroleum. It is interesting that the first real shortage in a major raw material has come in an annual crop to which we have devoted from 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of our land.

King of Pests

AMONG the world's most influential insects the boll weevil takes front rank. This bug has driven thousands of negroes from their cotton fields into other employments. Since the manumission of the slaves sixty years ago there has been no such revolutionary change in our scheme of agriculture in the South. Old-fashioned farming in the South Atlantic and Gulf states is not surviving the boll weevil. New men and new methods are emerging.

The principle of extension in cotton culture is yielding to that of intension. Cotton lands are going into tobacco and other crops. It is predicted that within the next five years Alabama will be importing raw cotton for her own mills. Never since the lice and the locusts descended upon King Pharaoh of Egypt has an insect shaken so severely the old order. But the weevil is not an unmixed evil. It has doubled the price of cotton and taught the farmer more progressive and intelligent ways of running his business.

This unwelcome beetle discovered our cotton fields just four hundred years after Columbus discovered America. In 1892 the pest crossed our frontier from Mexico and settled among us for keeps. Its life cycle runs the usual course. First an egg-depositing beetle, succeeded by voracious young grubs which feed on cotton fiber, then back to beetle again. The adult beetle, insect fashion, hibernates during the winter in a protected retreat, such as the long hanging moss. It issues forth in the spring, and as an indefatigable propagator of its species goes about the main business of its life. The beetle bores into the young cotton bud and deposits eggs in the heart of the boll. The plant stands accomplice to its own destruction. It cicatrices with a gummy secretion the external wound and thus securely seals up the young grubs. Thus the cotton boll furnishes the larvæ with home, food, shelter and protection. The grubs rather than the beetles do the damage. As well try to poison them as to rout with an overhead charge of buckshot an enemy intrenched in an underground fort. It is quite possible to kill off some of the parents by an application of calcium arsenate. This is being done. If the beetle were guileless enough to deposit its eggs upon the exterior of the plant, as does the potato bug, the insect could be readily dealt with.

The best defense against the boll weevil is the legal defense of confession and avoidance. The weevil is here, we can't be quit of it, but much can be done to avoid it. The great thing is to avoid conditions of soil and climate congenial to the weevil. Following these tactics cotton growing is being more and more concentrated in the states of Texas and North Carolina. Our sea-island cotton is rapidly becoming extinct. This is a pity, because the best cotton we ever grew was a product of the islands off the South Carolina coast. The weevil thrives in a hot damp climate, and, like death itself, chooses a shining mark. It has destroyed our most beautiful and best in the way of long-staple cotton. The weevil thrives in the moist lowlands of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and these lands will gradually be converted to other forms of agriculture, such as the cultivation of rice, corn and tobacco. The weevil finds life hard in the dry regions of Northwestern Texas, and in the highlands of North Carolina, where the air is clear and cold. A cold winter carries death and destruction to hibernating beetles. One may prophesy with some confidence that the raising of American cotton in the years to come will be based on the principle of intension rather than extension, that it will be confined to selected areas where climatically the weevil finds the going hard, and that the state of Texas is destined to produce the bulk of cotton grown in the United States, with the state of North Carolina running second. This means that in the South a veritable agricultural revolution is going on before our eyes. The whole phenomenon, including crop diversification, emigration of negroes and concentration of the industry in two states, is connected with a drab little insect of about the bigness of a common house fly.

Giving the cotton an early start is also a check on the weevil. This largely depends upon the caprices of the weather. Cotton that matures in ninety days if planted early can get through the season fairly well before the boll weevil gets in its worst work. It is a question of weather and cotton breeding. Much has been accomplished in recent years by breeding early-maturing strains that will circumvent the boll weevil. This applies also to the pink bollworm in Egypt. It is dangerous to prophesy about cotton, yet some tips have turned out more than well. In February, 1913, Fuller Callaway, the Georgia cotton grower and spinner, was talking cotton to Lord Kitchener in Egypt. Kitchener was complaining of the ravages of the pink bollworm.

"Why don't you breed a quick-maturing cotton?" suggested Callaway

"We have a cotton now that matures in one hundred and eight days"

"We can beat you on that," declared the American.

"My plant experts say it can't be done," Kitchener maintained.

Callaway cabled to his manager in Lagrange, Georgia, to rush five pounds of Truitt seed to Kitchener in Egypt.

The next summer Kitchener cabled Callaway, "You're right. Picking cotton eighty-six days after your seed were planted." The introduction of early-maturing cotton has saved the Egyptian grower millions of dollars.

A Cotton Patch That Has Escaped the Weevil and Is Ready for the Pickers

Made-to-Order Cotton Weather

THREE days after the war broke out Callaway found himself in London, unable to secure passage home. He went to his friend Kitchener for help, and through his good offices secured steamship booking to New York. At that time spot upland cotton was selling at nine cents in New York with a glut of finished goods in the world's market.

"How many months will the war last?" queried Callaway.

"Put it at years instead of months," replied Kitchener. "It will be a war of exhaustion. You can go home and build cotton mills and sell everything you can turn out in the next four or five years."

Callaway went back to Lagrange, Georgia, put up great mills with cheap labor and building material, has run them night and day ever since, and made a fortune. Referring to his prosperous state he is wont to remark, "I tipped Kitchener off as to the proper time in which to grow cotton. He tipped me to the proper time in which to manufacture it."

In the plant world cotton is a competitive weakling. It cannot make its way in the world unassisted. It must be nursed and coddled. Cotton is fastidious. It demands made-to-order weather conditions. The amazing success of the Egyptian in growing cotton is due to the made-to-order conditions. Almost perfect uniformities may be maintained for plants in Egypt. First, uniformity of climate, neither rain nor frost; second, uniformity of soil, the whole thing exotic, water-borne Nile mud; third, uniformity in moisture, Nile water carried artificially to the roots of every living plant. Agriculture in Egypt thus becomes something of an exact science, meaning by an exact science one that, like astronomy, will admit precision in predicting future events. To our cotton planter the weather is always an *x*, or unknown

(Continued on Page 193)

Weevil Grubs Sitting Pretty in a Cotton Boll

"N" FOR NELSON

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"My Best Red Setter, Champion Kitty Kilkee, Recently Presented Us With Half a Dozen Queer Little Beggars That Were Half Setters, Half Bloodhounds"

THERE is only one way in which one can meet the preposterous accusation that one has imperfectly washed one's neck that morning, especially if it is hurled across the breakfast table by a sarcastic sister at the precise moment when an ambitious mouthful of bread and sausage unfortunately debars one from dignified retort. Silent contempt is the only way, and it was that way which Nelson Chiddenham adopted.

Through his big round lenses he regarded Sister Ella with silent contempt and slightly distended cheeks. Silently he flushed a dull coppery hue and contemptuously he handed his cup to Brother August to be passed up the long table to his mother for replenishment. August glared sideways at his little brother.

"Can't you say please, you young blighter?" he demanded

"Hardly with that mouthful," explained Ella, third eldest of his fourteen sisters.

"Pass up, please, Aug," said Nelson sausagely, ignoring Ella with great care.

"Just because that mangy little bag o' bones you called a grizzly gray wolf cub is dead, you think you can do as you like, you young ass," growled Aug, who was smarting from his grown-up brother Ambrose's swift and unvarnished refusal of Aug's well meant, kind and confident offer to ride Ambrose's wonderful four-year-old hunter for him at the forthcoming horse show. Ambrose believed in riding his own horses.

But Nelson ignored the observation. He was too busy in his mind to take serious notice of any observation made by any member of the large Chiddenham family, except his deep-voiced father, Squire Chiddenham, or his mother, and these rarely offered gratuitous observations likely to wound or to harrow.

It is true that on the death of the little wolf cub, very laboriously acquired from the wolf tamer of a small circus some time before, Nelson had expected a little sympathy from his brothers and sisters. And when, a few days after the passing of the grizzly gray, Nelson's dog Dusty passed also—over the brow of a deep chalk pit, with mortal results—the boy had been shocked at the lack of sympathy evinced and the sparseness of condolence offered by all but his mother and father. Mother, indeed, had seemed really upset, but then Nelson knew that things falling into chalk pits always upset his mother. She had been so when he himself fell into the chalk pit that time—mercifully the shallower end

To lose two close friends in such rapid succession, even though they be but a dog and an invalid wolf, is a grievous blow, and fourteen-year-old Nelson was feeling it. He escaped from the breakfast table as soon as he decently could—just as soon as the sausages were gone and Aug had cleared the marmalade dish with that thoroughness which characterized Aug's way with marmalade dishes—and, brooding absently as he went, he made for his old secret retreat, the inner apartment of the sty of the Gloucester Old Spot.

But even as he arrived, he recollected rather guiltily that here, too, there was a gap that could never really be filled. This old friend also had left. The sty was as vacant of pig as Nelson was full of sausage—pork sausage, alas, for the Gloucester Old Spot had two days before been called upon.

It was all very dejecting, and as the boy went down the long drive, heading for the Big Wood, where, in a disused, half-ruined gamekeeper's cottage he maintained his now depleted collection of naturalistic novelties, he went unblithely. His eyebrowless eyes stared a little grimly through the big lenses, temporarily called for by a completely unforeseen mischance with a handful of ordinary blasting powder, such as might happen to any boy of an inquiring disposition; and he seemed to sag somewhat more than usual on the leg which was straightened and reënforced by a stiffly built construction of iron and leather, made necessary pro tem by the obstinacy and maleficence of a mule which Nelson, some months before, believed he had sufficiently quelled for riding purposes—a belief which, when he recovered consciousness, Nelson frankly admitted to have been incorrect.

It is, then, understood that this narrative definitely opens with the iron heel of the world weighing somewhat emphatically upon the neck of Nelson Rodney Drake Chiddenham, youngest son of Squire Chiddenham, of Chiddenham Hall, Chiddenham-on-the-Chidden.

But his oval chin—mother's—was stuck out, and if his slender shoulders stooped slightly as he limped along, the spirit of Nelson drooped not at all. He was sad, but he was resolute and grimly determined to avenge Dusty the dog.

Red Nemesis, Champion Bloodhound

The wolf cub had died a natural death—very natural, indeed, considering its condition when acquired by Nelson—but he suspected that Dusty, good old Dusty, had been murdered.

He was not yet sure, but he was working on the matter now, and already his wits—quicker and far more valuable than Nelson or any member of his family dreamed—were straining in the leash, as one may excusably put it, toward a certain malefactor with whom Nelson had already fought skirmishes. He was naming this evildoer under his breath as he turned out of the drive.

"It was Partridge Johnson who drove Dusty over into the chalk pit with that great lurcher of his. I'm sure of it, if I can't prove it yet. But I shall prove it before long."

He broke off as, rounding a curve in the road, he came face to face with a large gentleman, prosperous of appearance, leisured of manner, severe of aspect, tweed-clad, strolling in the morning sunlight, enjoying the clean fresh spring air with the assistance of a large, even obese cigar.

Nelson halted crisply, raising his cap, for he was not lacking in courtesy, and moreover Sir Milner Bayliss, financier, was a neighbor of his father's and surprisingly unhostile to Nelson.

"Good morning, Nelson, my boy," said Sir Milner—a childless man and therefore poverty-stricken in spite of the million or so which he owned.

"Good morning, sir."

Each surveyed the other gravely.

"You are looking a little peaky, Nelson, my boy," stated Sir Milner, who, in the course of the city business from which this morning he was taking a rest, had doubtless had frequent opportunities of studying peakiness on the faces of others. "Yes, peaky. Is anything wrong?"

"No, sir," said Nelson, staring with rather wide eyes past Sir Milner, who frowned slightly, his hard eyes intent on the boy.

"How's the wolf cub?"

Quite unconsciously, Sir Milner had aided Nelson to possession of that once desirable little animal.

"Dead, sir."

Nelson blinked in the sunlight, but his lips—father's—tightened a little.

"Eh? Eh? I'm sorry to hear that; very sorry."

Sir Milner said no more. There are times when one can overdo sympathy; and this, Sir Milner fancied, was one of them. He took a slow puff at his cigar, staring over the hedge. Nelson caught up his emotions and held them tightly.

"I was looking glum, sir, more because of Dusty than the wolf. The wolf never was very well and he never grew a bit, but Dusty was a—a real good dog."

Nelson paused to grind his teeth a little. The grinding of teeth, he had discovered, is an admirable and not too staringly noticeable method of preventing the rush of undesired hot water to the eyes when one is a little under the iron heel.

Sir Milner stared steadily at the hedge.

"What's wrong with Dusty, boy?" he demanded, his tone carefully casual.

"Dusty's dead," stated Nelson very shortly—for fear of quavers.

"Eh? Too bad; that's too bad. Some time or other you'd better tell me about that, my boy. Too bad."

There was a long cigarry pause. Presently Sir Milner faced Nelson.

"There were some pups of a kind up at the kennels at my place, Nelson," he said slowly. "And I've no doubt I could have spared you a couple, if you cared about a cross-bred "

"Cared about!" Nelson whispered his amazement.

"Well, I mean—that is, it's a curious cross —— H'm! The fact is, boy, there seems to have been a—er—*mésalliance*, owing to one of my gamekeepers' carelessness at the bloodhound trials some time ago. My best red setter, Champion Kitty Kilkee, recently presented us with half a dozen queer little beggars that were half setters, half bloodhounds. But they weren't kept -except one for sake of the mother. Watson, the keeper, wanted that for a few weeks to keep her from fretting. But whether the pup's still about I can't say. If it is, you're welcome to it, Nelson. Both its parents are champions in the field as well as on the bench. But I fancied Watson said something about getting rid of it now."

He broke off as a hen pheasant flew fussily across the road over their heads. Sir Milner's eyes followed the bird affectionately.

"If only you could find out who it is stealing so many of my pheasants' eggs, I'd give you the pick of Kitty Kilkee's next litter into the bargain, and there will be no bloodhound strain in those, my boy!" he said. "I'm losing an appalling number of eggs this year—appalling!"

Then he thought of something.

"But you'll have to hurry, my boy, if you want to have that cross-bred. It's just come to me that Watson said something about mercifully putting it out of the way today. It may be gone. You'd better hurry up there at once, Nelson; say I said you were to have it if still living. No, no; no thanks. Hurry, boy!"

He found himself alone, staring at a spurt of dust. Nelson was hurrying.

His advent upon the scene of the pending kennel tragedy will probably be remembered by the head keeper and an aid when they have forgotten the arrival in the same immediate neighborhood of many more dangerous things, such as forked lightning or even those thunderbolts which are so frequently said to arrive on the countryside but are so rarely seen.

Nelson came reeling round the corner of the kennels, his face not less red than fire, his breath coming in long dry gasps, his glasses dimmed, and croaking ravenlike the word "Stop!" hurled himself at a person in velveteen about to immerse a small reddish bundle in a large tub. It was the last of the poor little wretches resulting from the *mésalliance*.

"M-mine!" gasped Nelson briefly, and took it with swift and clutchful paws.

"Eigh?" muttered the assistant keeper, the puppy yelped at the clutch, and "Mine! Sir Milner said so!" explained Nelson, glaring, but easing his grip a little.

The pup snuggled close into his arms and straightway into his heart. The head keeper grinned.

"You were just in time, no more, Mast' Chiddenham," he said, looking pleased—as indeed he was. There lives not the man worthy of the name who finds the task of drowning a puppy anything but intensely distasteful.

Nelson nodded, getting his breath back. Head Keeper Watson was a kindly man at heart, and he suggested that milk went well after intense effort. It was to be found at his cottage close by, he added.

So together they went off to the cottage, tucked under the edge of an adjoining woodland. Their way lay over a bit of rough ground still sparsely covered with tufts of bracken, reedy grass and brambles.

The puppy evinced a desire to walk, as puppies will. Nelson put him down, and the queer, shapeless little blob of reddish wool went lumbering on a few feet ahead.

"Rum little beggars, Mast' Chiddenham," chuckled Watson. "But I shouldn't be surprised if it turns out that that there pup has got a nose for game that'd shame many a field-trial winner. Blood'ound and setter! He ought to have a nose, surelee!"

And then, by sheer chance, he was proved forthwith a prophet of no mean order.

The pup, a few yards ahead of them, stopped suddenly and lifted his odd dumpling of a head as high in the air as he could reach, sniffing vigorously.

"Watch, Mast' Chiddenham! That's his setter blood: he's got a scent in the air. If he was a big dog, that'd mean something a long way off. Never see him do that before."

Champion Kitty Kilkee

Nelson watched with all his eyes and lenses. The puppy moved on, then suddenly dropped his nose to the ground, his absurd tail wagging wildly. He lumbered fatly forward, nose close down.

"And that's the bloodhound strain," said the keeper. "Look, Mast' Chiddenham!"

Ten yards farther on the pup had frozen and was crouching, glaring straight ahead at a clump of bracken.

His face a study in surprise, Watson crept forward, uttering soft, soothing words that sounded like "Hoe! Hoe! Hoe, good pup," dropped on one knee by the funny little beast and very softly smoothed it with slow, gentle strokes, slightly pressing down. "Hoe, puppy." And he jerked his head to Nelson, who, understanding the gesture, went slowly forward.

There was a rush of wings, and an old cock pheasant burst up from the bracken like a bomb, and shrieking "Help! Help! Help!" at the top of its voice, fled for the woods.

Nelson turned to see the puppy crouched quietly under the big brown hand of the keeper.

"Take him up, Mast' Chiddenham," said Mr. Watson respectfully. "I've handled a wonderful many o' gun dogs, but I never knew a pup his age do that like that; and I've nigh broke my heart trying to teach the six-month-old sons of champions—pointers and setters too—to do it half or a quarter so well. Eh, Mast' Chiddenham, but I'm glad you ran fast enough to save him!"

He scratched his honest head, staring.

"I've knowed field-trial winners set worse'n that, dom me if I haven't! So steady as a rock! If only 'tweren't that it don't do for a man in my position to be seen handlin' sich curious cross-breds, I might soon be very proud o' that pup o' yourn, Mast' Chiddenham."

The little dog was licking Nelson's hand, and Nelson's heart was big within him, inflated with a wild pride and a sharp, sudden love that almost hurt. What a dog was this, that could so command the admiration of a dog-wise man like Mr. Watson.

"Just don't hurry him, Mast' Chiddenham," advised the keeper. "Let him go forrad in his own way, as long as he goes right. I'll be glad to help you. Kind but firm; and whatever else you do, mind, be life-everlasting patient! You got a dog there that'll never be beautiful, but you got a game finder in ten thousand! Well, to be sure!" concluded Mr. Watson; and so, ponderously, led the way to the milk.

II

THOSE of his numerous family who showed the slightest interest in Nelson's supper announcement that he was the owner of the sole surviving son of Kitty Kilkee, champion setter, and Red Nemesis, champion bloodhound, expressed their interest mainly by loud laughter, Aug's musical bray being notably in evidence.

So Nelson closed up like a hedgehog. But not without duly noting that his father, the squire, a man of field and flood, did not laugh.

"It's an unusual cross, Nelson, but it may produce a surprise if you are patient. Patience is the trick with pups," observed the squire, cocking a shaggy eyebrow at the cacophonous Aug.

Grateful for this crumb, Nelson happily devoured all that was set before him, and some that wasn't. He caught his mother at a quiet moment in the corridor—it was his lucky night.

"Oh, mother, they laughed at supper; but honestly, my pup is going to be a game finder in a thousand. Watson said so—Sir Milner's head keeper," he told her. "And I say, mum, I don't mind your seeing him set at his game any time you like, even before he's trained."

She looked down at the flushed face, the bright eyes, of her youngest child, her somewhat battered but still undaunted Benjamin, and her heart was warm—and her arms, too, for him.

"Thank you, sonny," she whispered in the shadows. "Be sure to tell me when you are ready; and I do hope that the puppy will be everything that Watson says. What are you going to name him, Nelson?"

But that was not a matter to be settled offhand. Nelson explained gravely that he was thinking it over.

"It was kind of Sir Milner to give him to you," said mother.

Nelson nodded.

"I'm going to pay him back, mum," he declared solemnly. "I'm going to find out who steals his pheasants' eggs. . . . D'you think there's a bit of cold meat I could have for him tonight?"

With a family of eighteen—many still on her hands—and income tax what it is, mother was a strict economist, but ——

"There are some bits of cold beef. Tell cook I said you could have them, sonny," she conceded, kissed him and went away, being most audibly in request in four different places.

Nelson disappeared kitchenward and was seen no more that night till bedtime.

Pale dawn discovered Nelson and the pup busy in the fields, for only Nelson knew what he expected the pup to learn, and the sooner he began it the better.

It was not until long after Nelson had given ample proof that he was not devoid of the life-everlasting patience, so

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Ten Yards Farther On the Pup Had Frozen and Was Crouching, Glaring Straight Ahead at a Clump of Bracken

NAVAHO LAND — By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE home country of the Navaho is located in that portion of America that is frankly labeled the Great American Desert, without any attempt to conceal little peculiarities of soil or climate for the sake of local real-estate dealers; and water is nearly as rare as Tibetan golf players.

The yearly rainfall in the entire Navaho country is about that which descends in any New England town on the occasion of a Sunday-school picnic. Moreover, it is a high country, averaging more than a mile above sea level, so that the natural sparseness of desert vegetation is somewhat accentuated by long, cold winters and short summers with nights sufficiently chilly to make the effete Easterner moan pitifully for a furnace fire.

In place of the normal desert growths, the eye seems to encounter little save meager skeletons and ghosts of shrubs and weeds, offensively colored and of depressing aspect.

Consequently it is something of a jolt to the traveler who arrives at, let us say, the flourishing town of Gallup, New Mexico, and moves a few miles north to a spot from which he can take a good, healthy, unrestrained look out over the Navaho country, for it suddenly dawns on him that there must be more to the Navahos than the unprepossessing specimens who sit around railway stations and sell pottery hairpin trays to unwary travelers.

A short distance out of Gallup, which is a little more than a day by train from the Pacific Coast, the road to the north comes to the edge of a plateau and descends with abrupt zigzags to the stretch of desert known to some people as the Chaco Valley and to others as the Chuska Valley, but exclusively dry and dusty by either name.

From the edge of the plateau the human eye is able to perform some striking feats. It covers 185 miles in a straight line and absorbs the outlines of mountains in four states—the Chuska Mountains in New Mexico, the Carriso Range in Arizona, the Blue Mountains in Utah and Colorado, and La Plata Mountains in Colorado. Other minor mountains and peaks with pleasant and fascinating names decorate the landscape unobtrusively—Beautiful Mountain, for example, and the Sleeping Ute Range and the San Juan Mountains and the Mesa Verde Bluffs.

A Silversmith of the Navaho Tribe

The Western Four Corners

SOMEWHERE in the background of this comprehensive piece of property, one gathers from his guides, is located the Four Corners, but not the sort of Four Corners that one encounters at Peacham, Vermont, or Alfred, Maine. The Western Four Corners is the spot where the states of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico converge—a somewhat difficult spot for the casual traveler to locate until recently, owing to the weakness of the Indians for pulling up the monument that marked it; not because they had any inherent aversion to monuments, but because many years of sad experience had taught them that when the white man placed stakes or other markers in property belonging to the Indian, the Indian almost immediately thereafter found himself minus the property. Of recent years the Indians in the vicinity of the Four Corners, finding themselves treated with more consideration by the white man, have deigned to let the monument stand.

Most of this extensive domain that the eye encompasses from the edge of the plateau north of Gallup is a small part of the easternmost section of the Navaho country. It sweeps many miles to the westward, lapping around the buttes and mesas of the Hopi Indians, and taking in the beautiful cliff dwellings of Cañon de Chelly, the chiseled sides of the Gothic Mesas, the almost impassible and little known cañons of Monument Valley, the barren grandeur of the Painted Desert, the edge of the Grand Cañon and the Kaibab National Forest, the treacherous sands of Tusayan Washes, and various other little dry and sun-scorched oddities in the way of rainbow natural bridges, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins and what not.

There are approximately 25,000 square miles of land in what is generally known as the Navaho country, which makes it more than three times as large as the sovereign state of Massachusetts; and in this territory 33,000 Navahos live and move and have their being on provender that would make the average white man dry up and blow away, and amidst surroundings sufficiently arid and barren to give almost any white man the fantods or the willies.

Yet the Navahos not only make their peculiar magic and worship their strange gods and raise their sheep and weave their blankets and work in silver with their primitive tools, with the utmost success, but they thrive and multiply under conditions which might be expected to exterminate them with fluency and dispatch.

Back in the Civil War days, when the Navahos were bad boys and spent most of their spare moments in emitting blood-curdling war whoops and joyously inserting flint arrowheads in all available white settlers of New Mexico, to say nothing of adjoining Indian tribes and Mexicans, their numbers were in the neighborhood of 9000. The census of 1890 showed that they had increased to more than 17,000. The 1900 census showed that their numbers were slightly in excess of 20,000. In 1906 the Indian Office found that there were 28,500 of them. Today a conservative estimate puts the Navaho population at 33,000. Not many years ago a trip through any part of the Navaho country entailed about as much labor and preparation as would be required by a journey to Darkest Africa; but the invention of the light, resilient automobile, which bounces when it falls into a hole instead of sticking there, has now made parts of the Navaho country reasonably accessible.

Navaho Women, Specialists in Rug Weaving

Traveling Desert Roads

THERE are still some portions which can be reached only on horseback, owing to the reluctance of the automobile to climb up and down perpendicular rocks; and those who travel to the more accessible sections are frequently embittered by the inclination of their automobiles to linger for hours on end in the sand-filled depressions locally known as washes—probably because of the flood of profanity which washes over the landscape every time an automobilist realizes that he must cross one of them.

One of most pleasant, comprehensive and informative trips that can be taken over the Navaho country is the journey from Gallup up the Chuska, or Chaco Valley to the towering mass of Shiprock—a mighty spear of volcanic rock that was jammed rudely up through the floor of the desert in one of the convulsions that racked this strange country and stood it roughly on end from time to time in the distant past.

As desert roads go, this road isn't so bad. A good driver can make from ten to fifteen miles on it in an hour when it is dry. When it is wet the best drivers usually make about half an inch every three days, owing to the prevalence of adobe mud, which has the bland slipperiness of rich cream and the adhesiveness of liquid glue.

But when it is dry, one moves forward with reasonable regularity, varying the monotony of the forward motion by a hysterical up-and-down motion that is constantly threatening to push the traveler's ears through the top of the automobile or jam the seat of his trousers down through the chassis. No matter how rough the widely celebrated Rocky Road to Dublin may have been, it was a boulevard by comparison with the desert road to Shiprock.

The recent discovery of oil in the vicinity of Shiprock will result, in a matter of a year or so, in a genuine road over which the desert traveler can journey with no danger of striking a bump every few minutes that will either shake the fillings out of his teeth or cause him to bite an inch or two from the end of his tongue.

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The Chorus Lady, Model 1924

By MARIAN SPITZER

WHEN James Forbes wrote his comedy masterpiece nearly two decades ago, his title was regarded as a triumph of subtle satire. The play was first produced in September, 1906, and his picture of The Chorus Lady was greeted as an authentic delineation of the showgirl of that era—the painted, peroxided, overdressed, ostrich-feathered damsel who found it necessary to inform everybody, in a language peculiarly her own, that she was "a poifect lady."

If The Chorus Lady should be revived today people would regard it with mild wonder. Not that it isn't still a most engaging play, but the species it delineates is extinct. The chorus girl of today does not have to tell the world, amid a shower of profanity and slang, that she is a perfect lady. It isn't necessary. She lets her demeanor speak for itself. By that I do not mean to imply that every chorus girl has the bearing of Diana Manners or the Duchess of York, but simply that the old-time conception of a chorus girl as a vulgar little hussy with a heart of gold but an excessively rough exterior does not apply to the present generation.

In the days of The Chorus Lady, and for some time after, a chorus girl could be spotted a mile away by anybody, even the most unsophisticated cousin from the country. But not now. There is no such thing as a typical chorus girl, any more than there is a typical college girl or a typical business girl. Modernity is a great leveler. Class distinction, so far as appearances go, and farther, has disappeared.

You Never Can Tell by Their Looks

IF YOU were taken into a room in which were seated a hundred girls, and you were told that they were divided into four classes—twenty-five business girls, twenty-five college girls, twenty-five home girls and twenty-five chorus girls—I am willing to offer any odds that you would not be able to pick more than five of them correctly, and that would be sheer luck. They all look alike and they all behave alike.

The reason for that is simple. They are all drawn from more or less the same source. When Mr. Forbes wrote his play, and later on when Eugene Walter contributed his highly entertaining Elfie St. Claire as the comedy relief of The Easiest Way, girls who went into the chorus were all alike; they came from the same kind of homes, their aims were identical. But now the chorus of any musical show might be a cross section of American life. Every type of girl can be found in it, from every class of family; just as every kind of home is represented in the vast army of girls who go to business each morning, and in the groups of girls who stroll on the campus of any big woman's college.

In 1906 if you saw a girl with paint on her face you were fairly safe in assuming that she was a chorus girl. Well! It's quite unnecessary to call your attention to the absurdity of any such standard nowadays. A shingled, rouged, eyebrowless flapper may be the third from the end in a current musical comedy, or she may be the private secretary of a Wall Street broker, or a college sophomore, or the youngest daughter of an old Knickerbocker family. There's no way of telling. On the other hand, the pale prim-looking girl with the shell-rimmed spectacles, who sat across from you in the Subway reading The Story of Mankind, is just as likely to be a front-line cutie in a new revue as a college postgraduate student down for the week-end. That's one of the things that make life so interesting in 1924. You really can't tell anything about anybody

Another indication of the metamorphosis of the chorus girl is the change in the type of name used then and now. Ornate and preposterous names used to be the vogue. That was another way you had of knowing a chorus girl. Gwendolynne De Vere, Patricia Van Cuyler, Maybelle Montmorency, and dozens of similar ones. But if you will consult the program of the last musical show you visited you'll find names like Betty Brown, Sally Long, Mary Martin. Just simple names that might belong to anybody, not flamboyant labels of a questionable occupation. They use their own names now—that is, they do unless their own names happen to be too fancy, too chorus-girly. Then they discard them in favor of something sweet and simple.

Elsie Ferguson, Above, Peggy Wood, at the Right—Stars Who Began Their Careers as Chorus Girls

There are a great many reasons why girls go in the chorus; many and widely varying ones. The biggest single reason is and always will be, I suppose, the glamour of the stage. More girls go into the chorus because they are lured by this gleaming will-o'-the-wisp than for any other, or maybe all other reasons. They can't define it, they don't even know themselves quite what they mean. They just want to go on the stage. And there's no use telling them that actually it isn't glamorous at all, that you know it from the inside, and that really it's quite humdrum and prosaic and unromantic. They won't believe it. They think you're in a conspiracy against them, that you want to cheat them of life, and their determination only waxes the stronger.

Then, of course, there are the girls who believe they have talent and who go into the chorus as a means to an end. These are fairly numerous, too, ranking probably next in numbers to the first type. These girls are divided into two classes. First there are the clever, ambitious, attractive little girls who come to New York from every part of the country, brave and jaunty, willing to start at the bottom and work hard, always on the alert for their big opportunity. They go into the chorus willingly, joyously, knowing pretty much what to expect. Usually they are studying singing or dancing outside, preparing themselves for the great day that they are convinced will sometime come. And also usually they understudy one of the principal rôles, and pray every night that some slight but confining accident will keep the actress away from the theater so they can get a chance to play the part. Fate almost always gives them the chance sooner or later, and not a little theatrical history has been made in just this way. Sometimes, though, the result proves tragic, as in an episode I shall recount later.

Stars in Their Own Home Town

THE second class of this group is smaller but equally interesting. It is composed of girls who come to Broadway with great expectations, believing that all they have to do to get a prima donna engagement is to knock on some manager's door and say "Behold, I am here." They are girls who have studied voice from some small-town singing teacher or who have been singing in the village choir, who were simply marvelous in the leading rôle of the high-school dramatic society's annual musical comedy, and who just know that they are wasted anywhere but on Broadway. They come in hundreds, and go patiently from one theatrical office to another, meeting the same answer everywhere: "No casting today, miss, but if you'll be at the Metropole Theater at eleven o'clock next Friday morning Mr. Blank'll be there for a chorus call."

A great deal of fiction has been written around just such situations as these, and as a rule in fiction some lucky accident occurs and the little village maiden gets a chance and a contract all within the space of half an hour. As a matter of fact it doesn't usually happen that way, and I would like to say in behalf of theatrical managers that they are not quite so cruel and heartless as the fiction writers make them out. There are already more established leading women and prima donnas than there are parts. The producers know where they are and what they can do, so why shouldn't they cast their shows from this source? These girls have worked hard and served their apprenticeship, so isn't it only fair that the newcomers should do the same?

I have strayed somewhat from my original theme, but only in an effort to make clear a certain economic situation that has been badly distorted by sentimental short-story

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PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Sooner Savagely Admonished Him to Keep Still or Take the Consequences, and the Operation Was Presently at an End

x

SOONER led me within our tent, where he turned and said sternly, "I suppose you went and told that dame your life story, you poor fish [communicative person]."

"I did nothing of the sort," I sharply replied. "I merely disclosed to the good soul that I am not an Indian."

He regarded me sourly. "I bet that keeled her over. I bet she didn't believe one word of it."

"Then you lose both wagers!" I cried. "I quite easily convinced her I am not of the aboriginal race."

This seemed to discomfit him and in his embarrassment he changed the subject, saying gravely, "Listen here, Al. Get out of those duds and put these on." He undid a bundle he carried and displayed another set of garments—overalls of a faded blue, a brown shirt of flannel, waistcoat and coat of a dull hue and frayed dingily, a felt hat something like his own in shape though much the worse for wear, and a pair of high boots. "Quality stuff for men who care," he went on. "Get into it and chew a straw and let me hear you say 'By gosh!'"

His manner had again become baffling, but I caught his intention, and began to change into the other garments. Meantime my friend stepped without the tent and, whistling as if to a dog, called twice, "Here Jo-Jo, here Jo-Jo!"

On this there issued from the car a person I had not noticed, an elderly, dull-looking man, unkempt as to person and wearing a luxuriant gray beard. He was of slight stature, noticeably stooped, with weak blue eyes, and came to us with a shambling gait. He was, I saw, uncertain of what awaited him, and regarded my companion with suspicion. The latter had meanwhile fetched his shaving apparatus from a box and after procuring a basin of water directed the stranger to cut off with our scissors as much of his beard as possible and to soap the remainder thoroughly.

The man did this with timorous shifting eyes, and Sooner then said, "Now the sheep-headed twin from Ecuador must prepare to meet the grim reaper," and seating the fellow on a chair borrowed from our neighbor he began to shave his victim. The latter winced repeatedly during the process and more than once begged to be let off, but Sooner savagely admonished him to keep still or take the consequences, and the operation was presently at an end.

I now for the first time observed that the stranger's face was shaped not wholly unlike mine, being particularly struck, when Sooner had applied the stain, with the resemblance of his nose to my own. It was, I may say, his only good feature, the rest of his countenance being negligible. Such resemblance to me as there was, I mean to say, amounted to no more than a caricature. Then, to my astonishment, Sooner took the hick within our tent and arrayed him in my Indian costume, including the wig, the moccasins, the necklace of bear's teeth and the splendid war bonnet.

Garbed thus, the stranger, who had manifested a rather whining concern during the process, was seen to be not entirely unlike myself in the same dress. In fact, I dare say, he might have been mistaken for me by people who did not scan him too closely, although in minor details, especially in his bearing, he failed to convey the true savage dignity that I am certain had been remarked in me; nor, I was sure, could he deliver the lines of the part as forcefully—for I now divined that for some reason of his own Sooner would, for this night's work, consent to have the poor fish take my part.

After a few finishing touches on the fellow, and draping my blanket over his shoulders, Sooner turned to me and said with some pride in his work, "There, I knew this lad had the pan [talent] for it. I guess maybe he won't put it over on Hawkshaw, Junior, the world's prize detective!"

"Of course he won't," I heartily agreed. "He stands with no dignity, his gestures lack force, and his glance has no fire in it. You are quite right. Only a child would be deceived."

Sooner now glanced sharply at me, exclaiming, "Well, look who's here! You old he-soubrette [one of unusual histrionic gifts]. Who'd have thought it?" Then to my amazement I saw that I had misunderstood him; he actually believed that Joseph-Joseph, as he called the bum, would, instead of would not, deceive even the keen eyes of Bertrand Meigs, and nothing I could now say would persuade him otherwise. "This guy may not be up in the dialect," he now concluded, "and I'll cut out his lines a night or two till I've had a chance to rehearse him. But as something to look at I will tell the world that he is your altered ego—no less."

"A night or two?" I quickly cried. "Do you mean that he is permanently to enact this part to which I have given so much care and study?"

Sooner became serious. "Now listen, Al. There is just one way to throw off this bird and his little flag, and that's to toll him so far away he can't ever get back. I don't know how long it'll take, but I'll have him waving his bye-bye-baby-bunting for at least a thousand miles over Nature's rarest gift to the street artist. When I get him far enough I'll spring this dog on him some day and ask if it's his. And when he sees it ain't, I'll ask him what he means by hounding a well-known clubman from pillow to post like he's done to me, and threaten him with a fate worse than death if he don't lay off. By that time he ought to feel foolish enough to go on home and mind his own business for at least twenty minutes. Do you get me, old pal?"

I was obliged to admit that his strategy was soundly framed, if only he had found someone to enact the Indian convincingly. I did not deny to myself that another equally good male soubrette might possibly be found, but I was certain the present choice would lack distinction at critical moments. However, it was too late now for a further search, and, besides, I was troubled by another thought. "And what is to become of me in the meantime?" I demanded.

"That's the only puzzle I ain't worked out yet," replied my friend. "I got to do some headwork on that knotty problem. You certainly brought complications into my peaceful life, Al. I saw the first gray hair in my mirror this very morning, and you know what that means to a professional beauty. Sometimes I wish you had never took a human life." He sighed profoundly, then scanned my new apparel.

"Turn around slow and let me lamp [admire] you once," he directed, and, as I obeyed, "Not so bad for a tryout. Lift one of them pant legs up to the top of your boot, and where's your straw or blade of grass or long splinter to chew like I told you?" I had thought this suggestion trivially meant, but I now found a fallen twig, which I mouthed. "Not so bad," repeated my critic. "Now see if you can say 'By gosh!' as well as you can talk Injun."

"By gosh!" I said, trying to give the tepid oath character.

"No; say it like this: 'Be gosh!' Say, 'Be gosh, Si, crops is lookin' purty fine round these parts, bean't they?'"

I repeated the jargon, and after three trials succeeded in delivering it with the nasal effect he desired. On this he also taught me other oaths—"By heck!" and "I swan!"—with which I must interlard my rendering of what I now understood to be the yap or pastoral dialect. Then for some moments my friend sat on the felled tree, immersed in a profound meditation.

"The trouble with you, you poor sap [a gentleman]," he said at last as I stood near him chewing my twig, "you can't be trusted away from someone that's capable of serious thought. I sometimes consider you to be the biggest fish unpickled [of a studious habit] when it comes to looking out for yourself. What I ought to do is put you in an old gentlemen's home where you could play pachisi or watch the goldfish in the fountain or pick geraniums or something, and not be let out of the yard. But I don't know any such place. On the other hand, if I put you on your own it won't be no time till they have you looking out of a little furnished room with stone walls, telling some law gent how you was plenty justified when you turned the old rod loose. I've worked hard to save you from that, Al, and I take so much pride in my so-far success I don't want to see you queer it by some piece of old-woman blatting [a kind of fancy needlework]. What you really need is a keeper, someone kind but firm as granite."

"If your general meaning is that I need companionship," I said, "I grant you I do. For example, I greatly

delighted in my association with yonder excellent woman," and I pointed to our neighbor, still actively engaged at her household tasks. "It is a long time since I have so pleasantly relaxed in a congenial atmosphere. You surely cannot expect me to go out and speak in my farm dialect to the birds and beasts of the field," I concluded in a burst of sarcasm.

My friend did not at once reply, but I saw his eyes follow that comfortable female figure as she went to and fro from her again hot stove to her small table. Suddenly they lighted and he turned to me with a new animation.

"Say, Al, on the level, it did seem like you made good [conducted myself irreproachably] with that lady forest-ranger."

"She misjudged me only for a moment," I replied. "It is probable that I did stare too openly at her incomparable pies, though I doubt even yet that my look could have been called a leer. I should say that a liquid glance would have been the more fitting description."

Without deigning me a reply my friend entered our tent, emerged presently with what I saw were some flasks of the little wonder potion, together with some vials of the rare essence, and crossed briskly to our neighbor's domain, where, after presenting her his gifts with a courtly sweep of his hat, he engaged her in a long and earnest conversation, during which they both from time to time would glance back at me. Once I saw Sooner tap the side of his forehead with his finger tips and observed the lady nod as if understanding the pantomime, as of course she would, for I had already taken the pains to let her know that my friend considered me a rather unusual bonehead. A moment later I was beckoned to join them.

"It's all fixed, old pal," said Sooner, while the lady nodded cordially. "You are to hole up over there in the tent and she will look after you. I have explained to her that my professional duties call me to a distant part of the state and that it may be some weeks before I return. I shall leave with her a sum of money ample for your chow [incidental expenses], and I trust you will give her as little trouble as possible."

"I am sure Mr. Simms will produce no annoyance," put in the good soul. "He is very select in his conversation and I consider him an improving example for the children."

"Oh, he's no rowdy," replied Sooner in a laughing manner. "I've never known him to bite a child."

In the presence of a lady I did not altogether relish this crude chaffing, so I retorted with rather an acid sarcasm, "I trust I have at least the instincts of a sap, and I dare say, even after your watchful care is withdrawn, I shall be able to conduct myself as one."

Sooner seemed about to guffaw again at his own poor jest, but decided, apparently, that I would tolerate no more of his humor in another's presence, for he suppressed his coarse mirth and replied, "There, there, Al, you must overlook the rough speech of an old army officer. I am certain you will conduct yourself as a perfect sap under any and all circumstances, and I am sure this lady has the same confidence in you. And now, madam"—he turned from me to her—"I trust that all is understood. From time to time I shall write to this shrimp [business associate] giving news of my travels. And there will be addresses at which he can reach me should it become necessary for him to move on—though Pete knows I hope it won't. I should like to think he wasn't going to step outside that gate till I get back."

With these words we returned to our own tent, where Sooner now completed his preparations for leaving with my substitute. The latter had been posturing and parading in his blanket and making crude attempts to comport himself as a true aboriginal. Curiously enough the costume had seemed to bring out all the man's latent egotism, which, I guessed, was ordinarily but moderate. Already, indeed, he rather keenly fancied himself in the new rôle. Posing in a laughable attempt at dignity before his employer, he gruffly uttered the words, "Ugh, ugh! Me heap big chief—drink much firewater!" receiving instantly the rebuke his vanity deserved.

"Listen, Chief Horsehair," said Sooner, "snap out of that firewater stuff. If it was raining firewater you wouldn't get as much as you could catch on a fork. Understand that—not while you're in my pay."

"Oh, very well, cull [sir]!" replied the fellow, though sullenly, I thought. As for his attempt at the Indian speech, I was positive it would never be more than slightly gazukas. On this account—for it would mean that our business would suffer by reason of another taking my rôle—and because I must part from one for whom I felt a warm regard, I was much cast down, though resolving to conceal this from Sooner, and present a cheerful face at his going.

When at last he had taken his seat in the car I half jokingly addressed him in the agricultural patois he had taught me: "Sooner, be heck and gosh, me heap big swan, and the crops hereabouts are thriving magnificently. I shall remember all your directions and hope to see you at an early day, by jabbers!" And on this I warmly wrung the good fellow's hand.

"Murder!" was his only response, and once again he warned me, "Don't you dare set foot outside that gate or I'll have the law on you." With this he drove off, his so-called Indian bridling with complacency as they went.

I turned and saw that our neighbor had drawn near and had also waved a cordial farewell to my partner.

"Your friend has an awfully magnetic personality," she said. "I do hope we have not seen the last of him."

"He is a diamond in the rough, madam," I replied—"one of Nature's true bums with a heart of gold; ungrammatical at times, yet always finely the sap."

But not until I retired to my gypsy couch that night did I suffer a full realization of my loss. I saw that I had come to rely on Sooner Jackson in perhaps too many ways. During our enforced separation, therefore, I must burnish my self-reliance, cultivate the initiative. I had powers of my own, I was glad to believe, which my friend had not suspected. From his own assumed dominance he had been too ready to consider me helpless in this wild life.

I thought, too, of Fargus Jessup with his whimsical picture of me as a toy balloon tugging at its string. How impressed—perhaps envious—the good chap would be were he now aware that the string had indeed been broken after repeated tugging—and that what had been revealed was truly a bell sounding a brazen clangor!

XI

I STILL regard the days that followed as the best of my voluntary exile. They soothed me with a placid, well-ordered charm that I never fail to remember almost yearningly. My friend Sooner, I knew, had a genuine liking for me, yet often I could not help being aware that he enjoyed himself at my expense in some hidden manner, and as a rule he did not accord my opinions in practical matters the respect I felt they deserved. The result had been to render me actually timorous in his presence on many occasions when I should have done better to assert myself.

(Continued on Page 183)

"I Married While Yet in My Teens, a Schoolgirl Romance That Lasted Till the Next Day, When I Got Kicked by a Cow I Was Milking"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1924

Side-Stepping as a Pastime

ONLY rare wisdom or great good fortune will enable this country to avoid in the not distant future another major issue of dimensions comparable with states' rights, slavery and participation in foreign affairs. At least it may be said that restlessness because of high taxes cannot continue to grow apace alongside of an increasing demand for improved roads, new schools and welfare institutions, unless a real measure of competency and economy is introduced into public expenditures.

Nowhere has this subject been discussed more vigorously than in a recent address by former Governor Lowden, of Illinois. When he became governor in January, 1917, there were something more than one hundred and twenty-five independent and unrelated agencies of the state government, sometimes composed of boards, sometimes of commissions and sometimes of individual officials. There were overlapping of work, competition in purchasing, needless expense and reduced efficiency. In theory these various offices were supervised by the governor, but in fact it was impossible for him to exercise any adequate supervision. They were scattered over the state, frequent personal contact with them was out of the question, and in the words of the supposed head himself, "For all practical purposes, the state government was without an actual head."

More or less similar conditions have existed or still exist in several other states, and perhaps to an even more marked or at least more conspicuous degree still characterize the Federal Government. Both in the case of the Federal Government and in several of the states intelligent efforts are being made toward relieving these conditions. Perhaps such efforts have not received the attention which they deserve. The taxpayer complains, but he rarely insists upon getting his money's worth. But public indifference is not the only trouble. If there is lack of competency and economy in public expenditures, the cause is a combination of indifference with a readiness to pass new laws. As Governor Lowden said:

"When the state or nation decided to take on a new function, instead of fitting it into some agency of government already established it usually created an entirely new body. Sometimes it was an official, oftener it was a board or commission. The commission came to be a very popular form. It provided good places for aspirants to office, and being a law unto itself, the members could attend to their private affairs and give one or two days a month—usually about the time the pay rolls were made up—to the public service. There is nothing more difficult in government than to get rid of a lucrative office once established.

"One consequence of this haphazard method, or lack of method, of government has been lack of law enforcement. Something went wrong, or seemed to go wrong, and a law was enacted, and there the matter rested, as though the law were an end in itself. We were confronted with a problem requiring solution, and then the legislature passed the problem on to a commission and felicitated itself that it had solved the problem.

"It is a grievous error to enact a law and then to disregard it. Even the best law badly administered is worse than none, for ours is a government of law. In America the sovereign power resides in the people, but the people speak only through the law. Whenever therefore law is disregarded the sovereignty of the people is insulted, and no sovereign power, whether it be demos or king, can long rule unless it has the vigor and the will to vindicate itself."

Competency and economy in public expenditures will be furthered by intelligent reorganization of government departments, by progress in budgetary control, by standardized and centralized purchasing, and by rigorous insistence upon economy on the part of courageous Presidents and governors. But all these measures are feeble instruments for the public weal if the citizens' interest in government remains of the pass-the-buck variety.

The passage of new laws and the erection of boards and commissions have been to no small degree the mere expression of ephemeral prejudices and impatience. Above all, they have furnished a colossal exhibition in carelessness. Only one dam seems to exist against the flood—the United States Supreme Court. That body alone is unable, by the very terms of its being, to pass the buck. Otherwise there appears to be a unanimous carelessness in the creation of new laws and an equally joyous agreement in passing them on to someone else to make workable. It is a poor atmosphere in which to expect economy.

Schoolhouses and School-Teachers

PUBLIC education in the United States is so widespread and is of such a high character that we are inclined to take a sort of rueful pride in the inflated tax bills that indicate what gigantic sums we are spending for school purposes.

Pride in our common schools is amply justified and our liberality in supporting them as we do is to our everlasting credit. There is no reason, however, why we should not occasionally take account of stock in order to see if our efforts along educational lines are proceeding in the right direction and to ascertain whether the results we are getting are in proportion to our outlay. We do not believe that our public-school system as a whole is open to many grave indictments; and yet we are not at all sure that it might not be materially improved and that we might not in the long run get a great deal more for our money than we are getting today. There is no field in which it is easier to make mistakes than in that of education, and perhaps the wonder is that we have made so few errors rather than so many. There are two respects in which there can be but little doubt that we have gone wrong. One is in the matter of schoolhouses. The other concerns the training and selection of teachers.

We sometimes forget that the one essential purpose of a school building is to protect teachers and pupils from wind, sun and weather; to house them warmly, under sanitary conditions, in a well-lighted, well-ventilated fireproof structure. Such would appear to be the golden mean which those responsible for our children's welfare should keep continually in mind. And yet we know as a matter of observation that vast numbers of schoolhouses miss this fair target by a very wide margin. In some regions the commonest type of public schoolhouse is an antiquated fire trap, dark, gloomy, insanitary and totally unfitted for occupancy by growing children. In the next county the newer schoolhouses may be so palatial, so cumbered with nonessential rooms, fittings and apparatus that only occasional glimpses of rows of uniform seats and desks destroy the impression that we are not in a school, but in a club, a hospital, a sanitarium or a light manufacturing plant.

Where our children are concerned the best is not too good; but there is always the danger that when showy frills are played up too expensively some of the less obvious essentials are being overlooked and neglected. This is precisely what is happening today. Our tendency, when we think about schoolhouses at all, is to think of them in such grandiose terms that we forget about the teachers to whom we must look to endow them with whatever vitality and utility to the community they are to possess. The school building itself is not and cannot be a generative or a constructive force. Such powers may reside in men and women, but not in bricks and mortar. Is there not, then, something of the tragic in the spectacle of a beautiful modern schoolhouse planned and constructed without thought of expense, but manned by underpaid, undertrained teachers? Such sights are not uncommon.

Only to a very limited degree are we prepared to cast blame upon ill-equipped teachers. They are part of a system that is older and stronger than themselves, and if their education is defective it is more likely to be their misfortune than their fault. In many instances the struggle for existence has pressed hard upon them. Often circumstances have made it necessary for them to become self-supporting at as early an age as possible, even though it involved the assumption of duties for which they were clearly unfitted. Thousands of such teachers are keenly aware of their own shortcomings and are making creditable sacrifices to remedy them by attendance at summer schools and by voluntarily taking special courses that will be of value to them in their work. Such are the considerations that lead us to believe that we might get more for our outlay if we spent less on schoolhouses and more on teachers.

In some quarters our conclusions are likely to be attacked on the ground that they are based upon false premises. We shall perhaps be asked what right we have to assume that any teachers in the world are better equipped or more thoroughly trained than American teachers. We should answer this very proper inquiry by saying that so far as we know educators are almost unanimously agreed that, age for age, French and English children are much further advanced in their studies than are our own. There are only three ways to account for the superior proficiency of European children: First, age for age, they are brighter than American children and have more vigorous minds; second, foreign methods of instruction are sounder and more effectual than our own; third, school-teachers in France and England are more highly educated and are more thoroughly equipped for their work than they are in the United States.

If the first of these suppositions be rejected—as no doubt it will be—we must fall back upon the second or the third, or upon a combination of the two, in order to explain the facts as we find them. Examination of the conditions under which teachers in France and England are prepared for their lifework, the difficulty of the advanced courses they must take, the severity of the tests they must pass and consideration of the rigorous methods that they in turn employ with their pupils, all tend to acquit the American youngster of mental inferiority.

Every ambitious teacher would be glad to see European training methods and standards more extensively adopted on this side of the water; for though they would be found more exacting than those now commonly in vogue, they would prove their worth by bringing correspondingly greater results; and results are the one great and satisfying reward the teacher has to show for her labor.

We cannot help feeling that, in many states, our school authorities have been somewhat remiss in not profiting more largely by a careful study of French and British methods. Conditions in this country are so different, and centralized control of educational matters is so slight, that it would not be practicable to install a system of public instruction closely resembling a European model; nor would it be desirable, even if it were possible. It is equally true that our teachers can be held up to much higher standards just as soon as we make it reasonably possible for them to qualify for those standards. If we take care of the teachers the schools will take care of themselves.

HOW ABOUT THE COLLEGE?

Is it Necessary to a Young Man's Future?—By Edward W. Bok

I am not half as much interested whether a man has been through college as I am if the college has been through him!—DOCTOR CHAPIN.

THE school plays a small part in the lives of some men. It did in mine. The first few years of schooling were spent in learning the English language, which I could neither read, write, speak nor understand, and just about the time that I began to master the rudiments, I left school to earn my living. Quite likely some evidence of this lack of schooling led the editor of Yale's undergraduate weekly to ask me politely: "Would you have accomplished more if a collegiate education had been yours?"

Questions That Cannot be Answered

THIS young editor showed in his question a true aptitude for accepted journalism. For second only to that most fascinating of all topics which we always have with us, "Is marriage a failure?" there is no question that is quite so alluring to the editor who has run out of ideas for his paper as that which asks whether a college career is something to covet or to be thankful for having escaped. It is a favorite indoor game for editors to call special writers to them, instruct them to go through Who's Who and find out how many of our successful men and women went to college and how many did not. Then, with a tremendous flare of type, we are treated to a full-page Sunday special in which it is seriously and significantly shown that a certain percentage never attended college and another percentage did. It makes a formidable list, both sides; it takes a full newspaper page to print the two lists—and nothing is settled. The amusing part is that almost all writers reach differing percentages of goats and sheep from exactly the same material, which perhaps is really essential, so that the last article may be different from its predecessor of a month before in some other paper.

The reader of this will say: "Then why write further of the subject?" True. Why?

Because though it is difficult to take the question seriously, since one knows in advance that it cannot be answered, the fact remains that a great deal of importance is attached to it not only by a large percentage of young men but by their parents. We must never overlook the fact that a subject which does not interest us today may be a palpitating problem for us tomorrow. You may pass over the most profound discussion of the wisdom of a college career today because your boy is just turning his first birthday. But it will not be long before the subject will fairly teem with interest to you, and then you will ask, "Why is it that the newspapers and magazines never have articles on real live subjects?"—and you will give this question, which has just dawned upon your interest, as an example. And how are you to know that the men and women in the newspaper profession who have plodded through Who's Who to get their material for an article on this subject exceed the number who have gone through the same book to find out the men who were born of poor parents in humble surroundings, and who rose from errand boy to millionaire? So the theme lives on, and so do the writers who live on these subjects, which are ever fresh and are never settled!

It is even more of a mental effort to try to settle what might have happened, when we stop to think how very difficult it is to try to fix any opinion or pass judgment on what has happened. Hence the question of "Would you have accomplished more if a collegiate education had been yours?" is more possible of answer if it is put: "Is a college education preferable?" Of course the simplest answer here is that anything calculated for our good is more desirable in its presence than in its absence. Unfortunately, however, this does not answer the question. Nor is there any other answer. For, no matter how the question is worded, it will always turn on the boy on whom the education is spent.

Memories of College Days

NOT long ago we had a deal of active discussion on the kind of boy for whom collegiate training is a liability or an asset. It was exceedingly interesting to follow, particularly as most of the discussion was by college and university presidents, who are about the last persons in the world capable of discussing it, because they invariably end exactly where they ended in the present instance.

(Continued on Page 152

Downtrodden Workers and Farmers Attending a La Follette Meeting

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Hero

SOME sing of heroes whose deeds have rocked the earth,
Giants of an elder day, men of brawn and girth;
But I sing a hero, valiant more than any older one,
A better one, a braver one, a finer and a bolder one—
The last man in the morning to leave his Pullman berth.

Past pleasant fields of waving grain, through lanes of ripened corn,
Past peaceful orchards burnished with the light of early morn,
Bathed in the golden sunlight and the radiance of day
The mighty engine rumbles on its way.
An old lady sitting
Complacently knitting,
A flapper buried deeply in the latest magazine,
An infant squealing
At his sister peeling
The skin from a banana, from a yellow, ripe banana,
Adds a touch of animation to the scene.
The ebon-skinned porter
In spotless jacket
Scents an extra quarter
As he lifts a shoe to black it,
As he puts it on his bracket and he hums a chanson gay,
While the mighty engine rumbles on its way.
Then beneath the last remaining drapery of green
A strangely odd protuberance is gradually seen.
It undulates and bulges in a most amazing style
To the evident amusement of the flapper 'cross the aisle.
It undulates and bulges as the Pullman sways and rocks.
Then from out the verdant curtain peeps a modest pair of socks.
From beneath the swaying curtain,
Shyly, diffident, uncertain,
Peeps a coy and unobtrusive pair of socks—
Purple hosiery embroidered o'er with clocks.
Then with lithe and agile motion drops our hero to the floor,
Snatching up a pair of shoes that he had left the night before.
And though far from being craven,
On his countenance unshaven
Deep embarrassment is graven as he plunges toward the door.
For his shirt tails flutter gayly,
And disheveled is his hair,
And he lacks those things that daily
Most men usually wear.
In his hand he grasps a collar,
And a toothbrush and a comb,
And it's safe to bet a dollar
That he wishes he were home,
As he dashes, swaying, reeling,
Past the infant loudly squealing,
And the little maiden, peeling;
Past the kind old lady silting
There industriously knitting,
While the silly little flapper shakes with mirth
At the last man rising from his Pullman berth.

—Newman Levy.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Nine! And Every Last One of 'Em Cursed With My Fatal Beauty!"

Wallflowers

THE wallflower has always been a very hardy plant. It flourishes more abundantly in the winter than in the summer or the summer resort. It grows in chairs along the edges of big rooms.

The only blight that was known for a long time for wallflowers was matrimony. It was not a very active blight. Plenty of wallflowers never felt its effect.

Matrimony did not annihilate the wallflower, but merely removed it from the wall to other surroundings where we hope it harmonized better with its surroundings. A real hardened wallflower never sank into the landscape worth a cent. She usually dressed as if she was afraid nobody would notice her.

There never were any masculine wallflowers. Scientists were much disturbed by this until it was discovered that the men go outside and smoke. The increasing vogue of the cigarette makes it reasonably clear that we shall soon see the total disappearance of the wallflower. —ALMA SICKLER.

The Technical Flaw

NOW this is the tale of The State versus Yipe:
Five witnesses swore that they witnessed the swipe
Defendant bestowed with a piece of gaspipe.

Five eminent doctors examined the victim,
Diagraming the spot where the murderer nicked him.
The facts were conclusive; this roughneck ferocious
Was certainly guilty of murder atrocious.

"A moment, your honor!" And counsel for Yipe—
A wily young shyster named Henry L. Tripe—
Dived into a sea of profound phraseology,
Deep down in the midst of the law physiology,

And after a time in the darkness beneath,
Came up with a Technical Flaw in his teeth.

A most interesting affair is the Law;
Even Yipe was forgotten, the moment they saw
The hoofs and the horns of the Technical Flaw.

Is the prisoner guilty of murder or not?
That question no longer appears in the plot;
It is blown out of sight in a tempest oracular,
And drowned in an ocean of legal vernacular.

Now the point that engrosses the legal attention
Is found in the seed of the counsel's contention,
To wit: The complaint is defective! It states
(Page ninety-two hundred), on such and such dates

Defendant ate garlic and cheese and bologny,
When Whiffet and Purp, in their sworn testimony—

(Continued on Page 81)

DRAWN BY WALTER DE MAIS

"See Here, Ethel; I'm Your Father!"
"Goodness, Pa; Nobody'd Ever Think It to Look at You"

The Humorist's Dream—
The Editor Laughs His Head Off

Why everybody is asking for this Vegetable Soup!

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

Its popularity is sweeping the country.

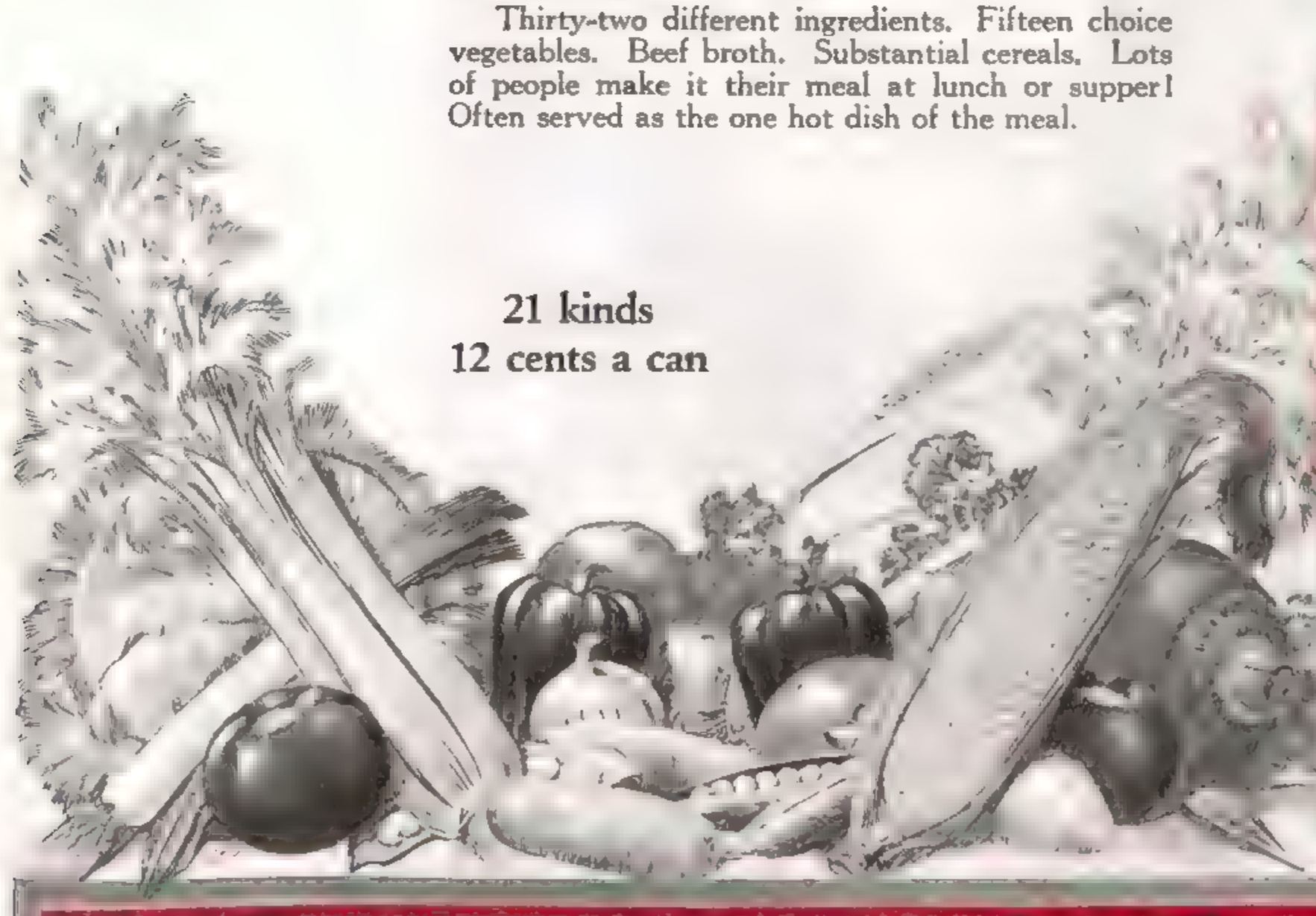
How eager women have become to serve it on their tables! In thousands of homes where vegetable soup used to be served only occasionally, it is now eaten frequently—and thoroughly enjoyed—one of the regular family dishes.

The reason is Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's so delicious and tempting and nourishing—such good food, such hearty food. No trouble—ready for your table in an instant!

Thirty-two different ingredients. Fifteen choice vegetables. Beef broth. Substantial cereals. Lots of people make it their meal at lunch or supper! Often served as the one hot dish of the meal.

We're artists on our feet,
We certainly are fleet.
In dash and speed
We always lead,
For Campbell's Soups we eat!

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

III

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

YORKE went down to Southampton the next morning and saw his relatives aboard the steamer, returning at once to London. His outlook upon life had been changed as if by magic. Five thousand guineas made all the difference in the world so far as a hazy present was concerned, to say nothing of the future. It meant that he could knock off work for a while, enjoy a real vacation and take things easy. All the way to London he employed his fancy in blissfully conjuring up ways and means to spend the five thousand in absolute idleness. It represented what he called velvet. His private means and the income from his labors were amply sufficient to keep him in comfort just around the corner from Easy Street, but not enough to admit of waste or a protracted period of idleness. Now he could gratify a dozen desires and ambitions that heretofore had been denied him; he could sit back for a while and watch the world go by—something he hadn't been able to do since he left college.

He had always longed for a full, uninterrupted, untrammeled summer of golf, with absolutely nothing on his mind but the game. Then there was that notion of his that he'd like to spend a whole winter in New York with nothing to do but go to bed when he felt like it, get up when he was tired of being in bed, lunch at the Coffee House Club or the Players, dine out, see a play, go to bed again and in course of time get up again. That was his idea of loafing de luxe. And that other dream of going off into the country and writing a novel! He did not think that writing a novel would be work!

He was within half an hour of London before the thought occurred to him that Aunt Belle perhaps was right. No doubt he ought to get married, or at least be thinking about it. He thereupon began to think about it.

Thirty-two, strong, healthy, active, and sometimes lonely; no one depending on him, out of debt, moderately well off, industrious; of good family, passably decent habits; occasionally lonely; able to earn a living, qualified to support a wife—if he had one who wasn't too extravagant—and with a fallow field of oats behind him; frequently lonely. Yes, there was something to be said for Aunt Belle's suggestion.

As the train rolled into the station he was thinking of Rosa Schmitz. But, of course, it would be absolutely impossible to find another girl as lovely as she. No use thinking about Rosa.

There was a brief note awaiting him—a brief note from Shelburne, London representative of the New York Courier-Blade, urging him to get in touch immediately with the undersigned either in person or by wire. "Very important" occupied a line all to itself just above Shelburne's signature. Mr. Yorke knew the Courier-Blade man and admired him. But with an undeposited check for five thousand guineas in his pocket and a newly formed decision in his mind to be independently rich for at least a year, he sat him down to devise a plausible excuse for rejecting any proposition Shelburne might make in case it represented work. He certainly was not going to work. That was official. Not with five thousand in his pocket, not much. A momentary suspicion that the check might not be honored, or that the bank might have failed, was readily dissipated. He would tell Shelburne that his health wasn't what it ought to be—touch of jungle fever. You can fool anybody when you spring jungle fever on him; even the doctors. He would have put off telegraphing until he was sure Shelburne had gone home, had he not remembered in time that there was to be a notable boxing match that night and that the newspaper man had planned to take him to the first good one that came along. So he called up the Courier-Blade's office on the telephone and asked for the chief.

"Anything on for tonight?" inquired Shelburne, the instant he was put through.

This sounded auspicious, even promising. It certainly did not sound like the prelude to an invitation to work.

"Not a thing, old man," was the prompt reply. "What's on your mind?"

"Come along and have dinner with me at the Cradle and the Grave. Seven-thirty. Been trying to reach you all afternoon. Got something to talk over with you. Very important. Big idea."

"I was thinking of getting to bed early. Fact is I'm rather seedy. Not at all up to the mark for the past week or "

"I shan't keep you from going to bed. Rush cable from New York this noon. Imperative, must see you," urged Shelburne, with telegraphic brevity.

"I was thinking of going to the prize fight at "

"We'll go together. Seven-thirty sharp, at the Cradle. Don't fail. Something big, Yorke. Just in your line. So long."

Something big, thought Pendennis grumpily, all the time he was dressing. That meant a job, nothing less. Well, he'd soon fix that. Simplest thing in the world to say no, he didn't care to tackle anything at present. No, nothing could tempt him. Very flattering to be sure, but he couldn't consider it even if he were allowed to name his own price. Money isn't everything, you know. Thanks, but count me out on this. Such were his reflections as he set forth to join Shelburne at the Cradle and the Grave. Nevertheless, he was curious. What could this thing be that was just in his line? Must be something big and urgent to call for a cablegram from New York. Must be something out of the ordinary. Witness Shelburne's eagerness to get in touch with him. That alone was enough to excite his curiosity. Never before had he known an editor so far to forget himself as to seem eager about anything.

Shelburne was not long in coming to the point. They had barely seated themselves at a table when he drew a cablegram from his pocket and passed it over to Yorke.

"Read for yourself, old man," he said. "Nothing up my sleeve. Cards on the table. You see what the Old Man says. 'Let him name his own terms'! He's keen on this thing or he wouldn't be shooting a cablegram like that over here. Damn the expense, he must have said, when he dictated a message as long as that. He makes it very clear, doesn't he, as to what he wants? That's the Old Man all over."

Yorke read.

Popular demand for full, comprehensive, authoritative series of articles on Graustark. Am convinced if properly handled it would be of tremendous interest. Must be exhaustive treatment of conditions before, during and after war, with as much personal observative interest as obtainable. Spare no expense in matter and do not delay. Secure Yorke for purpose. Make it worth his while. In order to secure Yorke let him name his own terms if necessary. Put every facility at his command. Impress upon him necessity for quick action. What we want is story of Graustark's activities in war and consequences of same. Full details as to fate of royal family and present condition of same. Prefer accounts of individual members of court. Economic conditions, political situation and interesting side lights. Imperative should have some of Yorke's untheoretical turn of mind on job. Man with vision and imagination, and yet to be depended upon for accuracy. Impress importance of keeping project as secret as possible. If Yorke is not in London, trace him down and present proposition. Wire result at once.

What neither of them suspected was that this cablegram was written in a New York club under the arbitrary supervision of five or six gentlemen who knew what they wanted.

Yorke folded the message and handed it back to Shelburne, who restored it to his pocket. Both selected what

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Here Was the Perfection of Full Blown, Glorious Womanhood; There, Far Back in His Memory, the Vision of a Slim, Haggard Young Girl Whose Eyes Were as Blue as These, and Far More Wistful

Keep them fresh and odorless!
—with Sunbrite, the *"double action"* cleanser

It not only scours off the stains but also sweetens and purifies

The first essential for delicious tea or coffee? Every good cook knows—a sweet, fresh pot for making it!

Soap and water and sun used to be the tedious steps necessary for real cleanliness—and even then stale odors and flavors would creep in. But now in one simple cleansing process you can keep your coffee and tea pots and all your cooking utensils not only stainless and shining but absolutely sweet and fresh and odorless!

Sunbrite does it with its *double action* power to sweeten and purify as it scours and cleans. For this cleanser contains an element which destroys all taint of stale odors and flavors. It scours thoroughly, of course, yet it does not mar by scratching and it will not hurt the hands.

"But *double action* must cost more," you think. No—price is another of **Sunbrite's** unusual advantages. For it is not a high priced cleanser; in fact, it costs a third less than you often pay for a cleanser. And to every can is attached a United Profit Sharing Coupon!

No more stale, strong odors in your kitchen utensils or about the bathroom fixtures! With the same efforts you use to clean and scour, now sweeten and purify, in addition—with **Sunbrite,** the "*double action*" cleanser.

Swift & Company

Double action
yet costs less

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they desired from the tray of hors d'œuvres presented—and impartially recommended—by the waiter, who saw that they were Americans. As the man wriggled off among the tables, the editor spoke, and there was genuine envy in his voice.

"You lucky dog!"

Pendennis Yorke looked at him in mild astonishment.

"Oh, is that the way I should feel about it?"

"Well, don't you?"

"I'm not so sure that I do," was the other's reply.

"Good Lord! I call it the greatest compliment a fellow could have, coming from the Old Man himself and ——"

"It is a compliment, Shelburne—a great compliment. I certainly appreciate it."

"Can you start at once?"

Yorke leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"By George, you do jump to conclusions, don't you? I haven't even said I'd start at all."

Shelburne stared.

"You—you don't mean to say you're going to turn it down, Yorke?" he gasped.

"I shall have to think it over."

"Well, I'm damned!"

"Surprised you, eh? Thought I'd jump at it?"

"I sure did. See here, didn't you get that little line—'name his own terms'? Well, holy smokes! What more do you want?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow afternoon, Shelburne."

"Tomorrow aft—— Come now, Yorke! A chance like this doesn't come in a ——"

"Tomorrow afternoon," repeated Yorke firmly.

"What's the matter with tomorrow morning?" demanded the incredulous Shelburne.

His companion indulged in a slow grin. Then, affecting a bored manner, he announced, "I'm going to sleep till noon tomorrow, that's what's the matter."

"But, good Lord, tomorrow isn't Sunday!"

"You'd sleep for a week, Shelburne, if you were in my boots."

Acting on a sudden impulse, he produced his bill fold and calmly, deliberately extracted the check, which he handed to Shelburne.

"I guess you'd sleep well if you had that in your jeans."

Shelburne blinked.

"Sleep well? Man, I'd never wake up!"

"Well, now you cable your Old Man that the renowned Mr. Yorke is considering his proposition and promises to set his alarm clock for twelve o'clock sharp, noon, tomorrow, London time. I'll give you a ring at one o'clock I admit the thing appeals to me. There's a good story in it. And besides, I've always wanted to go to Graustark. . . . Your soup is getting cold, old chap.'

The next afternoon at one Shelburne took down the receiver.

"That you, Mr. Shelburne? Yorke speaking. I have decided to go to Graustark."

"Good!" was Shelburne's laconic response. "I thought you would."

"I'll be in to see you as soon as I've been to the bank."

"Righto! By the way, I trust you slept well last night and this morning"—sarcastically

"I didn't sleep a darned wink"—cheerfully.

Three days later Pendennis Yorke was on his way to Graustark. Every known convenience had been placed at his command by the powerful newspaper, whose influence was not to be denied and whose ramifications reached to the farthermost ends of the earth. As the accredited representative of a great American newspaper, he was assured of privileges and courtesies that would have been most grudgingly extended to any European employed in a similar undertaking. Not only was he a citizen of that most envied, and at the same time most despised of all countries, but he was plentifully supplied with American gold, or its equivalent.

"A dollar bill," Shelburne had said, "is really the only passport you need over in that part of Europe. I've got it figured out, Yorke. If you were to estimate the cost of a trip around the world in marks or kronen or rubles, you could circumnavigate the globe twenty times on a silver dollar and take a side trip to the moon besides."

Yorke traveled light. Experience had taught him that one can jump quicker and farther and land nearer the right spot if he keeps his weight down—and by weight he meant luggage. He had once declared that he could go around the world with a kit bag as his sole piece of luggage and be as immaculate at the end of the journey as at the start. For the present journey, however, he was supported by two kit bags—one brand new—a hatbox, a dressing case—very old and disgracefully marred—a collapsible typewriter and his dauntless camera. The extra bag and the hatbox were concessions to chance; he might be invited to dine at the royal palace! Stranger things than that had happened to him. For example, his marriage to Rosa Schmitz. That event most certainly called for a frock coat and a silk hat—and he had had absolutely nothing to wear! Unless you would call a frayed and battered golf suit with army-blue stockings something to wear at one's wedding, to say nothing of a cap that had lost some of its youth and all of its pride when he was still in college. On the other hand, it was true that on at least one occasion he had been vulgarly overdressed; an imperial wedding in Central Africa, when the king, his twenty-odd brides and all his subjects were so simply arrayed that a single cake of soap would have sufficed to disrobe the entire tribe if applied vigorously and individually.

He carried, besides his passports and credentials, a number of letters to prominent personages in Edelweiss, the capital of Graustark. These letters had been procured for him by the energetic and persistent Shelburne, who believed in the principle of asking for what you want and if you can't get it in one way, try another.

It was no easy matter to get into Graustark. The little principality, beset on all sides by rapacious and more or less irresponsible neighbors, had been compelled to adopt strict and, on the whole, drastic regulations governing the admittance of aliens within her borders. Situated as she was in a great bowl surrounded by impassable barrier mountains, she was in a position to enforce these regulations, with the result that only those who came with proper credentials and could offer satisfactory reasons for their presence in the country were permitted to enter. Entrance to the fertile rock-bound valley was to be gained only by means of the jealously guarded mountain passes. These portals were in charge of the military branch of the government, and though a hostile army could have forced them if attacking in considerable strength, it was next to impossible for anyone to pass in time of peace except by permission of the customs officials. Woe betide the adventurer who sought to enter by stealth or the smuggler who dreamed that craft would enable him to cross the border with his contrabrand wares.

Yorke had soon discovered that but little information was to be gleaned in London official or diplomatic circles concerning Graustark. It was known, of course, that she had cast her lot with Serbia and Russia at the outbreak of the Great War, and it was also known that her territory had not been invaded by the enemy. This was due to the fact that she was out of the direct path of Mackensen's armies and to the additional fact that her conquest and occupation would have had no strategic value in the general plan of the Teutonic high command. Her puny

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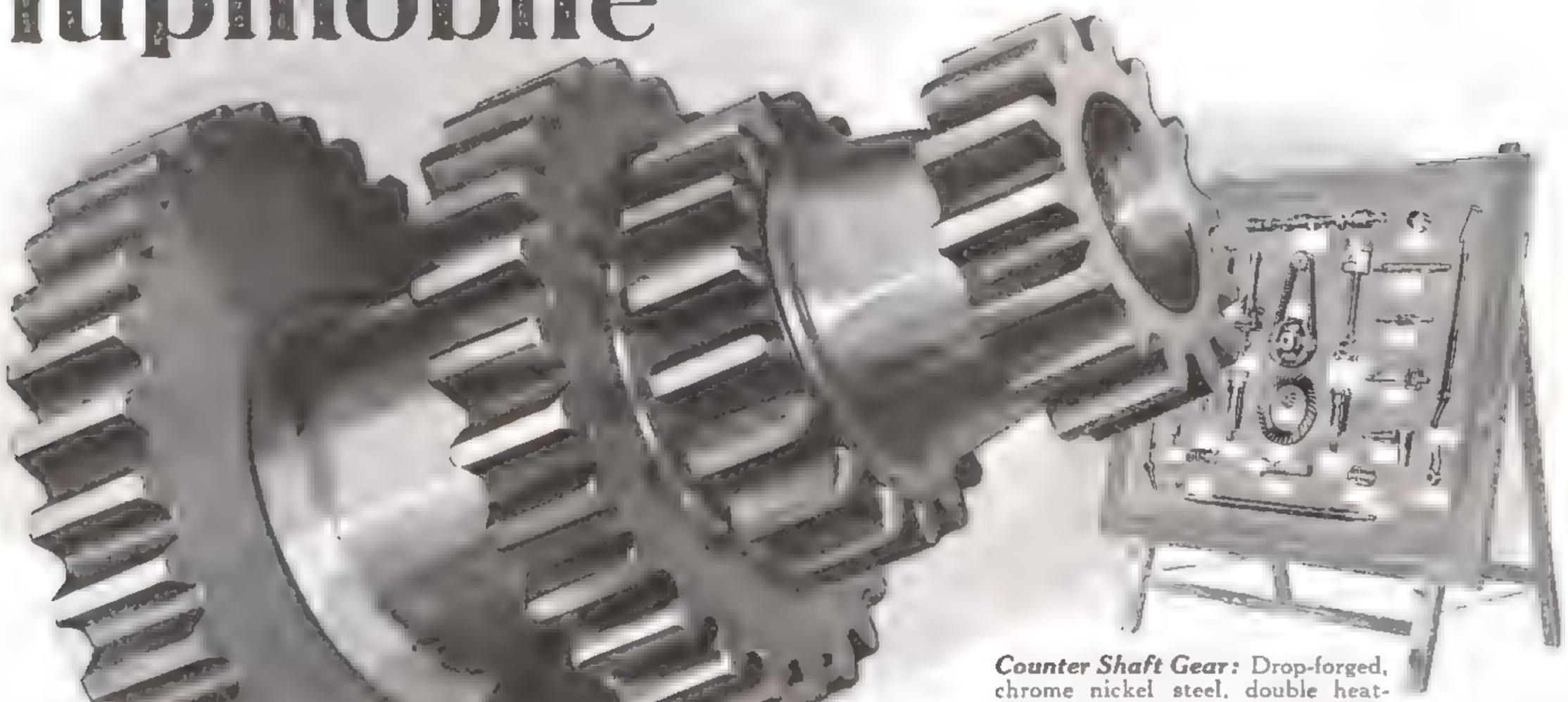
"Yes," She Said as He Hesitated. "The Dark, Rather Unpleasant-Looking Man. Well, He is the Heir Apparent to the Throne of Axphain, Prince Hubert"

Hupmobile



Counter Shaft Gear: Drop-forged, chrome nickel steel, double heat-treated. Not only is the construction unusually heavy, but the gear is mounted on two special roller bearings. This practice—contrary to the cheaper practice of using simply a case-hardened gear of low-carbon steel and mounting it on plain bushings—eliminates the trouble and cost of replacement so common with the other design.

Invisible Car-Costs Mean Low Owner-Costs

Comparisons are not always odious. Often they are very illuminating and provide a just and sensible way to make a discriminating and economical purchase.

That is one of the reasons why the Hupmobile mechanical parts display is proving such a valuable guide to buyers.

Facts That Turn Spotlight on all Cars

Step into your nearest Hupmobile salesroom. Instead of hearing glittering generalities about values, and reassuring words about quality, you'll find spread before your eyes the naked facts—

Hupmobile parts, themselves, vital information about Hupmobile engineering, construction, material and workmanship.

In studying these facts you get many revealing side lights on all cars, whether priced above or below Hupmobile.

If you don't know the difference between a piston pin and a cotter pin, these simple lessons in the why and wherefore of invisible costs are meant especially for you. No mechanical knowledge whatsoever is needed to understand them.

Then when you go shopping for an automobile you will know some of the reasons why one car costs more than another—and why one car is necessarily better than another.

When you have finished studying a Hupmobile parts display you will have a new understanding of Hupp quality—that quality which is a guarantee of untroubled motoring, of longer life, of lower operating and maintenance costs.

Knowing What Your Money Will Bring

You will know that if you pay less you cannot reasonably expect the same high quality and the same economical service—that in many instances you will not get such quality and service even by paying more.

In other words, you will realize, as you have never realized before, that from the owner's standpoint, invisible costs mean low costs and complete satisfaction.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

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but valiant army was not feared by the Austrian and German hordes that fought back the Muscovites in the early stages of the war, nor was it even considered dangerous by the armies that swept on to Bukharest in the successful campaign against Rumania.

It was of record that Graustarkian troops, together with the friendly armies of Axphain and Dawsbergen, adjoining principalities, had participated in several major engagements as part of the great Russian Army under the command of Grand Duke Nicholas. Moreover, there was mention in dispatches—brief, it is true—from the Eastern front, of a Graustarkian force holding an important bridgehead until strong Muscovite reënforcements came up to drive the Hungarians back. Except for such meager reports as these, Graustark's activities in the war were unheralded in Great Britain. Close and careful study of reports from the Russian front revealed the fact that in every one of the operations mentioned Graustark troops were commanded by His Serene Highness Prince Robin, ruler of the little land on the edge of the Occident.

The veil of obscurity descended upon Graustark and its neighbors with the collapse of Russia and the fall of Rumania. They had been mere specks to begin with; the world easily lost sight of them in the dust raised by the crash of Russia. It is even probable that Graustark and her inconspicuous allies came in for a share of the scorn and abuse that was heaped upon the faithless Russians, although no mention of them was to be found in the press at the time or afterward. They merely dropped out of notice. The world was not interested in trifles. If the world gave them a thought at all, it was to wonder hazily whether they were red or white. Had the red tiger gobbled them up?

The British Foreign Office managed to clear up a little of the fog just before Yorke left London. They came forward with the information that the former principality of Axphain, immediately north of Graustark, had established a soviet government after overthrowing the thousand-year-old Bolaroz dynasty. There had been at least two abortive attempts on the part of the monarchists to restore the crown, and there were even now rumors of an impending movement to overthrow the communists.

Axphain apparently had succumbed to the influence of Ukraine, whose able emissaries and propagandists had swooped out of the northeast to foster discontent and revolution among the people. Graustark and Dawsbergen, so far as known, had maintained their integrity and were now supposed to be independent units in the newly created confederacy of Czecho-Slovakia, although Yorke was obliged to accept as a basis for this surmise conditions as they had existed at least two years in the past. He had studied maps and Continental time-tables for the better part of a night, devising the most direct and the least arduous route to Edelweiss. The tail end of a severe winter in the upper reaches of the Balkans had greatly impaired the facilities for railway travel. There were but three trains a week from Vienna to Klodso, where passengers changed to a slow, uncertain train that transported them to a division point some sixty miles from the Graustark frontier. Here they took the branch line running direct to the border town of Selnak.

Yorke was considerably dismayed by the prospect ahead. It was certain that there would be many discomforts and, even worse, many delays. Nevertheless, he started off from London with a stout heart and a bland faith in the luck that had seldom failed him. He was a light-hearted chap, this Pendennis Yorke; cheerfulness had paid his way on many a weary road.

This was February. He gave himself two months at the outside to complete the task he had set unto himself. The first of May would see him back in London. As he sped down to Dover on this raw, bleak day, it was very pleasant to sink back in his seat and ruminate over future comforts to be derived from the untouched balance of five thousand guineas he had in bank, and more than once he chuckled over the astonishment of the teller who took in his check for deposit. It had been quite a shock to the poor fellow.

But his calculations were wrong. The first of May was not to see him back in London. Indeed, as it turned out, the first of May was to find him in grave doubt as to whether he would ever be in London again.

The cherished though much bethumbed picture of Rosa Schmitz on her wedding day accompanied him on the journey. The custom that tailors have of putting the pocket on the inner right side of a coat instead of the left was all that saved Rosa from reposing snugly against his heart during his waking hours.

The once luxurious Orient Express landed him in Vienna a few nights after his departure from London, and on the following morning he boarded the ramshackle unheated train for Klodso. This stage of the journey, he was informed by a lugubrious hopeless-eyed railway official, promised to be anything but satisfactory. In the first place it was doubtful if the train would ever get through to the end of the line at all; and in case it did, it was altogether possible that it might not accomplish the feat in one day. Frequently it took two or three. What with the dilapidated condition of the rolling stock, the wretched state of the roadbed, the shortage of fuel, the shiftlessness of crews, it was more or less certain that something would happen before the day was over; so if the gentleman would be guided by the advice of one who wished him well, although a stranger, he would remain in Vienna and not go to that God-forsaken, accursed town of Klodso. Besides, argued the forlorn official, if the gentleman didn't freeze to death on the trip he would surely starve to death when he got to Klodso. It would be much pleasanter to freeze or starve to death in Vienna, if the gentleman only knew it. A great many people were doing it, so he would not be conspicuous.

Yorke was to discover almost at the outset that the man had not drawn upon his imagination in providing him with these dolorous details. Less than twenty miles out of Vienna, the train stopped on a siding and remained there for three hours, apparently for no reason at all. At the end of that time the engine driver decided to start up again, a praiseworthy impulse that was, however, almost frustrated by the obstinacy of the locomotive, which had to be coaxed and jerked and belabored for fully half an hour before it could be induced to move. Something, it appears, had frozen up while it loitered. Yorke, the only English-speaking person on the train, said a great many things about the system that pleased his fellow passengers, notwithstanding the fact that they did not understand a word. It was the way he said them.

At last, after fourteen hours of laborious panting and puffing and creaking, the train finally groveled into the almost lightless depot in Klodso. It was after eleven o'clock. The platform was deserted save for the half dozen shivering passengers who got off, and a trainman or two. A chill, damp wind smote the tired, unhappy travelers; it came from nowhere out of the black void that seemed actually to be smothering the shadowy station.

The American, with his customary foresight, had fortified himself against emergency by purchasing a well-filled lunch basket before leaving Vienna. A couple of large vacuum bottles contained hot coffee in quantity. And yet despite these precautions he was almost famished at the journey's end, for the very good reason that he had, with true Yankee generosity, shared his provisions with the three other occupants of the carriage, a man and two women, all of whom had seen better and no doubt nobler days.

There is a fine old adage that says one good turn deserves another. It does not always work out that way, but in this instance it did. Yorke's guests at the scanty luncheon and even scantier dinner—the basket had been stocked for one hearty appetite instead of four—begged him with unintelligible earnestness to accept a lift in the dilapidated automobile that had come to the station to meet them. As there was no other vehicle in sight, and as he had not the remotest idea how to find a hotel, Yorke piled in with them, bags and all. Off they rattled over vile pavements, through dark sinister streets, coming at last to a dimly lighted plaza, on the far side of which gleamed windows of what proved to be the principal hotel in Klodso. He never knew what language it was that his new acquaintances spoke; but whatever it was, they became suddenly and almost alarmingly prodigal in the use of it. He gathered that they were saying good-by to him, and perhaps wishing him good luck. They made a vocal racket of such intensity in front of the hotel that a startled porter came out to see whether a fresh revolution had started. They had been silent and strangely aloof up to the moment of parting, and certainly there had been nothing in their deportment to prepare him for the physical demonstration of gratitude that took place in front of the hotel.

All three of them embraced him. The two women kissed him—and he wouldn't have minded that if their lips had been warm—and then the man, apparently overcome by some swift, uncontrollable impulse, also kissed him violently on both cheeks. The driver, too, was talking loudly, earnestly. For a moment Yorke feared that he was about to be favored with a kiss from this bewhiskered menial, but it blew over. He caught one phrase that was repeated over and over again, tenderly and solicitously by the women, emphatically by the men. He did not know what it was, but, he was pleased to translate it into "God bless you." Later, as he shivered in a hard little bed in an unbelievably vast and icy room, he decided that the second word was "help" instead of "bless."

The next morning he discovered that the head waiter—a one-legged chap—could speak English. He was a Hungarian who had worked for three years at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and who wished with great bitterness that he had remained in America instead of hurrying back to the fatherland only to have his leg shot off at Lemberg. From this repentant individual he ascertained that a train usually left for Selnak at ten o'clock. It would pay the gentleman, however, to inquire at the railway station before making preparations to catch that or any other train leaving Klodso. One never could tell about trains in these days. Sometimes they got stalled up or down the line and were abandoned by the crews. Anyone could see, he went on to explain, that a train could not start out from Klodso unless it first came in from somewhere else. And then there was always the chance that even though the engine was working properly, the crew wouldn't be working at all.

Besides, it was said that the tracks were not always to be depended upon because the peasants, being terribly in need of fuel, tore them up in order to use the ties for home consumption. Also, he had heard from a quite reliable source that the bridges to the north were not safe. Moreover, brigands frequently stole entire trains, passengers and all, making off with them into the hills.

"How the deuce could they make off into the hills with a railway train?" demanded the skeptical Mr. Yorke.

"It is very simple, gentleman," replied the waiter, shrugging his shoulders. "During the war the government constructed a great many little spurs for the purpose of shifting men and munitions from point to point with the least possible delay. After the war they forgot to remove them. So there you are, gentleman."

"I see," said Mr. Yorke thoughtfully. "By the way, have you ever been in Edelweiss?"

"Not since the war," replied the waiter, a frown darkening his brow. "I was there when I was a boy living in Budapest, gentleman. In those days all people from my country were welcome in Graustark. Now it is different. They do not receive us with open arms unless we come with excellent recommendations. They are very strict and very unreasonable, gentleman, at the frontier."

"With reason, perhaps," said Yorke dryly, "in view of what you tell me of the brigands on this side of the border."

The man's eyes narrowed.

"The time will surely come, gentleman, when ——"

He checked the words abruptly and moved off. Yorke observed that his hand was clenched.

IV

A GUARD on the train that afternoon threw considerable light on this cryptic, uncompleted remark. He was a grizzled old fellow who had been in the service of the Graustark State Railroad for many years. He spoke English fairly well and was not averse to a friendly chat with the young American traveler.

Yorke had been permitted to cross the frontier after a rigid but courteous examination by the customs officials at Selnak, who went to considerable pains to convince him that it was not only a private but a national joy as well to behold an American in the act of setting foot upon the soil of Graustark. The Klodso train, much to its own surprise, had started on schedule and had arrived at the Graustark frontier post almost an hour ahead of time—a feat due solely to bribery on the part of one of its passengers, who, it seems, made judicious use of a handful of silver coins, each of which bore in excellent English the talisman, "In God We Trust."

"You must remember, sir," said the guard confidentially, "that Graustark is looked upon as the land of plenty. It is not surprising that those worthless pigs down below envy and despise us. They have got their bellies full of communism and precious little else. It galls them, sir, to know that the people of Graustark subsist upon the grain, while the best they can have is the husk. I pity them. They are human beings, and they have been betrayed, deceived, defiled. They were promised Paradise and what do they get? Purgatory, sir. The red specter stalks among them, keeping them alive with promises that never can be fulfilled. And when the same red specter comes to our gates it is turned away and has to fall back among those who created it.

"So, sir, they hate us because we have kept our house in order and are content to toil for our daily bread. If they could they would break down our walls and scatter desolation among us. But we have so far succeeded in keeping them out. They have tried to seduce us, but we still retain our honor. That irks them, sir. This fellow who spoke with you in Klodso, and had an evil look in his eye, was once a decent, honest man, I have no doubt. He probably considers himself honest now. But the red specter is behind him and he does not dare look backward. Beyond these barrier mountains of ours he knows there is a land of plenty. He is hungry, so he snarls at us. It is the way with dogs, sir."

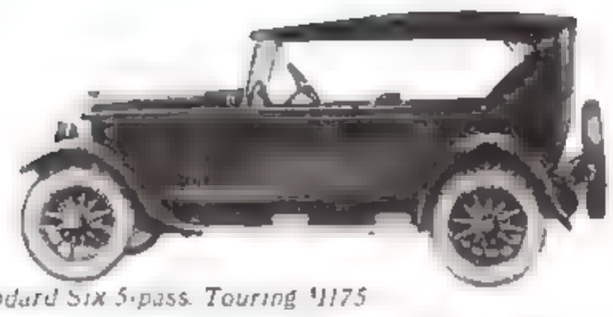
"Am I to understand that they have tried to overthrow your government?"

"Alas, not only have they tried but they are still trying. You may not know, sir, that north of us lies Axphain, once a prosperous state, but now a vast pigsty. The leading men of that unhappy land are constantly imploring Graustark and Dawsbergen to aid them in the effort to restore the old government and to crush communism. On the other hand, vicious and fanatical agents of communism steal in among our people to spread the so-called gospel of liberty and equality. They seek endlessly to corrupt our peasants, to convince them that they are oppressed by wealth, to show them how to throw off the yoke and be kings and queens instead of serfs."

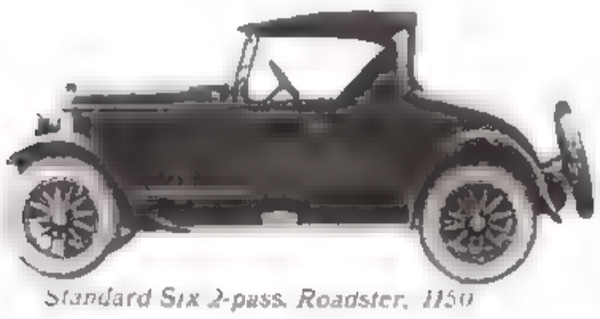
"Are they making any headway?"

The guard smiled a little grimly.

(Continued on Page 118)



Standard Six 5-pass. Touring '1175



Standard Six 2-pass. Roadster, 1150

Standard Six 2-pass. Roadster with enclosure 1190

Take Your Choice!

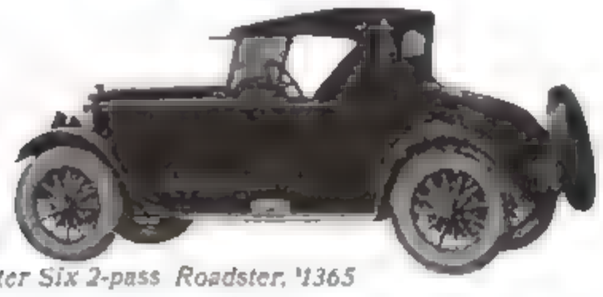
Standard Six 5-pass. Touring with enclosure, '1250

Master Six 5-pass. Touring '1395

Master Six 2-pass. Roadster (with enclosure), '1400

Master Six 7-pass Touring (with enclosure), '1700

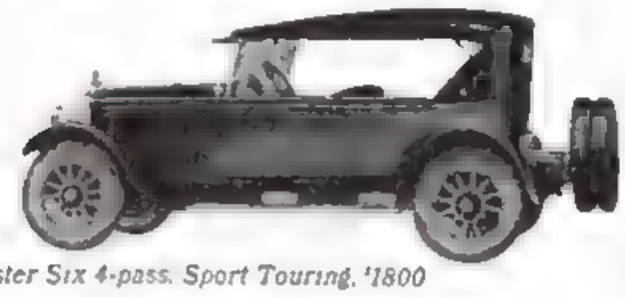
Master Six 3-pass. Sport Roadster, '1750



Master Six 2-pass. Roadster, '1365

Whatever your need may be–

Master Six 7-pass. Touring, '1625

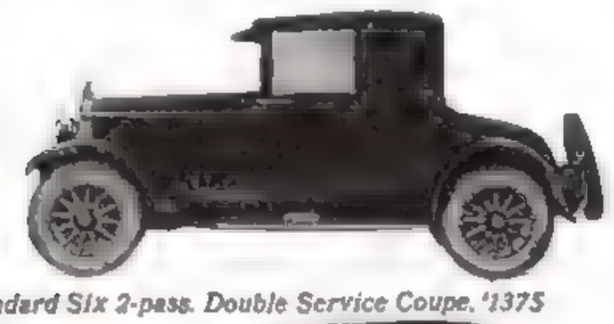


Master Six 4-pass. Sport Touring, '1800

Standard Six 5-pass. Double Service Sedan, '1475

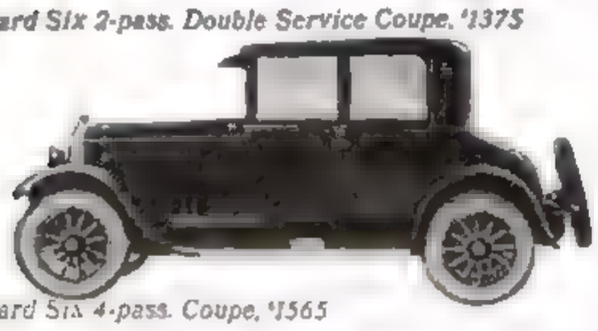
Master Six 5-pass. Touring (with enclosure), '1475

Whatever style you want –



Standard Six 2-pass. Double Service Coupe, '1375

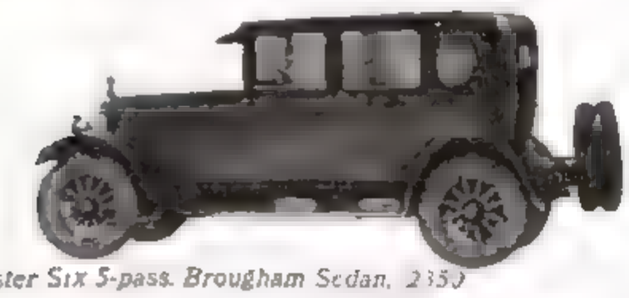
Master Six 5-pass. Sedan, '2225



Standard Six 4-pass. Coupe, '1565

Master Six 4-pass. Coupe '2125

Master Six 3-pass. Country Club Special, '2075



Master Six 5-pass. Brougham Sedan, 2350

Standard Six 5-pass. Sedan '1665

Master Six 7-pass. Sedan, '2425

There's a BUICK to satisfy you

Master Six Town Car, '2925

Master Six 7-pass. Limousine, '2525

All prices f. o. b. Buick Factories. Government Tax to be added

All BUICK Models are Equipped with Four-Wheel Brakes

Glimpses of Our Government

The Storm Center—By William C. Redfield

THERE was once a good business man—one of the best—who suggested that our Administration arrange to have an important new bill concerning foreign trade prepared and put through Congress in the final ten days of a short session. It was just such a suggestion as the business man is apt to make in perfect good faith and in equally perfect misunderstanding of pretty much all the facts there are which control legislation in Washington. Things are not done that way there, and the results would be rather sad if they were. Occasionally under special stress or amid peculiar conditions either House of Congress, particularly the Senate, acts very quickly; but such cases arise usually from well-known or widely discussed conditions which culminate suddenly. Ordinarily it takes years rather than days to secure thoughtful legislation, and except in wartime it is well this is so, although it must be confessed that the slowness of the process is sometimes exasperating.

For the particular matter of which my friend wrote me more than four years were required, or, to be exact, from March, 1914, to April, 1918. Throughout this whole period the problem which reached solution in the so-called Webb-Pomerene Act—technically the Export Trade Act—was under consideration, and during much of that time the discussion of it was active. For two special reasons we shall look at the history of this law with some care, though not at great length. One reason is that a thousand or more business concerns scattered through forty-one states are now acting under the law, and their owners and employes with their families may well number in excess of one million persons, so that the legislation is important on its economic and its human side. A second reason is that it permits showing the utter falsity of the statements too freely made that President Wilson did not wish counsel or accept advice. I purpose to stamp here and now on this falsehood by quoting the plain statements made to him by me, which were not only welcomed but adopted and by his signature made part of our existing law.

We must go back briefly to the early months of 1914, when the Clayton Bill was pending. I have said before that Congress was not very familiar with the way in which business was carried on, and this became especially apparent as regards export trade in a way that was either humorous or threatening, according to the point of view. This was, of course, obvious to men who were experienced exporters, and they proceeded to express their views with celerity and moderation. They had a good case and presented it vigorously without hampering themselves by adding abusive adjectives to sound arguments.

When Mr. Wilson Sought Advice

THE directors of the American Manufacturers Export Association, acting in coöperation with the Merchants Association of New York and doubtless with other bodies, adopted on March 24, 1914, the following resolutions:

1. That we urge upon Congress to consider the fundamental difference between regulating interstate trade, all of which is within the United States and all the competitors for which are therefore subject to the legislation of Congress, and regulating export trade, all of which is outside the United States and all the competitors for which, excepting only the Americans engaged in foreign trade, are therefore not subject to the legislation of Congress.

2. That we urge upon Congress, in framing regulations for foreign trade, as distinguished from interstate trade, to consider that any law would be fundamentally unjust which, while powerless to prevent the practices by which foreigners everywhere resist the competition of American goods, forbade American exporters selling American goods in the markets of the world in the face of combined foreign competition to adopt business methods which are fostered by foreign law and foreign business custom, and which are universally employed by foreign competitors.

3. That we urge upon Congress in framing new legislation to avoid placing any handicap upon American capital and American enterprise engaged in foreign trade, and to permit Americans a free hand while selling American goods in the markets of the world.

A copy of these was sent to the President, to the Speaker, and to others, including myself. On April tenth I wrote to President Wilson about these resolutions:

A law which applied to foreign trade precisely the language and restrictions applied to domestic trade would by that very act so evidence the ignorance of those who drew that law as to make them laughable in the eyes of the well-informed world. There are, of course, many principles in common between foreign and domestic trade. There are many points in which they differ. Furthermore, the methods of doing business in different countries are not the same. An exporter in America cannot deal with China and Mozambique and Australia and India and England in the same way. To require him to do so is to erect a bar over his factory door, and to write upon it, "Thou shalt not do business." . . . You will pardon my saying that to deal with this sensitive matter of foreign trade without accurate knowledge of its principles and details seems to me very much like one undertaking the practice of law without knowledge either of the principles of jurisprudence or of the procedure of the courts

Any reader will agree that this was plain advice. It was given of my own motion, unasked. How was it received? With arrogance, coldness or even brutality, to use some words which have been publicly applied by writers to Mr. Wilson since his death? Four days later he sent me this message:

The matter brought to my attention by the resolutions you sent me, which were adopted by the Board of Directors of the American Manufacturers Export Association, is a very important one indeed, to which I have recently had my attention several times called. I should like sometime to have your own mature views in the matter. Perhaps you could suggest some line of legislation which would be at once helpful and safe.

Flaws in the Clayton Bill

THE candid reader will kindly observe that this "remote, inaccessible" man—to use other recent adjectives—actually asked suggestions. He got them the next day thus:

I think from the point of view of our foreign trade these things should be done:

1. The Sherman antitrust law should remain unchanged in full force and vigor, subject to its interpretation and further definition by the courts.

2. No extension of its scope or attempt to define it by special enactment as regards foreign trade should be made.

3. Our export trade should be placed under the surveillance of the Federal Trade Commission to report such readjustments in the law as the facts observed by them may indicate.

The bill introduced by Judge Clayton (H. R. 15657) as printed in full in the papers of today contains as respects foreign trade certain grave mistakes. Section 3 would destroy every foreign agency held on behalf of American manufacturers all over the world. To be quite frank, the effort on the part of this department to push our foreign commerce would be very largely negatived by the enactment of this paragraph. . . .

Surely it is not meant to require that the agent I create in Japan is free to buy from any competitor in America or in England or in Germany. If he is so free there can exist no agency and I can have no representative in Japan unless I establish my own office there, and this only the great concerns can do. Never was clause better adapted in the respect of foreign trade to force a monopoly in the hands of Big Business than the above.

. . . Very frankly, the above paragraph is a case of altruism gone mad. . . .

. . . The above paragraph even with respect to domestic trade involves, as I have written before, grave consequences in respect to injuring the business of the small retailer. Pardon me if I must emphatically protest against the arbitrary form of this provision. . . . This paragraph . . . cannot be successfully defended in public discussion. . . . In its present form the very business men whom we are seeking to help must in self-defense cry out against its enactment.

They did in fact so cry out. Mr. M. A. Oudin, vice president of the International General Electric Company, in an address before the National Foreign Trade Convention at Washington on May twenty-seventh, said:

Laws applicable to [foreign commerce] cannot possibly apply to domestic trade, and vice versa; and manufacturers, producers and distributors engaged in export trade operate in a sphere of activity which should make them the object of benevolent rather than hostile legislation. . . . The prohibitions enacted in the Sherman Law with a single eye to domestic commerce now fall with blighting effect upon our entire export commerce.

All this was certainly outspoken, and of course the reason for its plainness was that the President wanted the truth, not something doctored to suit preconceived opinions. But of course the acid test was to be the action taken. The objectionable clauses were omitted from the Clayton Act; the export situation received separate study; the Webb-Pomerene Law was duly enacted and the Federal Trade Commission exercises a general supervision over procedure under it. President Wilson asked business advice, received it, heeded it and acted in accord with it. During the first eight months of 1923 goods to the value of $63,000,000 were exported by associations formed under this legislation.

In an earlier article reference was made to shipping difficulties in 1915. They were real enough, and appeals for some action by the Government to relieve the situation came to me in a steady stream. There has recently been an attempt to revive the attacks made at the time upon the Administration because of the way in which it then tried to help our commerce in its difficulties and also to help Europe to a steady supply of food and supplies other than war materials. I am not especially concerned to answer these renewed criticisms. It seems preferable to give extracts from unpublished documents of the time, merely noting for comparison these words from a recent book—"There was almost no tonnage for sale." The writer saved himself by that "almost," as we shall see. A business friend wrote me in January, 1915:

The present difficulties of securing steamship space on shipments to Europe are admittedly temporary, and assuming that the Ship Purchase Bill has been passed it will be impossible for you to secure ships quick enough to relieve the congestion, and the probabilities are that by the time new ships are built the war would be over, resulting in the release of a large number of ships now interned in neutral ports.

My reply, in early February, was meant to outline the general situation as well as to deal with my friend's suggestion. It said:

I regard as intolerable that a steamship company should break its written contract and in the face of such a contract demand upon the one hand three times the price for shipment for which the contract provided and should upon the other hand refuse to furnish the facilities for which the contract called. . . . The reason given for such violation is merely that the company could make more money by doing it.

These violations have been regular and frequent. . . .

. . . I have in mind as this is written a shipment of 20,000 barrels of flour on which the contract rates both as to price and time of shipment have been broken and about which it is now a question whether they will be carried at all. I have seen on the wharves at Galveston and New Orleans, American goods, not cotton and wheat, the transportation of which is refused. I could take you to American factories closed though their goods are sold, because the steamship companies refuse to transport them at all.

I repeat that I regard the above conditions as intolerable ——

. . . Meantime from manufacturers and merchants all over this country come letters demanding that something shall be done to stop the grip the steamship companies have upon us.

Your statement that ships cannot be had quickly enough to relieve the congestion surprises me. Three times at least within the last month ships have been available for purchase by cable about which there is no question as to neutrality. . . . I have had in my possession the originals, and now have copies, of cablegrams offering French and English built ships for sale, some for immediate delivery, others for delivery slightly deferred. I have had a definite offer of 13 English registry ships available for immediate sale within the last three weeks with full details . . .

. . . If any private interest will endeavor to deal with this problem it will be welcome. If any corporate interests will show any desire to treat it other than on the basis of grasp all they can get, they will be welcome, too; but thus far no one, anywhere, has appeared who cares for what seems to me the vital core of the whole matter, namely, the movement of American commerce.

Later in the same month I wrote:

I am told frankly by men interested in shipping that they want the Government to keep off, not for any public reasons but for distinctly private ones. For example, an American owner in a Norwegian steamship company did not care to have his earnings interfered with and was most anxious that nothing should happen which would provide a larger number of vessels now to handle our commerce, though he showed me himself merchandise lying upon the docks in his own city which he would not carry and others would not carry, and the commerce in which was stopped dead because an American owner of foreign vessels saw fit to put his personal veto on it.

Criticism But No Advice

THE critics offered no suggestion of what the affirmative course to meet the actual distress should have been, and one of them who has something to say of indecision is himself silent as regards any constructive idea. It is one thing to stand on the sidelines and say in effect "Do nothing; let them suffer"; it is another and a very different thing to decide what to do when the sufferers call on you for action, and the responsibility for action or inaction is yours. I am not here concerned to defend the legislation that in time was enacted, but merely to say that the initiative was not ours. The country called insistently for help, and a sincere effort was made to give it. To call it "an experiment in socialism" is picturesque but perverted.

Having been at the time an interested observer closely related to what was done, though not directly an actor in it, I feel in looking back that it was right to do almost anything that gave reasonable promise of relief. I cared little whether it was called socialistic or not so long as it offered hope of ending the troubles that existed, and I felt this not only for our own sakes but for the sake of the world that was looking eagerly to us for the supplies it needed.

It is not without bearing on this whole situation that the Department of Commerce took steps early in 1916 to promote the construction of standardized ships. I engaged Mr. E. Platt Stratton, consulting engineer of the New York Board of Underwriters and formerly supervisor of the American Bureau of Shipping, to prepare a study of the subject. The pamphlet written by him, entitled Standardization in the Construction of Freight Ships, was published by the Government in May, 1916. Months later

(Continued on Page 200)

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

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"Beautify Your Home with Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs," an interesting new booklet by Anne Pierce, shows all the beautiful Congoleum patterns in their actual full colors. Our nearest office will gladly send you a copy. It is free. Write us today!

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Meet the Real City Detective

By George S. Dougherty

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

HELLO! Hello there! Is this police headquarters? Well, I am John Citizen and my home has been robbed"

"Yes, Mister Citizen. Where do you live? We'll send a detective right up."

You are John Citizen, and you excitedly look over your ransacked drawers and closets, waiting for the detective's arrival. Mentally, you picture and expect a big, burly, flat-footed bull of the kind made familiar by moving pictures, plays and detective-mystery stories. I have no quarrel with the writers who use this standardized detective in pictures and drama. He is easily recognized by the audience or reader—everybody knows that he is a detective on sight; and he makes the right sort of foil for the clever scientific amateur detective who is going to outguess him at every point. If he didn't look like that there wouldn't be any story or film, would there?

Finally your doorbell is rung by an undersized, quiet-spoken stranger who might be a delivery man or meter reader. He identifies himself as a member of the police force by exhibiting his shield and begins an investigation of the burglary. He didn't look like a detective when you opened the door and he doesn't act like one now that he is inside.

He is not only quiet in speech and manner, but he uses no slang.

The burglary may be a small one—some cheap sneak thief has taken a few hundred dollars' worth of clothing and silverware, easily disposed of and not very easy to trace or identify. The detective writes down as good a description as you can give him and goes away, frankly telling you that the only chance of recovery in such a case will be in the arrest of a thief in some other robbery and the finding of your property. Incidentally, he examines the broken lock on your door, probably recommends a different kind of lock, and gives you a word or two of advice about windows or other entrances to your premises that invite the sneak thief.

The Detective Took a Newspaper, Dropped Some Cigar Ashes on It and Told the Porter to Put His Right Thumb and Fingers Into the Ashes and Put Them on the Paper, Making a Very Good Finger Print

A Detective in the Making

IF YOUR loss is considerable, involving jewels, furs, family plate and property more easily traced, he will look for finger prints and other evidence connecting the crime with a known criminal, or with some crook not in the Rogues' Gallery, who may be apprehended later.

Some weeks later, or even months, after you have given up hope of results and come to the conclusion that the police have forgotten your case, this detective reappears and asks you to visit headquarters and see if you can identify any of your property in a lot of loot that has been recovered in the arrest of a gang of thieves.

John Citizen wonders how all this is done. It is a system with a capital S, the details of which will appear later.

In police departments, in most instances, detectives are selected from the ranks on account of their fitness for the work. Usually the patrolman with a number of creditable arrests is most suitable, because he has shown alertness in the detection of crime and sound judgment in the preparation of evidence against his prisoners. Also his contact with complainants, frequent court attendance, familiarity with procedure and association with detectives already in the service strongly incline him to a desire to engage in this class of police work. This type of bright policeman is always found and eventually is detailed to the detective division.

Attendance and instruction in the school for detectives, real department experience, contact with other and more experienced members of the detective division have much to do with his success.

I find in my study of detective departments that the central bureau and district systems are most in vogue; New York, London, Paris, Berlin and many European cities have them. A commissioner and chief of detectives at police headquarters, an inspector or captain with a squad of detectives in each precinct or division, and an inspector or superintendent in charge of a number of precincts—all responsible and reporting to headquarters. In the chiefs' squads are specialists in the investigation of homicides, safe-and-loft burglaries, and all serious crimes.

The argument in favor of precinct bureaus is that they form local detective bureaus, where the detectives familiarize themselves with every resident and every irregular inhabitant and work up special sources of information about the resorts of undesirables, and the like. When they have a crime beyond their ability the aid of specialists from headquarters is enlisted.

It is business of quick-witted judgment. Many a time I have watched the actions and listened to the prattle of detectives as portrayed on the stage and wondered what the author or actor would do if either of them came in contact with a real detective of this age. The stage sleuth is usually an ass, while the actual product is a credit to his profession. As in all callings, there are some boneheads; but the majority make good, and very good at that.

A successful detective should possess most of the following qualifications:

A knowledge of human nature, in order to know what persons are likely to do; an interest in psychology, in order to know why persons act and feel and think as they do; knowledge of the elements that constitute each crime under investigation, as well as the evidence that must be obtained; ordinary intelligence and common sense; a keen power of observation; ability to practice deception; ability to gain and hold confidence; resourcefulness, persistence and tireless capacity for work; a suspicious nature; an acquaintance with the kinds of business carried on in his district, as well as with the persons who are employed in it, who live in it or who frequent it; ability to question so as to get information; knowing by sight persons who are likely to be the subject of police search. With all these must go the element of luck.

When I was a very young detective I went back to the old home town expecting to awe the folks. My sense of importance over being a really truly detective was so strong that instead of being overawed my relatives ridiculed me, and finally proposed a test to see what sort of detective I was.

They brought out about a dozen photographs of children, all girls, and all my cousins, so there was a strong resemblance between them.

Put to the Test

"IF YOU'RE such a wonderful detective," they said, "just pick out the picture of your sister."

That put me on my mettle. While examining the photographs I began to think and suddenly got a hunch. Suppose they had set a trap for me and my sister's picture as a little girl was not among the photographs at all. I strongly suspected some such deception and was ready to declare that her picture was not there—but how could I prove it?

I went over the photographs several times, while the skeptical relatives watched me, enjoying what seemed to be my embarrassment.

"Her picture isn't there!" I finally announced.

"That's right—but how did you know?"

"Why, all these little girls are wearing earrings, and my sister's ears were never pierced."

In those days screw earrings were unknown, and the very fact that any girl wore earrings was proof that her ears were pierced.

The detective should possess unfailing courage, excellent eyesight, have a good memory, be even-tempered and refrain from discussing his work or any part of it with anyone except when actually necessary. He should be a good reader of human nature, not too quick to arrive at conclusions, and always give the suspected or accused the benefit of any reasonable doubt. He should treat others as he would expect to be treated and remember that the law is made for every human being, innocent and guilty alike. His conclusions should be based upon facts. Imaginations, thoughts, beliefs, theories, and the like are not evidence and are never received against the defendant.

The conscientious detective will soon learn that there are grave dangers of injustice in his work and he will be slow to make accusations until guilt has been proved beyond a doubt

I was once called to a New England city where a burglary had been committed in the office of a factory, a large sum of money being obtained from the safe and a night watchman shot. The latter was at the point of death and unable to give any information. At the railroad station the chief of the local detective force met me.

"Well, Dougherty, it was a waste of time to bring you up here, for we know who did that job."

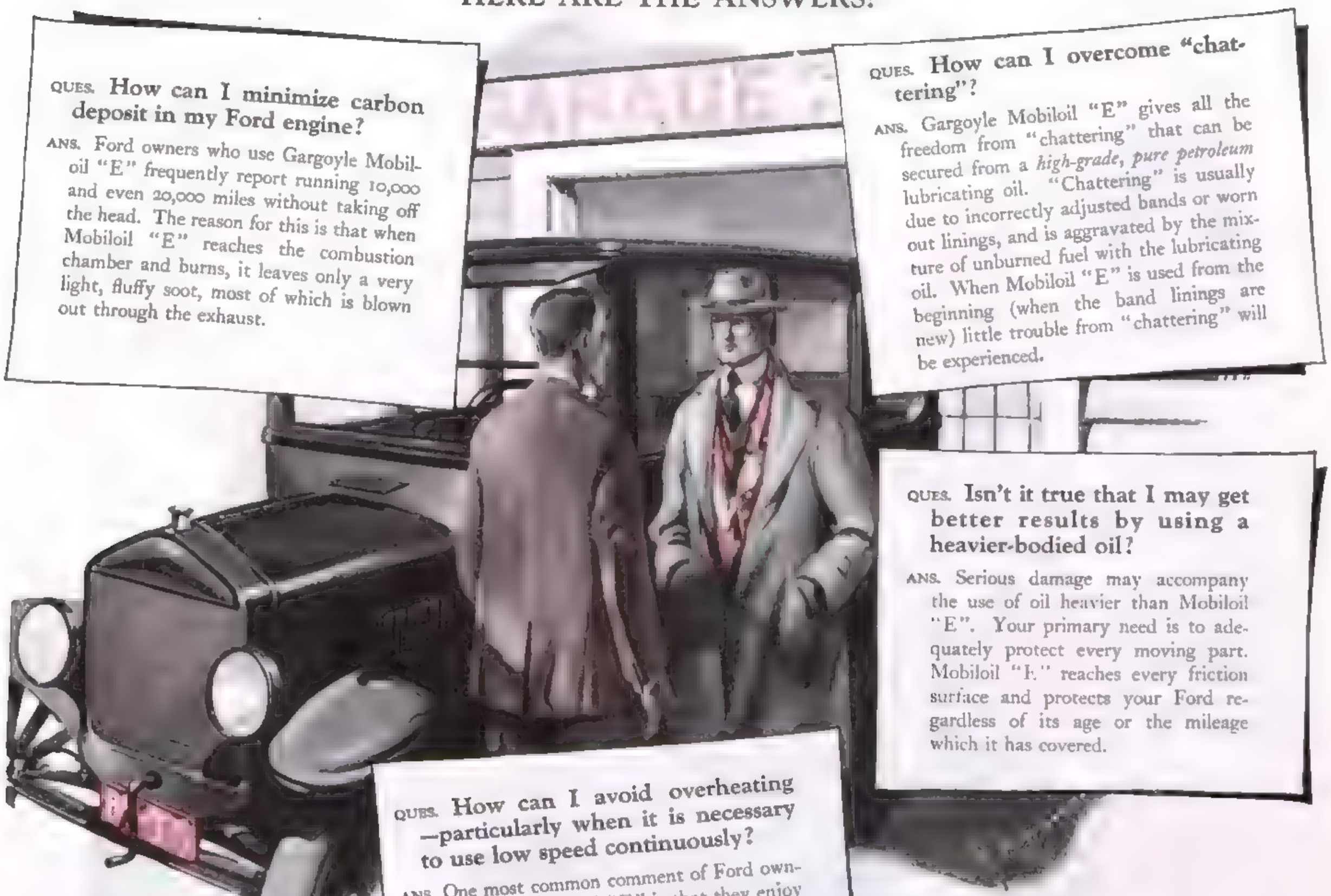
(Continued on Page 158)

4 FORD questions asked every day

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

QUES. How can I minimize carbon deposit in my Ford engine?

ANS. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" frequently report running 10,000 and even 20,000 miles without taking off the head. The reason for this is that when Mobiloil "E" reaches the combustion chamber and burns, it leaves only a very light, fluffy soot, most of which is blown out through the exhaust.



QUES. How can I overcome "chattering"?

ANS. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives all the freedom from "chattering" that can be secured from a *high-grade, pure petroleum* lubricating oil. "Chattering" is usually due to incorrectly adjusted bands or worn out linings, and is aggravated by the mixture of unburned fuel with the lubricating oil. When Mobiloil "E" is used from the beginning (when the band linings are new) little trouble from "chattering" will be experienced.

QUES. Isn't it true that I may get better results by using a heavier-bodied oil?

ANS. Serious damage may accompany the use of oil heavier than Mobiloil "E". Your primary need is to adequately protect every moving part. Mobiloil "E" reaches every friction surface and protects your Ford regardless of its age or the mileage which it has covered.

QUES. How can I avoid overheating—particularly when it is necessary to use low speed continuously?

ANS. One most common comment of Ford owners who use Mobiloil "E" is that they enjoy marked freedom from overheating. This is because the scientifically correct body and character of the oil enable it to resist to an unusual degree the heat developed under any condition of operation.

For the differential of your Ford car use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

Fair Retail Price—*30c a Quart from Bulk*

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

for your **HOME GARAGE:** The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal supply of lubricating oil.

for **TOURING:** The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while touring. Carry two or three under the seat. Now on sale in many states. Prices 35c or 3 for $1.00.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

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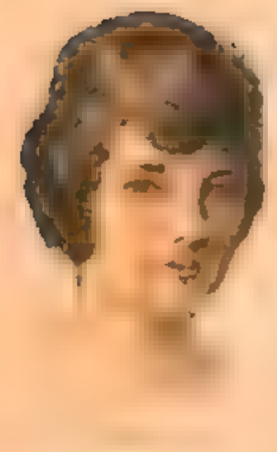
One out of every three persons blindly drifts into Malnutrition



IN one food element—*carbohydrates*—is stored the nourishment that daily renews and builds for you strength and energy.

But the carbohydrates must be specially prepared for your body. Otherwise they may refuse to yield their precious nourishment.

In this tempting food—Grape-Nuts (more than three-fourths carbohydrates)—they have been scientifically changed into a form your body easily digests and transforms into vigorous strength and energy.

MALNUTRITION is rapidly becoming a menace to our national health. One out of every three persons suffers from its evil effects.

What are the causes of *malnutrition?*

What are its danger signals and results? Food that is too hard to digest—food that fails to nourish—these are the greatest causes of *malnutrition*. Lassitude, headaches, anaemia, every sort of digestive and intestinal disturbances—these are some of the distressing conditions traceable to *malnutrition*.

If you would get the most from life, if you would keep yourself strong and vigorous, supply your body with the *carbohydrates* it needs in the form it can most easily digest.

Because Grape Nuts (made of wheat and malted barley) is slowly baked and specially processed in a way that transforms the *carbohydrates*, the body readily utilizes them. Your body easily digests Grape-Nuts and turns it into health and strength. Grape-Nuts comes in crisp golden kernels that induce thorough chewing. This chewing keeps the whole mouth healthy.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. All hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. Every package is wrapped in waxed-paper—Grape-Nuts comes to you always fresh and crisp.

A Chicago girl writes:

"I am alone in the world dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body.

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In this food is nourishment you need in the form your body can easily digest.

Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

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EVERY MOVE A PUNCTURE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHEN a person is trying to concentrate on something they don't want to do, ain't it funny how their attention will skid? For a sample, while making out the grocer and rent checks, the chances are a person's mind will dally with the new closed-model twin-six Climber, which is being put out at that great automobile manufacturing center Fob, Mich. Or they will worry over how if they had only kept their head down on the fifth tee last Sunday morning they would have been on the green in three. And etc.

I got into this by no means exclusively female habit of mind one day on the Inland Sea of Japan, while I was floating on it and our boat, the Cantdetania, which I and Jim was going around the world on. I was trying to get my dairy wrote up on China before we arrived, on account that is the way I like to do things—get them cleaned up and out of the way before you actually have to, is my motto.

Well, anyways, I had my book of statistics and fountain pen all out, also the inkwell to dip it in, but so far I had only wrote this:

"Shanghai, China, is approached through the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang River, one of the most highly undrinkable rivers in the world, also the 2nd longest. The best part of the city is divided in wards, called foreign concessions; the French owns one, while England and America go fifty-fifty on the largest, the International. Naturally this is the main cheese. The leading industries are the production of Chinese goods, unpronounceable rivers and conscripted sailors, mostly seconds."

Well, by the time I had that nailed I run short of concentration. I personally myself do not care much about either keeping up a dairy, see, or for reading any other person's, which ma, who was doing hers very careful in two colored inks, and had a pair of fountain pens, one loaded with blue ink and the other with red, and wrote a line of each in turn on white paper to keep the American spirit—well, ma was always wanting I should read her stuff; but there is a limit to a daughter's duty, so I would only look at it and say my how neat and she had to be satisfied. My own dairy was being kept merely for friends back home, which they had made me promise I would do so, they being good enough to say that what Marie La Tour thought about the world had ought to be a hot sketch. Well, this day as usual when at it, my mind kept playing hooky and running after a bunch of old fillums we had brought out with us to sell in the Orient, and one of these in particular called Solid Ivory. So when Jim come into the cabin full of jazz, far from minding the interruption, I was glad, being a perfectly normal woman, for the excuse to talk.

"Helloi, sweetness!" says Jim, flinging himself into the overstuffed chair which distinguished our suite from a mere cabin. "What's on your mind now? I can see by your face that you been breaking the rule and thinking."

"I have," I admitted firmly. "I been thinking about us and the moving pictures and you in particular."

"Then I better be going," says Jim, reaching for his cap, "before you dig up Solid Ivory again."

"It wasn't me dug it up, Jim," I says real earnest. "It was Al Goldringer, when he decided we might get rid of it out here. But I'd prefer not to release it at all."

"I never could understand," says Jim, thoughtful, "why that picture was such an awful flop. It had a lot of good tricked stuff in it, and it was funny as the dickens. Remember the sequence where I go down cellar and pick up the cider barrel in one hand and drink out the bunghole?"

I Was Trying to Get My Dairy Wrote Up on China Before We Arrived, on Account That Is the Way I Like to Do Things

"Sure I remember it!" I says bitterly. "And also the part where the tin lizzie won't go so you pick it up and run up the hill with it on your head, and do a belly-whopper down the grade in it after. Cheap stuff, Jim, that's what it was. Trick photography will never do a artist any good. Besides, there is another reason why that picture went over cold."

"No!" says Jim. "Now lay off what you're going to say!"

"I will not!" says I cheerfully. "You know what I think about using a double. You got to do things for yourself in this life if you want to make good, young feller, and let me tell you, Gorgeous, a bluff will always find you out in the end."

"Nix, you're all wrong!" says Jim. "Using a double isn't bluffing. Why, it's a recognized item in the overhead of any studio. Practically everybody in pictures uses them, and you know it as good as I do."

"I know that Solid Ivory was the first picture you ever used one in," I says, really serious. "And also that it is the first failure you ever made."

"Well, I don't agree with you in the least," says he with enthusiasm. "There is plenty of times when a actor should literally save their face. And believe me, baby, when I make this Chinese picture, The Last of the Manchus, that Goldringer wants shot while we are here, I'm sure gonner let some unfortunate jump that precipice and go down on that burning junk and put in all them other punches the continuity calls for."

"You'll do 'em yourself or you're no husband of mine!" I says. "Here Goldringer is spending like water to get the big scenes actually shot in China, and you'd risk his money on a flop!"

"Say, am I going to make this picture, or are you?" says he. "I'm getting too prominent to waste my time actually doing stunts myself when I can easy hire someone else to."

"And you're getting so stuck on yourself you won't even bother to look where you're going!" I come back. "Better watch your step, Gorgeous!"

"Say, listen to the papa!" says Jim, smooth as one of his own cocktails. "We can't flop, that's all!"

"Just you wait and see!" says I, which that certainly is a pretty safe comeback at any time, especially when how long they are supposed to wait and exactly what they are to see when they do isn't mentioned.

Well, anyways, about then Eddie, our cabin boy, knocked and says come up on deck and look at China; you can see it pretty good on the port side, and Jim says naturally since that is where we will land, and the two of us parked our fight for future reference and went up, and there sure enough the whole passenger list of the Cantdetania was leaning over the rail looking earnestly at a muddy river dotted with slipper boats and junks and a thin irregular line on the horizon which was Shanghai.

This harbor of Shanghai—well, a big boat can't get into it on account, I suppose, of all the laundry done up country, and the trash, collar buttons, pawn tickets and etc that gets in the rivers from it are washed down, so's the harbor is always clogged up. Thirteen miles out we had to take tenders and go in on them, and the reason this kind of service boat is called a tender is because the waves bounce you about so in one of them that you quickly get that way.

Well, anyways, I and Jim got in one, and Jim didn't sit with me but he had to go talk with the skipper, and I could hear him saying how many knots does she make an hour and etc, Jim being very nautical since we got started on our world tower, although all the seamanship I ever seen him actually practice was changing from port to sherry.

Now when a person first sees a foreign country, why they get what you might call a first impression of it, and this impression is very likely to be the real genuine one, and mine of China was of noise—a happy noise. Japan, which we had just played the Nippon Circuit, is quiet as a traveling bootlegger. But the minute you hit China you hear it.

Well, we landed directly on the Bund. I had always thought a bund was a kind of Chinese cake, but it seems it was merely the name of the water-front street, which, contrary to American custom, had no warehouses and gas plants and etc along it; but they consider it the good part of town, and the only gas plants they had on Shanghai's Bund was a few foreign embassies and a govt. bldg. or so. This Bund was very handsome, with big stone buildings, about 90,000 of them being banks, I suppose on account cash is so small and heavy, and wearing it on a string having gone out of style in China since one of their revolutions, I don't remember which one, why I guess they needed a lot of parking space to put it away in.

This town was literally crowded with Chinamen, with here and there a enormous British cop from India—big

boys with beards, turbans and six feet of red-and-gold uniform equal to any sheik; and they are some relation to such, I guess, because they are called Seeks or something. Heaven knows why, for you can see them a mile off. Also, on this street, which it was jammed with rickshas, low-necked hacks painted bright yellow, trolley cars, American automobiles and cold sunshine, there was also American traffic cops, and in the French blocks French military cops, all dressed up like Vanderbilt's plush horse. There was flags of all nations, people of ditto and elsewhere, California canned peaches in the first shop window I seen, a terrible feeling of everybody being in a violent hurry and yelling cheerful complaints about it. I don't know what the Chinese actually say when they are singing their incessant remarks at each other, but even if it is about their best friend's funeral or being down to their last truckload of cash, meaning only 98c left in the bank, why it certainly sounds as cheerful and light as a after-the-wedding supper.

And riding along this Bund in a ricksha to the Astor Hotel, which was naturally in the Anglo-American Concession, why the first thing that hit me was how nice the Chinese would be if they were let. The poverty was fierce, the hungry-looking hoards of coolies having even in this bitter cold no clothes only a thin old blue denim coat and pants, usually all patched, and no shoes or stockings or even the miserable straw sandals which they retail @ somewheres around five cents a pair. And these people was so thin their bones pretty near stuck out their faces, yet they had a cheerful grin in spite of it all. And they speak our language even when they haven't a word of anything but Mah-jong or Fan-tan, or whatever province they come from. We have certainly got a very wrong idea of them from our laundries back home.

Well, anyways, I liked China right from the local Ellis Island on, even before I come to this Astor Hotel -a huge shabby one, very gay, full of people, color, movement and cake eaters, much as the old Waldorf-Astoria in New York, N. Y., pop. 7,000,000, used to be, only that in Shanghai they have three Chinese bartenders rolling a moving bar around, a cross between a push cart and a tea wagon, all through the lobby, and you say pst or hey John or something, and they come to a halt beside you and shake up one on the spot.

Well, when we arrived the reporters didn't show the way they usually do, they being exclusively English and very pucka, which is the local term for correct, conservative and superior to us mere vulgar Americans. A English reporter dares you to tell him anything worth printing, and after he has said oh, indeed, really, a coupla times, decides to run a story on the local cricket match instead, and I have never seen one of those matches, but I can't imagine it would be very interesting watching them little insects fight, although a nature lover myself.

Well, hardly had we got seated in this hotel lobby when our local publicity man, a couple of tons of him, named Blaughton but pronounced Blurra in the good old English style, which spells a name different from the way it's spoken—well, anyways, Mr. B., who was surrounding us with professional welcomes, slipped Jim an earful about the anxiety he was in, and I overheard the q. t.

"Our papers don't care a rap for theatrical news," says he. "And so I've cooked up a story about your being a famous wrestler back in the States—got you cast as a general all-round athlete and what not. Of course, you won't really have to do a thing but talk. They are very enthusiastic about all that sort of thing, our chaps are, and they will run it big. Fact is, that's about the only sort of stuff they will give any real space to. Just remember and play the line strong."

"Pst!" says Jim, but not to Mr. Brugg, or however a person should pronounce it. "Pst! All right, boy."

The cocktail wagon stopped, looked and performed, not for the first time since we arrived, and due to this Jim was all full of tin biscuits, cherry pits and prunes. He heard Mr. B., but he didn't feel afraid of anybody now, not even of me sitting right there. "All right," says he, throwing out his chest. "I guess I'm not so bad at that! Feel that arm, eh? If I was to lay off drinking and work into shape, I guess I could wrestle a little yet. Meanwhile, let's wrestle with another drink, what say?"

"In a moment!" says Mr. Buurg. "I'll call over the boys first."

Well, these boys, or I should say lads, or chaps, they gathered around Jim languidly as was their bally bore of a duty, and then Mr. Blank pulled the news on them that Jim was the amateur professional wrestler of Winkle, Arizona, and the boxing king of Boxwood, Conn. Our mountain of publicity didn't mention the fact that Winkle, Ariz., has a pop. around 70, and that the only thing Jim ever wrestled with out there was an automobile tire he had to change when driving through; or that all the boxing he done in Boxwood was to crate up a case of hooch so's he could carry it home with us in the tonneau and didn't want to trust nobody else with it.

Well, this jolly good bit of sporting news struck twelve with these Johns, and they actually got enthusiastic over him and bought whisky sodas, which is Chinese for highballs, and commenced asking him to use their clubs and saying he really must meet General Nussience, old deah, and Lord Knows—deah old Spoofer, we call him, and etc. And Jim, after these unexpected dividends, why he was soon telling them about the time he give Dempsey the boy's first boxing lesson.

Jim was not yet stewed, only kind of soft-boiled, and feeling so good I didn't think anything much about it except only oh well have a heart and leave him enjoy himself with the men once in a while, the same as any wife indulgently will when she can't change the situation any. The scene was gay, what with the ever-changing crowd and the orchestra playing that piece of Divor Jack's, the concert number called Humorous—you know, the one that comes limping in and lays down. And take it all around, I ought to of been interested and happy; but nobody seemed to be noticing was I or not, and I am not used to that. I kept waiting for the reporters to rush over and commence saying oh, Miss La Tour, do you know I have always admired your work or something, but not at all; nobody made even a move, much less a rush, and pretty soon it begun getting on my nerves. For a while I stuck around on the outer edge of Jim's success, smiling as determinedly as a unsuccessful deb at a dance, and it done me no good at all. The young chaps, as they called themselves, from the papers just merely kept asking that ham of a husband of mine about how good he was, and the simp kept on sticking out his chest and telling them with the most convincing modesty. I'll say as a famous athlete he certainly was a good actor.

Well, finally I couldn't stand it no longer, and with a expression intended to register thank heaven I am escaping these hateful interviewers for once, I beat it over to where a lady from our boat and Kansas, Mrs. McKinney, a large pair of green china earrings in her hand, was asking the East Indian behind the counter of the hotel-lobby shop was they real jade, knowing they probably was not, but hoping he would persuade her against her better judgment on account they were cheap and she liked the pattern.

"Mrs. Mac," I says, "where's Mural?"

(Continued on Page 50)

They Carry You Right on Past the Shops Where You Want to Stop and Set You Down in Front of the Shops Where You Don't Want Anything

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Your satisfaction with the new enclosed car you buy this fall is sure to be measurably increased if you select one with Body by Fisher. The authoritative design and the comfort of Fisher Bodies in all motor car price divisions are now supplemented by further advanced and exclusive features of practical utility and convenience.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
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(Continued from Page 48)

"Up in her room," says Mrs. McKinney. "She's resting for tonight. Young Rowlyn Blackwell is dining with us, and I want her to look good. What do you think of these earrings, Miss La Tour? Nothing like that in Kansas City."

Well, I wasn't just sure what the Five and Ten sold out in her old home town, but I told her lovely, exclamation mark, on account that was what she wanted, and went upstairs and invited Mural, that was Mrs. McKinney's handsome mesa of a daughter, over to the Royal Suite, which Rowlie had naturally engaged for us, and inside a few moments I had her there, feeding me a line of bunk to which I returned a merry, care-free girlish conversation, without lowering my voice, so that when the reporters came hunting for me, why they would hear us clear down the hall and realize I was so unconscious of being the great Marie La Tour that I had forgot all about any such things as newspaper interviews and publicity, and all such tiresome things like that which was a part of the penalty of my great success, and had stole away with my girl chum to chat and gossip in the most natural manner. Mural, who was kind of dumb, didn't realize she was being played for a feeder, but was enjoying herself in earnest. But it was a long time before I got my cue to say hush up, dear, there's somebody at the door!

When it did come I give a little girlish giggle and called out, oh, Mural, I'm afraid it's those reporters, they are so persistent, and opened the door shyly; but it wasn't anybody, after all, only my husband, who came rambling in with a nice little edge on, the afternoon paper and a piece of news. He had to show the paper first, on account there was his picture on the front page, and of all things it was an old still out of this trick picture, Solid Ivory, and he was in a wrestler's outfit and pose, the eel's cutaway showing his manly form and cotton pads where the muscles ought to be to most convincing advantage.

The title under it was American Champion is also Noted Dancer and Screen Star, and way down in the midst of telling about how good he was and where he could lick anybody, it mentioned in small type that I was his wife.

"Huh! Some publicity!" I says, very sarcastic.

"Ain't it the truth!" says he. "Say, the boys sure have slipped me a warm welcome here; too bad we can't open right on it."

"What do you mean—we can't open on it?" I says. "We open tomorrow night."

"Yes, we do not!" he announced. "The stage at the New Carlton isn't ready yet, and won't be for a week. Whatter you know about that? It means we won't play Hong-Kong after all. We'll be going right on to Manila when we get through here."

Well, this made me think hard and rapidly. Enough is a plenty, any day, and I had been handed about all the oblivion any female star could be expected to endure. Of course, if I could of opened at once, why the newspapers would see at a glance the big mistake they were making, and exactly which of the La Tour team was the one that had put it on the map. But if the opening was put off, why it seemed likely that I would in the meantime merely sit around in the hotel and incognito, if you know what I mean, and I'm not one to allow myself to get put in any such position.

"Say, listen!" I says. "I'm not going to of traveled all the way to China and then see only Shanghai! If the stage isn't ready yet, why I and Mural might as well run over to Hong-Kong and come back. I'm not going to have my grandchildren say to me where was you during the great world trip?"

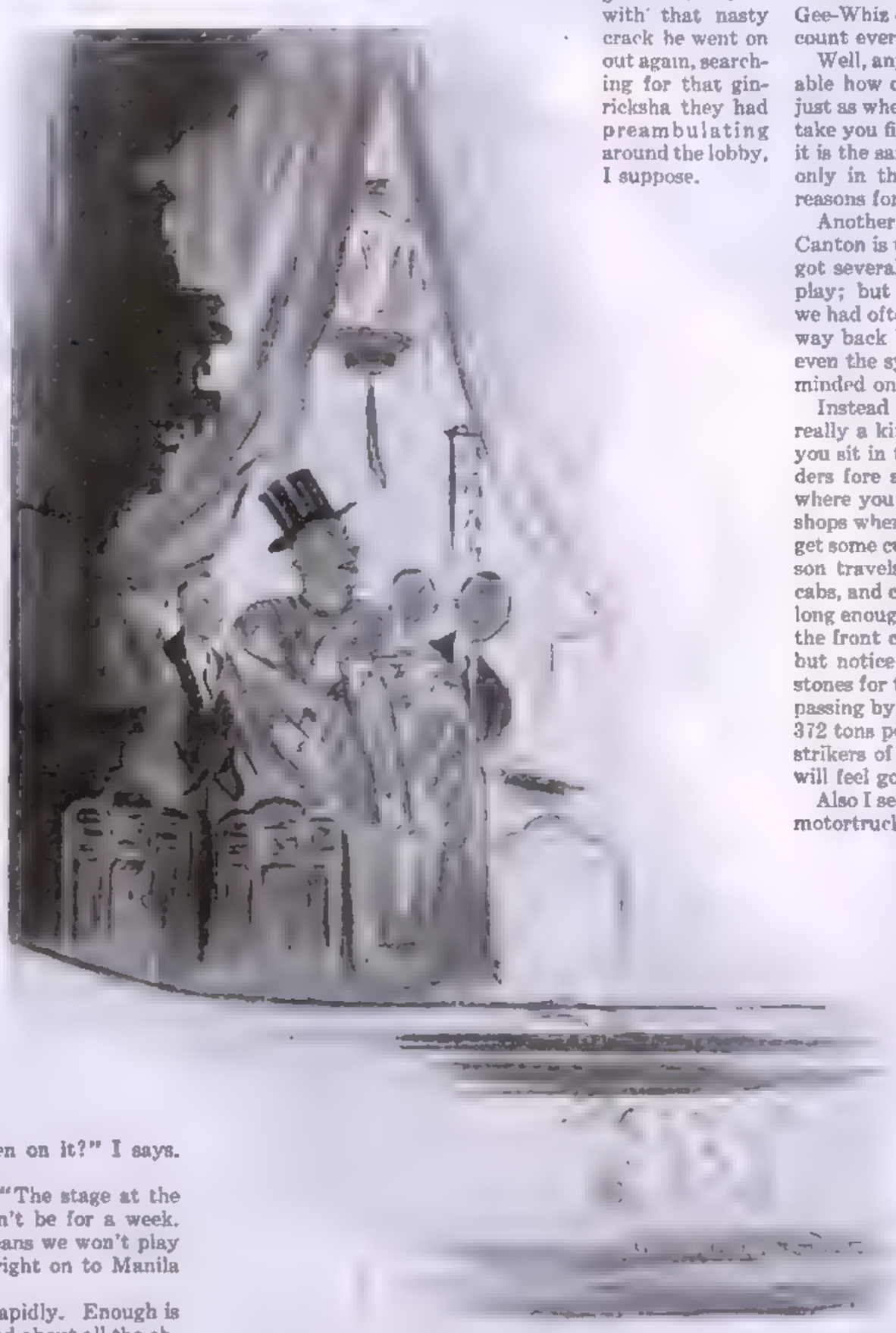
"Well, you and Mural help yourselves!" says Jim. "Me, I'm going to stick right where I am. The Boxing Club is putting on a show for me tonight and the cricketers are tending me a banquet tomorrow. I'm all dated up with Lord Forgiveus, Count Ten and the rest of the boys to wrestle with fried shark skins and bird's nest stew at noon tomorrow, and the day after is going to be one club after another. Believe me, girl baby, these Englishmen have been slandered when they was rated as inhospitable! I'm the athletic king of Shanghai right now, and you can have your temples and your sight-seeing. I'm sitting pretty, thanks!"

"All right!" I says with a snort, not that I was jealous, see, on account as a general rule nobody notices Jim is around except as my husband, and anyways, I knew it couldn't last. "All right! I and Mural are on our way, and we don't want a soul to know it, eh, Mural?"

"I'm in favor of it," says she.

"I am going to disappear from the glare of publicity that is killing me," I went on, "and travel incognito and quiet for once, without any brass bands or reporters or anything."

"I'll see to it they don't annoy you," says Jim with a broad grin, "the way they have been doing ever since we got here." And with that nasty crack he went on out again, searching for that gin-ricksha they had preambulating around the lobby, I suppose.



But for All of That a Person Could See at a Glance Where He Could Easy Pick Jim Up by the Nape of the Neck With One Hand and Shake Him Like a Kitten

Well, this nervous collapse that I had improvised was passed on to Mrs. McKinney and ma, which they come looking for us pretty soon, ma with a small American flag in her hat so's they could tell her for what she was, although why she would expect they would take her for a Chinaman. Anyways, I told these two how I was running away to rest my nerves and etc., and taking Mural for company. And by nine that night Rowlie, our traveling manager, was in possession of a note from me telling him not to sell Solid Ivory, that fool picture of Jim's, before my return, and Mural and I was in possession of a sleeping compartment on the train to Canton. And this being a good opportunity, though joggity, I got out my statistic book and my dairy and wrote it up on both places where we was going.

"Canton, China, pop. 950,000, is a very old city, having invented Canton china—no pun intended, but that is the actual truth. It started in 1100 B. C., having trade unions at that time and ever since. So far the Rockefeller Foundation seems to of made no attempt to stamp out this dangerous Oriental disease at its source. Canton has seventeen gates, and unpopular foreigners are constantly been given them. In China, to which this city is no exception, all the men wear skirts and long coats, and the women wear pants and short coats. Canton has a floating population of 100,000, meaning actually they live on boats. It is a very interesting place.

"Hong-Kong, pop, 561,000, is a island belonging to England. They bought it in order to have another place to call Victoria Park. It is a very lumpy island, one peak is 3000 feet high, whose feet not mentioned. It is a very interesting place."

And having that off my chest, I locked up the dairy so's nobody would be able to read my secret thoughts and went to bed in the broad-gauge Pullman and slept the sleep of the tired until Fog, the boy which we hired him to travel with our bags, woke me up with tea next morning and says, "Tlain allive!" This young fellow's name was actually Gee-Whiz or something, but we soon called him Fog on account everything he put his hands on was missed.

Well, anyways, there we was at Canton, and it is remarkable how our American customs have spread, on account just as when visiting in a typical New England village they take you first of all on a visit to the graveyard; in Canton it is the same; they take you to see the City of the Dead, only in this case there are fewer tombstones and more reasons for the trip.

Another amusement park in this merry little town of Canton is the execution square, where they generally have got several samples of Chinese criminals hanging on display; but I and Mural didn't go look at them on account we had often seen Americans hanging on straps in the Subway back home, and that was suffering enough to satisfy even the symptom type of woman, let alone two healthy-minded ones like us.

Instead we got us a couple of chairs, which they was really a kind of laundry basket on two clothes poles, and you sit in them while two coolies put it up on their shoulders fore and aft and carry you right on past the shops where you want to stop and set you down in front of the shops where you don't want anything, but where they can get some cumshaw, which is Chink for graft. Well, if a person travels around town in one of these human hansom cabs, and can keep their mind off their own personal danger long enough to look at something besides the paving where the front coolie is going to step next, why they can't help but notice on every side things such as women breaking stones for the roads, or women passing coal—I don't mean passing by it, I mean handing it along, often at the rate of 372 tons per hour for a gang of twenty, and when the coal strikers of America, U. S. A., read this, why I hope they will feel good and ashamed of themselves.

Also I seen a truck loaded with bales as big as the biggest motortruck that ever blocked a pleasure car on the Boston Post Rd., drawn by five assorted Chinese ladies ranging from seventy yrs. down to a mere flapper, and they was harnessed to this wagon, see, and a man walked beside them in his petticoat, smoking a cigarette and cracking a whip to make them trot. This was not merely one instance, see, but a common sight. Believe me, wearing the pants ain't by any means a sign of liberty and superiority with we girls in China any more then our entrance into business and politics is back home.

And I might remark in passing that while I, of course, had made up my mouth and mind that while in these towns I would have a long session with chop suey, that being one of my favorite foods, it turned out chop suey was a American dish, and they had never heard of it in what a person would of supposed to be its native kitchen, and chow main is also a American dish, being a Chinese interpretation of what Main Street would prefer to eat, and both well-known theatrical foods is strangers to China.

Well, anyways, although we got no chop suey there, we was soon fed up with Canton, and we got the afternoon river boat for Hong-Kong down this Pearl River, which it is called that because the current knits two and purls six.

Well, by late afternoon we was in Hong-Kong, and it was warm there like our early June, a big surprise on account at Shanghai it was still as cold as blazes. And the very minute I see this city of Hong-Kong I could tell where it was perfectly natural of Chinamen to crave San Francisco, on account they are so much alike.

There are flowers in Hong-Kong all the year, and it has all the neatness and cleanness of the English plus the charm and art of the Chinese. The entire effect of the city is bright and clean and brave, and a person in Hong-Kong—well, that is where, traveling west, they get their first idea of the miracle of civilization the English have made on the aged slime of the Orient, and it makes you commence to think very highly of the English, in spite of the affected way they talk, and to realize that they are the cat's whiskers when it comes to creating citizens for Decency, population all too limited. Also I may stick in here the remark

(Continued on Page 60)

CHEVROLET

83

Quality Features

Read this list of 83 Chevrolet quality features carefully! Check it against that of any other car near Chevrolet's remarkably low price. Such equipment is necessary for a complete and satisfactory motor car. Yet with all these quality features Chevrolet averages the lowest cost per mile of any car built, purchase price and maintenance considered.

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48—New Departure Ball Bearings in Front Wheels.
49—Artillery Type Wheels.
50—Quarter-Elliptic Springs.
51—Vacuum Fuel Feed.
52—Gasoline Tank Located at Rear.
53—103-inch Wheelbase.
54—Alemite Lubricating System.
55—Full Stream Lines.
56—Low Seats.
57—Crowned Paneled Fenders.
58—Covered Running Boards.
59—Positive Door Catches.
60—Anti-Rattle Hood Catches.
61—Double Adjustable Windshield.
62—Demountable Rims.
63—Extra Rim.
64—Tire Carrier.
65—First Quality Tires.
66—Speedometer.

Open Models

67—Side Curtains Open With Doors.
68—Triple-Baked Enamel Finish.
69—Large Glass Window in Rear Curtain.
70—Burco Curtain Fasteners.
71—Curved Bottom Windshield.
72—Rubber Weather Strip on Cowl.
73—Four Doors.

Closed Models

74—Body by Fisher.
75—Fine Finish.
76—Plate Glass Windows.
77—Ternstedt Window Regulators.
78—Door Locks.
79—Sun Visor.
80—Windshield Cleaner.
81—Velour Upholstery and Dome Light.
82—Robe Rail.
83—Straight Side Cord Tires.

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What of the American Highway?

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DO YOU recall the age-old fable of Mohammed and the mountain? How, in the long run, Mohammed finally went to the mountain? There is an analogy to this ancient tale in the latter-day experiences of the railroad with the motortruck for use upon the public highway; how in the beginning the motortruck tried to go toward the railroad; how the big fellow of the steel highway seemingly would have nothing to do with the newcomer in the family of American transport.

Railroaders are as a rule highly conservative. When the motortruck, in the days of its infancy, was first brought to their attention, they laughed at it and would have nothing of it. Came then the days of the World War and the tremendous impulse that they gave to these freight carriers of the highroad. Yet old-time railroaders remained skeptical.

"Abnormal conditions," they snorted. "When we get back to peace and to normal times the motortruck will fade away as a rail competitor. There may be some demand for the gasoline engine and truck in our terminal services"—they did concede that much—"but the chief permanent use for the internal-combustion engine is going to be for passenger automobiles. You won't find much to this motortruck business on the country roads after five years."

Five years have gone, and the use of the motortruck upon the highways, both city and country, has multiplied tremendously; so much so that a new national problem has arisen as to just how we are going to find room for the traffic that seeks to pass over them. To this traffic the railroad now has begun to add its considerable mite in the form of rail motortruck traffic. Mohammed finally has gone to the mountain. The railroad—the farseeing sort of railroad—at last has turned toward the motortruck in good earnest and with a firm purpose grimly fixed within its mind.

From Darby, a small station on the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads, six miles south of Philadelphia, a great many thousands of dollars' worth of silk textiles are shipped annually. The most of these journey north and east, up to New York and other clothing-manufacturing centers. The method of handling these fabrics, on the Pennsylvania at least, was to carry them south to Wilmington, Delaware, about twenty miles, before starting them north once again. By so doing the switching of freight cars across the busy main-line passenger tracks of one of the busiest stems of the system was avoided. Possible danger, as well as some delay, was obviated. But the time saved at Darby station was lost many times over in the tedious transfer process at the Wilmington yards. If only the freight house at Darby had been on the up-line side of the tracks! But it was not. And the road preferred not to take the risk of delaying its fast through trains—to say nothing of the potential of danger—by a cross-over switching movement there in the Philadelphia suburbs.

Today this has all been obviated. The manufactured silk from Darby not only moves into the metropolitan district around New York with a time saving of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours but the large expense incurred in the guarding of the shipments has been lessened appreciably. Today a motortruck under contract with the Pennsylvania carries the silk direct from the Darby freight house to the Philadelphia transfer stations. At least one handling of the shipments has been cut out, with all its saving, both in time and in financial risk.

Two-Way Economies

IN ITS own way the Pennsylvania already is doing a good job with the motortruck in correlated service. Two years ago it shattered one of its pet traditions and went completely outside of the organization to get an executive, procuring an experienced motortruck operator to see what might be done in bringing this great new agent of American transport into correlation rather than into competition with the box car. The Darby experiment is but one of the successes that R. S. Hurd already has to his credit. It is because of instances such as these that the Pennsylvania is now rapidly extending its motortruck operations.

The New York Central—the Pennsylvania's chief rail competitor—has its own method of correlating the automotive vehicle to its train service. Like the Pennsylvania, it is using the motortruck to replace the rather expensive local freight train, here and there and everywhere upon the system. Within half a year it has discontinued not less than ten of these local freights upon its lines in Western New York alone. The savings by this step have been large.

These economies may be estimated in two ways. The first of them is in the actual operating cost of the train itself, and the second is in the relief that is offered the line by the removal of even one slow train a day in each direction. This last is a factor not to be underestimated. For a decade we have laid down little or no main-line railroad trackage here in the United States, while the traffic upon the existing rails has doubled in volume. McAdoo, a wartime overlord of our national railroad system and possessing unprecedented autocratic powers, was able to do what the roads had previously found themselves quite unable to accomplish—eliminate dozens and even hundreds of unprofitable local passenger trains and so increase the carrying capacity of the lines. Yet all this was but a temporary relief. The bringing off of local freights has afforded a secondary one.

The exact economy made by the removal of a local train—whether freight or passenger—is difficult to estimate in dollars and cents. It may best be set down as a sort of algebraic x. Yet this x is a very real factor. The local passenger trains already taken off reduced line congestion appreciably, chiefly by permitting the recovery of the valuable space that these occupied upon the tracks. But the way freights still remained. Even if but one or two trains in each direction, they kept this indefinite but troublesome x as a figure of some magnitude. Yet for a time it seemed impossible to remove them.

Eliminating Local Freight Trains

IN THESE days of the all but universal use of the passenger automobile throughout the country, the withdrawal of perhaps 25 per cent of the local passenger-train service of a decade ago was not seriously missed. No great protest marked its passing. The way freight is a horse of another color however. Begin to tinker with that and you have the shippers down upon your neck. It makes no difference that to the professional railroader it sticks up like a sore thumb in his line operation; a lazy, dawdling thing, as well as a comparatively unprofitable one, that forever blocks and delays highly profitable high-speed trains, both freight and passenger. It is or it has been sacrosanct. But the correlation of the motortruck with it has enabled cutting it down—on the two big roads that already have gone far with the experiment—to a point where the line relief is appreciable, as well as the financial. And better service, from the point of time consumed at least, is being rendered to the less-than-carload merchandise shipper.

In this correlated use of the motortruck the New York Central has gone even further than the Pennsylvania. In many instances it has completely replaced the operation of less-than-carload-lot way freights by motortrucks upon parallel highways. It has done even more; it has made an intelligent use of the steel container, first in an experimental fashion and then in a practical and steadily increasing commercial way. The principle of these containers has been told already in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; how, loaded at the door of the shipper's warehouse, they are taken by motortruck to the nearest railroad freight station and there, with ten or eleven others, swung by crane upon the deck of a flat car, transported to their destination station, there similarly unloaded and sent one by one upon the chassis of motortrucks right up to the receiving doors of their consignees. Here is a perfection of freight handling, particularly for the handling of package merchandise—in the jargon of the railroader the L. C. L., or less-than-carload freight.

Oddly enough, while in the case of the substitution of the motortruck for the local freight, in part at least, the New York Central acts as the shipping agent—it holds that it really makes no difference to the shipper whether his merchandise goes by highway or by railway, just so long as it goes quickly and efficiently—in the case of the container, local motortrucking concerns act as the contracting agent from the consignor's door to the consignee's. There is good reason for this. Our railroads have been unwilling to adopt the English-railway principle of accepting freight at the shipper's door and taking it all the way through to its final destination. For some years this practice was in effect in Baltimore and in Washington. Wartime control of the railroads stopped it and no one has seen fit to put it into effect once again. The system brings complications and responsibilities which our roads would prefer to avoid. They will never accept it again without protest.

The container scheme would seem to meet the necessities for store-door delivery, as it is frequently called; in most instances at least. It represents an economy to the shipper as well as to the carrier. A concern manufacturing typewriter carbon in an upstate city of New York tried it out not long ago on an 8000-pound shipment with rather astonishing results. To place its paper in a steel box for the 375-mile run down to New York City cost it, all told, but $61.97. A shipment a week before of 8100 pounds of the same material had cost, with freight, packing and carting, $116.67 for precisely the same haul. In other words, practically $55 had been saved to the manufacturer. The saving to him came not in the freight costs—on the crated shipment they were but $53.87 as against the $61.97 paid for the haul of the container—but in the fact that eighteen hours of labor in the preparation of forty wooden packing cases was eliminated—the carbon paper went into the container in the ordinary cardboard cases in which it presently would be offered for sale—and in the striking out of all cartage costs at each end of the railroad's haul.

Here again the carrier's saving was something of an x factor, yet a very appreciable one. He was saved freight-house space on an important merchandise shipment, as well as the use of valuable box-car space at each end of the run. The cranes which load and unload the steel containers are situated out in the team tracks, where space is not so much at a premium. And any straightforward railroader will tell you that despite all the elaborate campaigns that have gone on to help educate the shipper, it is practically impossible even today to procure anything like a really efficient loading of a merchandise L. C. L. box car. The saving to the railroad again is represented in an x several times repeated.

Both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania are extremely loath—to put it mildly—to give out the exact operating savings they are making by the substitution of the motortruck for the box car in short-haul L. C. L. service. With information from another source and with some personal knowledge of rail transportation costs, I am able to say authoritatively that the savings to the Central on one branch alone—on the Falls Road line from Rochester to Suspension Bridge—in cutting off but one train a day in each direction, is not less than $100 each twenty-four hours.

Increasing Use of Steel Containers

THIS is, indeed, a worth-while economy. With something more than 300 working days to the year—the average on which the way freights have been operated—here is a single operating economy on 78 miles of line of more than $30,000 annually. Projected at this rate, the saving to the entire system on its present installation of motortrucks—which steadily is increasing—already exceeds $1500 daily. An annual saving of some $450,000—the interest on about $9,000,000 of investment—is an operating economy not to be sneezed at. And this takes no account whatsoever of the economies accomplished on the New York Central by the rapidly increasing use of the container upon the system. Its use has been extended of late quite far beyond that of package freight. Brick are now being hauled in these huge steel boxes. Formerly the most of these that came for building operations in the New York metropolitan district were transported in huge slow-moving barges down the Hudson. Before the brick could reach the site of the particular operation for which they were destined it was necessary to transfer them at least twice—from the scow at the pier on the west side of Manhattan to the contractor's dump wagon and then at the job itself, out of the dump wagon, generally with an appreciable percentage of breakage in each of these moves.

Today the brick are dumped into a five-ton steel container right at the brickyard. The big box, fitting snugly upon the chassis of a motortruck, goes to the nearest railroad siding and there is swung into place with ten or eleven of its fellows upon the deck of a flat car. Arrived at the New York terminals, this process is reversed; quick as wit, the brick are at the building job. In these days of intensive construction, where time is not only money but money several times multiplied, the advantages of the method are so obvious as not to have to be set down in detail. It begins to look as if the container method of transport could be applied successfully to almost every commodity that moves by rail, with the exception of lumber, of structural steel, of ore and of grain. Yet for this last it is already being seriously considered.

The success of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central with these practical experiments in motortruck coördination has not been lost among their fellows. Three smaller roads of the East—the New Haven, the Erie and the Boston and Maine—already are following in their footsteps, even though in a modest-beginning sort of fashion. In the West the Southern Pacific is giving large thought and attention to the possibilities of the automotive vehicle as an auxiliary to its rail services, particularly along the lines of passenger services. Upon some of

(Continued on Page 54)

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[356-A]

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 52)

its numerous branches in Oregon the Southern Pacific already has completely discontinued branch-line passenger service and arranged for the prospective passengers of these side lines to have the necessary motorbus transport.

For it is very true that folk forsake these branch-line steam trains almost as fast as motorbus transportation of almost any sort is proffered them. The rapid sweep and growth of the privately owned and operated automobile was a vast blow to these little trains. McAdoo, in his wholesale elimination of hundreds of them as a wartime economy, after all only anticipated the inevitable. The most of them already were doomed. For many years a good many railroads had given but little real attention to them.

In the swift process of consolidation of our rail carriers the branches, particularly where they offered no strategic competitive opportunity, were virtually neglected. Some of them were abandoned, others were severed.

Why these branches were unprofitable needs no extended discussion here and now. I have always felt that one reason was because they were small—as compared, at least, with important main-stem lines—and therefore were beneath the sincere attention of the railroaders at the top. Needing above all things intensive care and solicitation, they did not receive these helps, and so gradually went down.

The automobile finished the downfall of many of them. The advance of the improved highroad all the way across the land spelled their doom. Many of them have been abandoned. Many, many more are yet to go.

For upon the heels of the private automobile came the motortruck. Now the short-line road was receiving a real stab in the side. The passenger train it had always accounted a liability; yet with a shrug and a smile it said that it could easily recoup itself with the freight traffic—almost always the mainstay of any railroad. The way freight is not an *x* upon the average branch line. There are no fast through trains there to be delayed by it. It has been a patient, plodding little money earner.

Upon the heels of the motortruck—first privately and singly operated and then operated in unit groups by centralized companies with published tariffs and all that sort of thing—came the motor omnibus. At first that was a crude enough affair, the body often fashioned by some local carriage builder or even a carpenter, and high set upon the chassis of a noisy, rattlesome motortruck. The steam passenger train, of sturdy weight and moving smoothly over the top of a steel rail, could laugh at such a competitor.

But not for long. The swiftest improvements in automotive construction within the past two or three or even five years have been in development of the motor omnibus. From the crude homemade beginnings of yesteryear there has been evolved, with an astonishing rapidity, the so-called de-luxe type of motorbus, which in its creature comforts of every sort rivals the most elegant limousine in all the land. The hard-headed motorbus operator has been educated to a salient fact—that with a crude and clumsy and noisy bus he can probably get a certain amount of traffic, but with a fine modern type of vehicle—as a rule costing him not more than the receipts of a single extra fare or two to operate—he can double and even triple that traffic possibility.

The motorbus rider is as fond of a handsome car as is the owner of a private automobile. Like him, he too will pay, sometimes rather generously, for the privilege of riding in such a vehicle as measured against a more ordinary sort of one. This already may be set down as a cardinal axiom of passenger transport in this country.

The Motorbus Gets Ambitious

AND so no longer does the motorbus operator regard the small branch-line passenger train as his real competitor. Over its recumbent form he counted ten some time ago. He now is sparring against bigger game. The train with a 75-mile run or a 100-mile run is coming within his range. It matters naught to him that that train has the luxury of Pullman equipment. In his low-swung and luxurious bus, with its guaranty of a seat to every rider, its great compartment for luggage of every sort, he feels that he has at least the equivalent of the Pullman parlor car to offer, and in his case without any extra price to be paid for the extra sort of service. In his modern bus there is but one class of service to be offered, and that is the very best.

With this type of vehicle he is going after a better class of passenger riding all the while, and he is getting it. Long-distance motor-car runs no longer are confined to California and Florida and other parts of the land where a combination of good roads and of mild climate twelve months of the year made them logical from the outset. One can ride in the North and in the East long distances in de-luxe motor cars today, and for a good part of the year. From New York to Montreal and from Boston to Buffalo are typical runs.

Recently an important chain of hotels sought to establish its own luxurious motor omnibuses between two of its taverns situated about ninety miles apart. In each of these places its houses were under sharp competition. It figured that if it carried one of its patrons away from its doors in one town and right up to its own doors in the other, that would be good business strategy. So it bought two of the finest motorbusses that it could find and arranged for a twice-a-day schedule of them in each direction. The fare was set at a trifle more than the railroad fare between the two cities, but at less than railroad plus Pullman fare and surcharge, and far less than the combination of these fares and taxicab charges in the two towns.

The new service started off with a bang. The highroad that connects the two cities is good, the country fine and fat and beautiful. It looked as if the new busses would be a great success. Then it was that one of the railroads that connect the two cities stepped in and got an injunction against the running of the busses. It had smarted at the losses to its branch-line local trains from the short-haul motorbusses, but to lose 100 passengers at something more than three dollars apiece each day was a horse of a different color decidedly. At present the entire matter is in the courts and its ultimate outcome not known. But the experiment, whether or not it finally is permitted in that particular state, is almost bound to be repeated elsewhere. It is illustrative of the trend of the times.

Use and Abuse of Public Highways

FOR the moment it seems to matter not that logically the safest path for any automotive vehicle carrying a considerable number of passengers is upon a steel rail, protected by flanged wheels and telegraphic or telephonic orders; the public taste is most assuredly for the passenger coach upon the paved road. Eventually it may hark back to the older order of things save for comparatively short hauls. In winter, through a goodly part of this land, the steam train has a decided advantage over the motorbus upon a slippery or snow-filled highway, both for comfort and for safety. The railroads object rather strenuously to handling this traffic merely when weather conditions alone have ruled the motorbus out of the competition.

"We stand ready to give our passenger service in foul weather as well as in fair," they state. "Therefore we are entitled to have the public patronage in fair weather as well as foul."

Unquestionably there are several things to which the railroads are fairly entitled but which they are not today receiving. But the fault lies quite as much upon their heads as upon the public's. Ten or twelve years ago, when the motorbus was in its infancy decidedly, they might have moved to correlate its service with that of their through passenger services and so have forestalled much of the bus competition which of late has come to harass them. They did nothing of the sort. The railways of France and Great Britain even then were adapting *chars à bancs* and other forms of gasoline omnibuses to their needs, as supplemental services to their passenger trains. The American roads lost their case at the outset, as much by default as by anything else; which, of course, does not alter their inherent rights in the situation.

As the heaviest taxpayers in any of our states they unquestionably have an inherent right to the use of the highways. The New York Central, the Pennsylvania and the other roads which today are using the motortruck to supplement or displace their freight trains—which tomorrow probably will be using the motorbus for the same purpose in regard to their local passenger trains—are well within their rights in this step. There seems to be but little doubt as to this.

But how about the rights of the other users of the splendid highway system that we are so swiftly upbuilding here in the United States? How about the rights of some of the folk whose homes line those highroads? To be specific, how about the rights of a man, of my knowledge, who some years ago bought a quaint old-fashioned house which for nearly two centuries had nosed itself up against the Bethlehem Pike in one of the smart suburbs of Philadelphia? When he purchased the old house the Bethlehem Pike was a busy road, but not a particularly noisy one. Some of the Conestoga wagons of the farmers, bringing their produce into the city markets, rattled a bit over the old pavement, and there was a certain tendency for self-expression on the part of the early motorist which found itself in an unwonted blowing of the horn much of the time. Yet all this was as nothing compared with the Bethlehem Pike of today. Freight trains—of two and even three motor cars, each of four or five tons capacity—rumble up and down it all day long and far into the night, with the direct result that property standing close to it has depreciated very considerably in value. Not every house can be transformed into a retail station for the selling of gasoline and oils.

This is not an isolated instance. It is repeated in nearly every community which is situated in a sizable territory served by improved highways. The motortruck follows the pavement, and so does the motorbus. The one hammers the hard surface of the road slowly, but with such tremendous poundings as to mean its ultimate destruction, while the thrusts of the other, if lighter in impact, are delivered with a far greater swiftness, and so equally work destruction. Recently a good many states have been making a real effort to limit the speed of these motor omnibuses, to the distress of the bus operator. One of his factors in successful competition with the local steam train is speed. If he can maintain an average gait with his bus of from thirty to forty miles an hour he probably is doing much better than the local train, and is not slow to spread that fact to the world.

Various states are now making an effort to limit not only the speed but the weight of the motor vehicle, particularly the motortruck. The disposition at the outset to limit the carrying capacity of this latter vehicle to well above ten tons has gradually been lessened. California has a new motor-vehicle law that is rather typical of this growing trend. It now limits the maximum weight of a four-wheeled truck and its load to 22,000 pounds, although trucks purchased under the old statutes and weighing with a normal load 24,000 pounds were permitted to run two years after the enactment of the new law. But California permits the supervisors of any of its counties to lessen the 22,000 pounds maximum weight if, in their judgment, the weight of the trucks is breaking down the local highways. The state does more. It permits but one trailer to a truck. But the weight of both vehicles, with their loads, must not exceed 34,000 pounds.

These restrictions are not quite typical of those existing all the way across the land. It does not, as a rule, take more than two or three instances of overloaded motortrucks going through small bridges or culverts to stir a legislature toward rather drastic action.

Yet, truth to tell, the fact remains that the American highway itself is not yet built for the swift haul of great loads. In other words, it never can quite approximate, in its elasticity, its wearing resistance and its strength, the well-built railroad. This can be set down as fairly axiomatic. In the course of a quarter century we have done much with our highways here in the United States. Starting twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, almost coincident with the coming of the motor vehicle, by putting down water-bound road with a foundation never exceeding six inches in thickness, we think nothing today of laying concrete roads with sixteen, eighteen or twenty inches of foundation. This about represents the extreme amount of money that we now wish to put into any one road, with so many hundreds and even thousands of American unimproved highways pleading for betterment of even the simplest sort.

Road-Traffic Increase

THIS last is the demand of the ordinary citizen with a motor car. And with nearly 15,000,000 individual passenger motor cars now in use in the United States, he is a factor in the situation. The voice of his demand is likely to command attention. Today he is king of the highway. The horse is gone. Test counts on seven typical roads in the East which showed, as recently as 1909, an average of 1497 vehicles a twelve-hour day on each of them, also brought out the fact that 70 per cent of these still were horse drawn. Similar test counts made last year at the same places on the same roads showed 17,331 vehicles passing in twelve hours, and less than 1 per cent of these were horse drawn; and the tests were made rather typical in rural districts.

Variously the traffic on these seven roads had increased in fourteen years all the way from 1200 to 2500 per cent; but in 1923 each of them still was the width that it had been in 1909—sixteen feet.

What the motorist really wants is not thickness of road, so that it can be used to supplant the railroad, but, as we shall presently see, greater width and a greater paved mileage. The problem of the truck operator is as nothing to him.

He really wishes the blamed trucks were, the most of them at least, off the highway altogether. They crowd and they shove him in an uncomfortable fashion and he resents it distinctly. The manners of motortruck operators are, in many instances, capable of improvement. Many of them are lacking in even ordinary road courtesy. It is but fair, however, to set down that some of the larger oil companies, by means of organized and persistent effort, have accomplished much in bringing courtesy into the minds and the hearts of the drivers of their distribution trucks. For this thing alone they are entitled to several votes of thanks.

The movement of the railroads toward the use of the highway off their rails—a movement still in its infancy, but apt to come to large proportions before it is finished—may bring this motortruck problem upon the open highroad to a real crisis. The fact that the railroads, as the heaviest taxpayers in all our states, and so the chief contributors to the upbuilding of the highways—in many, many cases paralleling their own rails and so permitting direct competition by motortruck and motorbus—have an undoubted right to use the highroads, only serves to complicate the problem.

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DODGE BROTHERS
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THE SHEEP HERDER

AT A TIME when the romantic cowboy and other of Nature's noblemen are disappearing from the scene, it seems fitting to chronicle another fast-vanishing race—the sheep herder. With the cutting up of the vast public ranges by the homesteader, and the cutting down of the individual holdings through increased taxation, the great sheep companies must go the way of the cattle companies, and the sheep herder follow, albeit at a respectful distance, in the retreating footsteps of the cowboy. The time is not far distant when he who seeks the herder must go to some museum. There between the Eskimos and the Fiji Islanders he will perhaps find a stuffed group, The Herder and His Dogs. But it would be better to have the dogs stuffed and the herder pickled. So each would be enabled to gratify eternally his highest ambition.

But before portraying the sheep herder it is necessary to differentiate him from the shepherd. The latter term evokes a romantic figure with fluttering ribbands, perhaps a steeple-crowned hat, a guitar slung over one shoulder, and a shepherd's staff in his hand. The sheep herder differs from this conception in several important particulars. For the gay clothes and ribbands substitute blue-denim overalls and jumper; and for the steeple-crowned hat, a battered felt or fur cap, and for the pastoral staff a .30-30 rifle or a .22, according to whether the herder's mind is bent on the murder of coyotes or cottontail rabbits. The behavior of the two men is as different as their appearance. The shepherd leads his flock with a song; the herder follows his with profanity. The shepherd reposes his limbs on a mossy bank beneath a tree and carols a roundelay. The herder looks the ground over carefully to be sure he won't sit on a cactus, eases his weary limbs to the unshaded hillside, and gives his vocal organs a well-earned rest. Also there is a very sharp distinction in the way the two members of this profession are regarded. This was illustrated by an old Scotchman who had herded here and in his native country. He said that over there when he drove the sheep from the highlands to their winter quarters people would exclaim, "Here comes the noble shepherd and his flock!" But out here when they saw him coming they would say, "Here comes that [censored] [deleted] sheep herder and his bunch of woollies."

All the Comforts of Home

It should be noted in the first place that there are two general theories about herding. One is that no man can herd for six months without going crazy. The other is that a man must have been mentally unbalanced for at least six months before he is in fit condition to entertain the thought of herding. Having been a herder for more than six years, the writer feels a certain delicacy about indorsing either of these theories. Perhaps the one who originally propounded them had only a six months' supply of brains to go on.

In Old Testament times the owner of flocks and herds was a nomad, living in a tent and moving from place to place as the need for grass dictated. Today the flock owner is as stationary as any Corn Belt farmer, but the herder is still a nomad. As the grass on one part of the range is eaten off within herding distance, the herder and sheep are moved to another part, thus covering in the course of a year the entire range used by the flock owner. Since the ranch buildings are usually located near the center of the flock owner's holdings, the herder may be compared to a satellite swinging in the course of a year about a central sun, which at more or less regular intervals gives off gleams of gold or silver or I O U's as the case may be, said gleams having the force of gravity in keeping the herder swinging in his orbit.

Such a program calls for a high degree of mobility for the herder and his possessions, and the answer to this is the sheep wagon, serving as a home or a moving van with equal facility. Picture to yourself the old-time prairie schooner or Conestoga wagon, shorten it somewhat, widen it to project over the wheels, pull the canvas taut over the hoops so as to do away with that ribbed appearance, and you have a fair picture of the herder's happy home. A door occupies most of the front end, directly over the wagon tongue. This door is composed of two halves, one over the other, each swinging independently on its own hinges. This permits ventilation without a floor draft and keeps the wind from blowing directly on the stove. The upper half of the door contains three small panes of glass, one above another, which serve to admit light—that is, if they are washed frequently enough.

The inside of the wagon is a model of convenience. Just over the stove is a set of shelves for food and dishes. Running down each side of the wagon is a bench, as in an old-fashioned street car. In the middle of each bench is a trapdoor giving access to a grub box beneath, hanging in the space between the wheels. The benches terminate at the bed, a built-in board bunk occupying the last four or five feet of the wagon and running crosswise to it. Just above the bed is another window, through which the herder may look out over the sheep at night. Fastened to the bed and projecting forward between the two benches is a hinged table, supported at the front edge by a folding leg or a chain from the roof. This table may be let down if more room in the body of the wagon is desired. Beneath the bed is a space where bulky articles may be kept, and where the dogs may be out from underfoot. At the rear of the wagon on the outside is fastened a stout box, where wood and coal may be carried.

Such is the herder's home, the coziest, most compact quarters ever devised for the comfort of bachelorhood. You can get a meal without moving out of your tracks—no ten-mile marathon around a big kitchen looking for things that aren't where they are supposed to be. Ask any herder whether he would rather get a meal in his wagon or in the kitchen at the ranch. Save your breath—you know the answer.

It might surprise the average house dweller to be told that the sheep wagon is comfortably livable the year round, even in a country that sees forty degrees below zero temperature every winter. The double door in front and the window over the bed make ventilation an easy matter in summer, and one can keep fairly cool in the hottest weather, except while the stove is going. In winter the double floor and the triple covering, two layers of canvas with a blanket between, effectually keep in the heat, and there is so little air space inside to warm up that even a small fire kept overnight will keep things fairly comfortable, and above the freezing point.

But every rose has its thorn, and the thorn in the present instance is moving day. Imagine that every three weeks or month you are obliged to put all your treasured belongings either on the bed or under the bed, hitch an unsympathetic Japanese earthquake to the front of your house and drag it two or three miles across the prairie. Then imagine straightening up your house again, finding that the mirror is once more broken in half, that the molasses pail has tipped over and the contents spread over all adjacent objects in a thin veneer, or that the kerosene can has spilled on the bed, inducing dreams of oil-stock swindles for some time afterward. Such are the things that may and do occur, although a merciful providence usually sees to it that they do not all happen at once.

In herding, as in many other lines of work, there is a vast difference between theory and practice. In theory the herder rises with the dawn, cooks his plain but substantial breakfast, and follows the slow sweep of his flock out to the neighboring flats. He seats himself on a near-by hillside while the sheep scatter out below him as they graze toward a place where they can water. Then with hunger and thirst both appeased they turn and graze slowly toward the bed ground, while the eager and intelligent dog is ever ready at a wave of his master's hand to hold up the leaders or to hurry in some straggler. So in all the calm beauty of a prairie sunset the herder walks slowly in ahead of his flock to prepare his evening meal, while behind him the sheep graze on to the bed ground and lie down, chewing the cud of fullness and content. Such days do occur, but when one of them happens the herder puts a red mark on the calendar and neglects to say his prayers.

What is more likely to happen is this: Just as the herder is about to sit down to breakfast the sheep decide to start on their travels for the day. Since they intend to cover as much ground as possible it occurs to them that it might be as well to get an early start. There are two courses open to the herder. He may either dog them back onto the bed ground, which doesn't do them any particular good, or he may let them go, bolt his breakfast, put up a hasty lunch, leave his dishes unwashed, his wood uncut, his floor unswept, and start out on a stern chase, which is proverbially a long one. It would be a very long one indeed if it were not for the dog, who is fresh and eager to work. The sheep are finally checked in their nonstop hike for California, and they immediately show a foolish but intense desire to migrate to Mexico. Being thwarted in their unholy purpose, they show their utter impartiality by starting for the Canadian border.

By this time the temper and temperature of the herder have advanced several degrees, and the ardor of the dog has perceptibly cooled. Finally with a mixture of entreaty to the dog and a malediction on all sheep, their ancestors and descendants, combined with the leg work of a cub reporter during a street-car strike, the herder finally convinces the sheep that it would be unwise and unsafe to start anywhere for the time being. They therefore settle down to graze, as they might as well have done in the first place, and the herder retires to the nearest hill to cool off and enjoy his Pyrrhic victory. It is nearly noon by this time, so he thinks he will take advantage of the temporary lull to eat his lunch.

Nothing to Do But Work

It isn't a particularly appetizing lunch, because it was put up in a hurry, and just as he is well started on it the sheep decide that they have stuck around long enough and might as well be going. But here a difficulty arises. Some want to go one way and some another. They decide to separate peacefully, and do so, all except a few irreconcilables, who go off at a tangent just to show their complete independence.

The herder on the hilltop sees them go. He is tired from a morning of steady walking and he thinks he has earned and deserves time enough to eat his lunch in peace. But he pays dearly for his indulgence. By the time he has wiped his mouth with the back of his hand the bunches are about half a mile apart and the distance is increasing every minute. He starts out for the most distant of the three bunches. Just at this moment two riders come in sight over a hill and ride on toward the ranch. The bedeviled herder knows that, following the invariable custom of the country, they will report to the boss that the sheep were split in three bunches and scattered all over.

With rage in his heart the herder sends his dog toward the farthest band. But the dog measures the distance with his eye, finds it too long for a sustained run, realizes that he is tired from his morning's work and stiff from the noon rest, remembers the cactus that he ran into his foot week before last, and wonders if the herder will think he has another if he stops to lick it. Worth trying anyway. He seemingly forgets that he has tried that trick frequently in the past and never convinced anyone yet. However,

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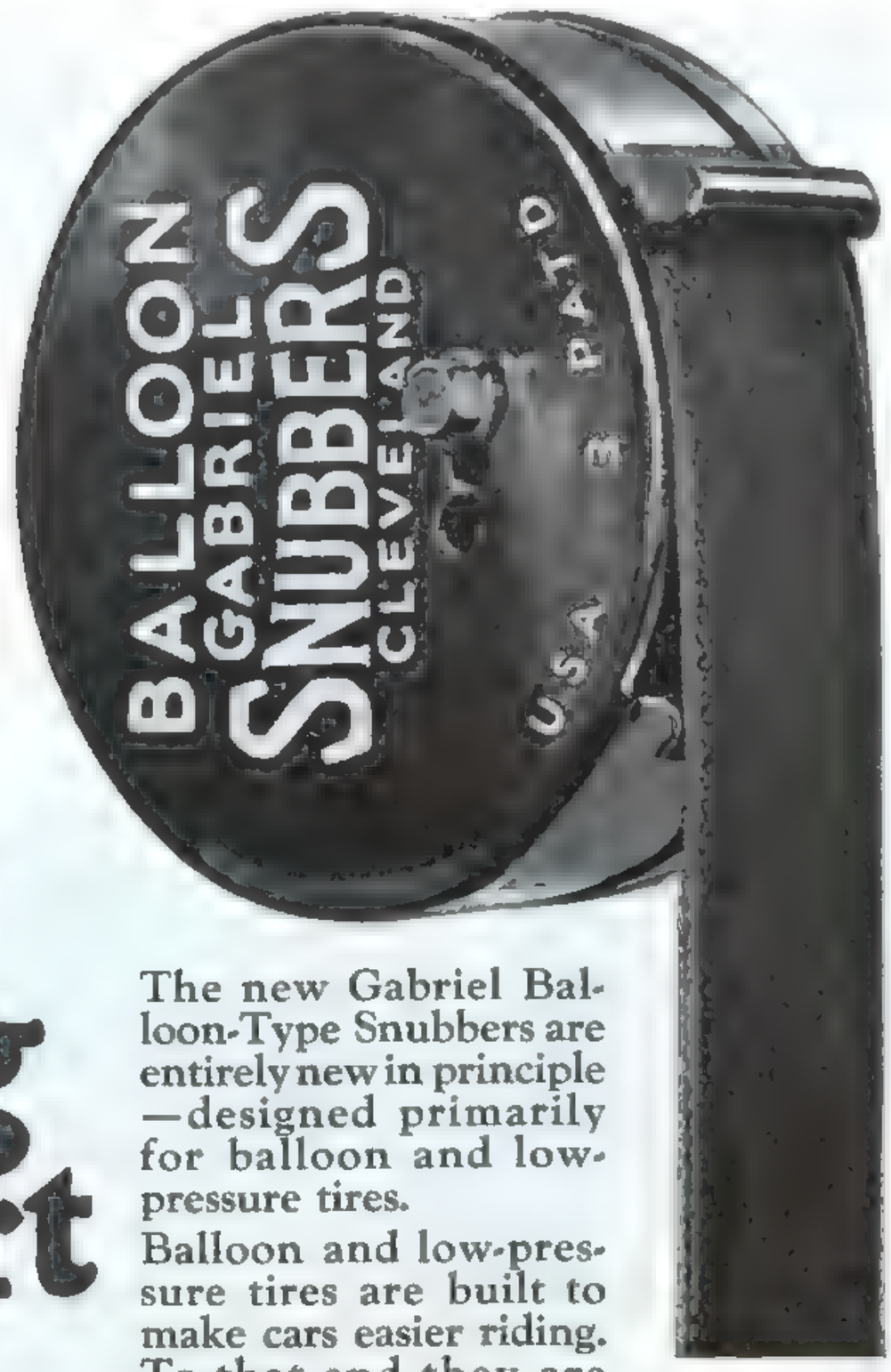
Trees at Night

Good-by, Summer

New and Finer Riding Comfort



The new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers are entirely new in principle—designed primarily for balloon and low-pressure tires.

Balloon and low-pressure tires are built to make cars easier riding. To that end they are larger and softer. In themselves, therefore, they have sufficient flexibility to absorb the small irregularities on smooth roads; but they also have a greater throw.

The new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers have the free play which is absolutely necessary to permit the tires to function on such roads.

On rough roads the need for these new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers is particularly plain—due to the galloping, pitching or rolling motion caused by the greater upthrow of the low-pressure tires.

Here again a new and exclusive feature of these Balloon-Type Gabriels is especially important—for they have the increased braking action which instantly stops all rolling, galloping or pitching.

Therefore, to be sure of all the benefits which you seek with balloon or low-pressure tires, you must equip with these new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers. Get them at any Gabriel sales or service station.

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

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New Balloon Type

Gabriel Snubbers

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he does not have confidence enough in his alibi to induce him to venture within distance of the now thoroughly aroused herder. He trots far enough ahead to be out of reach, at the same time barking vociferously, perhaps to still the small voice of conscience, perhaps to drown the somewhat louder voice of his master, pouring in upon him a verbal barrage whose violence threatens his eardrums and whose electric tingle ought to put a permanent wave in his tail. So, tandem fashion, dog and man, near the outlying bunch, where with a final burst of speed the dog seeks to redeem himself, and sends the offending sheep scurrying back toward the others. After an hour's work the three bunches are reunited and, under the close and sullen guard of the herder, are turned definitely toward the distant wagon. There the herder arrives with them at dark, tired and leg weary, with his wagon chores to do, his dog to feed and his own supper to get. And then they wonder why some herders go crazy.

There was a school of writers, now happily defunct, who went by the malodorous name of muckrakers. Their rule of composition was delightfully simple. Having decided that their finished product should be purple—and it usually was—they looked over their economic or political landscape and set down everything that had a purplish tinge, calmly ignoring everything else. The result was undeniably purple, even though it bore slight resemblance to what was before their eyes. In the present instance, having started with the purple shadows of a herder's existence, let us finish with them before gazing at the equally numerous bright and joyous colors.

Perhaps the worst feature of herding is the thought that whatever the weather is, heat or cold, rain, snow or sleet, the herder must take it, not for an hour or two but all day long. Of course he dresses for it; he could never stand the exposure otherwise. But no slicker suit can make a three-day rain seem cheerful, and no combination of woolen under and outer clothing can keep out all the cold of a forty degree below zero cold snap. The farmer always has inside work in barn or shed that he can profitably do in stormy weather. But out in the range country it is not practicable to feed hay to any but the weak sheep. So seven days in the week and thirty-one days in most months the sheep have to get out and graze and be herded. Thus it is that the herder has to stand the extremes of heat and cold in a country where, Stefansson's word for it, the thermometer registers at times lower than it does in the Arctic Circle, and where the heat in summer rivals that of a famous place which, if any explorers have reached there, at least none has returned to brag about it.

The Canine Wonder of Montana

Next to the constant exposure perhaps the greatest hardship of herding is a purely mental one. This may seem strange in an occupation which is supposed to deprive one of his mental processes. But the conscientious herder is never free from worry over possible lost sheep. They may be lost in either of two ways—by coyotes or by straying off. In any kind of hilly or rolling country it is almost impossible for the herder to see all his two thousand sheep at one time. This becomes possible only when herding on large flats. Consequently there is always the chance that a small bunch may split off from the rest, unseen by the herder, perhaps to be picked up days later in greatly reduced numbers, perhaps split up by coyotes and pulled down one by one. The size of the main bunch—that is, their general appearance—will tell the herder nothing unless a very substantial number be missing. It is a curious fact that sheep look more or fewer according to the position the one viewing them occupies. Viewed from above they look much fewer than when viewed from the same level. Scattered out they look like hundreds more than when close packed. And just at dusk the herder may think he has all the sheep in the world in front of him. There are certain sheep in every bunch, especially black sheep, that the herder calls his markers. But the presence of all of them really proves nothing, since they might all be within a group of a hundred head. But in case one of the markers is missing the herder may be pretty certain there are others with it, and will start out to look for them.

Speaking of markers reminds one of the wonderful sheep dog in Montana, whose master used to say, "Ten thousand white ones, and sixty black ones! Go round 'em, Shep!" Of course the dog is dead now. Such dogs always are at the time the stories are told of them. In fact the high mortality rate of canine wonders can be matched only by the surprising longevity of cheerful liars.

The same conditions that make it possible for sheep to slip away unseen also make it possible for coyotes to pick off one occasionally. Usually on the approach of a coyote the sheep run together, and this gives the herder warning and allows him to smoke him up if he is carrying a rifle. But very often the coyote lies hid in some draw or depression toward which the sheep are grazing, and he may kill one out of sight of the herder without causing a general disturbance of the sheep. It is a curious fact that a sheep bitten by a coyote very seldom recovers. The bite becomes infected and causes the sheep's death even if it is a slight one, while a dog can rip a large piece of skin loose and it can be sewn back in place and the sheep apparently be none the worse for it. It almost seems as if the coyote's bite was poisonous. Of late years the Federal Government has made life easier for the herders by employing men to exterminate predatory animals with trap, gun and poison, and the state and county governments work toward the same end by offering substantial bounties for them. The fur of the coyote, of course, has its own value too.

The Glorified Cowboy in Real Life

The facts that the coyotes get a sheep only occasionally and that some get loose from the bunch still less frequently do not do away with the possibility in either case. Thus it is that worry never leaves the herder.

Another real drawback to herding, and a deterrent to young fellows especially, is the popular attitude toward the job. Why is it that the man who takes care of cattle is a romantic figure, while the man who takes care of sheep is either a joke or anathema? The modern cowboy, or to speak more accurately, the hired man on a cattle ranch, has a much more prosaic job than the herder. His work consists of about nine months' handling hay in one way or another, and the other three months handling the results. Also he receives ten or fifteen dollars a month less wages than the herder during the summer months and is lucky to get half the herder's wages in the winter. And yet every kid in the range country who possibly can, gets hold of a Stetson hat, and chaps, and a Miles City saddle, and then cultivates a bow-legged walk and hires out to a cattleman. If he ever has ambitions to become a sheep herder nobody will ever know it unless he talks in his sleep.

And yet the herder is an ordinary human being, and not an escaped freak. There was a young woman from the East visiting a sheep ranch, and she evinced a great desire to see a sheep herder. The rancher sent her along with the wagon that took supplies to the sheep camp, and on her return he said, "Well, did you find out what a herder looks like?" and she replied, "Why, he looks just like anybody else." In the range country you could not fire a shotgun into the average crowd without hitting a man who had at some time herded sheep, although it might take the charge in the other barrel to make him admit it. About the only man who isn't ashamed to admit having herded is the sheepman, and he mentions it merely to show how far he has come. The days of active warfare between sheepmen and cattlemen are a thing of the past. But the widespread prejudice against sheep and contempt for the herder still persist.

Does the herder fare any better in literature than in real life? Emphatically, no. In Western stories he has apparently only two rôles. One is to serve as an animated target for the drunken, high-spirited cowboy; and the other is, himself intoxicated—or, as he would say, polluted—to serve as a foil for the virtuous and high-minded cowboy. Does the sheep herder rescue the New England schoolma'am from the local bad man or the huge timber wolf? Doubtless he would like to, but he has a previous engagement thirty-one days out of the month, and a very circumscribed radius of action. He cannot, like the cowboy, ride circles around the schoolhouse looking for that locoed heifer that was last seen in that vicinity three years before. Does the sight of the herder, like the sight of the bold cowboy, cause the heart of the schoolma'am or the tender maiden to do a flip-flop? Truth compels the answer, nary flop.

But there was one time at least when the established order or things was reversed. A group of riders were passing along the foot of a hill and they saw a sheep herder reclining at the top, busily engaged in minding his own business. One of the riders said, "Watch me bring him out of it." The next minute a rifle bullet kicked up the dust a few feet to one side of the herder. He not only came out of it, but he picked up a .30-30 lying beside him and began to pump lead into the group with the greatest enthusiasm. The latter, like the guests in Macbeth, stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

If all the popular libels on the herders were true they would be occupying cells in the various state penitentiaries instead of sheep wagons. One of the minor slanders is to the effect that after hearing nothing but the blatting of sheep the herder loses the power of speech, and adopts the language of his charges. A sad story is related in proof of this. A friendly traveling man once occupied a seat in the smoker with an old herder.

By way of breaking the ice he asked, "Where are you from?"

"Montaa-aa-naa-aa," replied the herder, with the general intonation of a ewe calling her long-lost lamb.

"Where are you going?" was the next question.

"Baa-aa-aa-aack," bleated the herder.

Hastily pulling down his trousers legs to cover his wool socks, the traveling man sought a seat in another car.

There is a well-authenticated case of a herder who stood with one foot on a brass rail and looked at his image in a large mirror which happened to be opposite, and alternately laughed and blatted. But in this case a thoughtful physician with the the aid of a stomach pump might have diagnosed the case as one of overexhilaration rather than anything else.

There is no use denying that the sheep do sometimes blat. For about seven months in the year they are almost silent. But from the beginning of lambing until the lambs are weaned, they make up for all lost time. They blat off and on all day, but when the bunch is rounded up in the evening, and hundreds of ewes are temporarily separated from their lambs in the confusion, the noise is deafening. Take a thousand ewes, each firmly convinced that she has seen the last of Little Woolly unless she can make herself heard over the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, and a thousand lambs, each trying to locate its next hot meal by the same method, and the resulting uproar would make the proverbial boiler factory seem like an old ladies' home on a Sunday afternoon.

Naturally the herder gets used to this and pays no more attention to it than an engineer does to the roar of his train.

Too Much Argument

Of course the solitary life which a herder leads affects him to a certain degree, just as it does the lighthouse keeper, the prospector or any other solitary worker. It tends to make him self-centered, introspective, touchy, and he is apt to brood over trifles which in active intercourse with his kind would pass unnoticed. Above all, it tends to exaggerate any streak of queerness that he may have in him, because the rough edges of his disposition are not subject to the daily grinding and polishing which they would receive in an office or factory. But investigation will bear out the statement that he does not become as queer as the various bachelors who live and work by themselves. He is responsible to his employer and he has definite work to do, and that is a powerful aid to morale.

As illustrating the effect of solitude or near-solitude on the disposition, there is told the story of two herders who were watching a bunch of sheep at some distance from the ranch. They had been without any society but that of each other for three weeks and they had got on each other's nerves to such an extent that for a week they had not spoken.

One night just as they were going to sleep one of them broke silence.

"Hear that cow beller?"

"Sounds to me more like a bull," replied the other.

The first one made no answer, but rolled over and went to sleep. In the morning after breakfast he started to pack up his things, much to the other's surprise.

"You quittin?" he asked.

"Yup."

"What's the matter?"

"Too much argument."

But if herding involved only exposure to the weather, worry over lost sheep and public obloquy, there would be very few herders. There must be something in herding to make men stay with it year after year. The unkind say that herding incapacitates a man for doing anything else. But that is not the true answer. When I started to herd, my boss said, "Herding is what you make it." In other words, it gives a man a chance to live his own life at the same time that he is working for another, and there are few jobs that do that. In most lines of work if a man gives his boss an honest day's work he is tired when night comes and would rather go to bed than recreate. This is particularly true of almost all labor in the country. Herding, on the other hand, not only gives a chance for considerable reading during the day but usually leaves one comparatively fresh at the end of the day to enjoy an evening of reading, writing, solitaire or whatever the mood suggests. Of course this presupposes a temperament that does not require constant association with others. No man in whom the gregarious instinct is strong would stick to herding a week. But to many people solitude is enjoyable, and to some it would be a luxury.

Anything But Monotony

There is one point on which an outsider might be tempted to waste some misplaced pity, and that is the apparent monotony of the job. In reality it is anything but monotonous. The sheep rarely act the same two days running. If they are quiet one day they are apt to be restless the next. The weather, especially the wind, affects them strongly. Besides this, the wagon is moved on an average of once a month and every move means new range, new scenery and new neighbors. In addition to this are occasional trips to the ranch with the sheep for one purpose or another. Riders frequently stop to talk with the herder, and in this way he keeps posted on the news. Each season, too, calls for a different kind of herding. From October to May the herder leaves the wagon with the sheep in the morning, taking a lunch with him, and does not return till night. In the summer months the sheep lie on water from about eleven in the morning till three or four in the afternoon. Therefore the wagon is placed near water and the herding day is really broken into two days. The sheep leave the wagon at five and return at eleven, leave water about the middle of the afternoon and return to the bed ground at dark. So although the working day stretches from five in the morning till nine at night, there are several hours in the middle of the day when the herder can do as he pleases. In spring when the green grass is starting and the sheep are running their legs off in a vain attempt to get enough of it, there is neither day leisure nor evening for the herder. This is his hardest and most disagreeable part of the year. But this again is closely followed by lambing time, which is anything in the world but monotonous.

Herding is called a lazy man's job, chiefly by those who haven't tried it. Taking everything into consideration it may be safely hazarded that the herder earns his money, but he does so with very much less physical exertion than the ranch hand. When he sees the latter sweating in the hayfield or at building fence, he is apt to congratulate himself on his own job. Of course he pays the piper in other ways, but each is probably content with the job he has.

Another advantage the herder enjoys is his freedom from being bossed. His work is largely cut out for him, and failure on his part to do it brings swift and certain penalties. But he is largely his own boss, and if he wears the shackles they are at least out of sight a great part of the time.

So when you go on your cross-continent tour, don't waste too much pity on the herder on his lonely hill. He is probably enjoying himself. But if you feel you have a little pity to spare, then the next time a bitter-cold and stormy winter's day breaks, just change the old saying a little and ejaculate, "God pity the poor herders on a day like this!"

But you might give him a friendly wave of the hand as you go by. He would appreciate that. It will help his inferiority complex. He is the foundation stone of the sheep business, or the bottom rung of the social ladder. It all depends on the point of view.

At Open Car Cost

ESSEX COACH

Built by Hudson

Genuine Balloon Tires

Standard Equipment

The outstanding buying choice this year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach alone provides them. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. Everyone knows it gives highest closed car value. And because no other type or car shares its position it is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

Genuine Balloon Tires Enhance World's Greatest Value

Naturally when balloon tires had established their superiority Hudson and Essex would adopt them. They are now standard equipment. They add an even greater measure of riding ease, steadiness and good looks to the notable values of the Coach.

In workmanship, materials and design both Hudson and Essex are of one quality—built in the same factories, under the same patents. Your choice between them will rest solely on the price you want to pay.

You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

Consider how the growing trend to closed cars affects resale values. The diminishing demand for open cars means far faster depreciation in that type. As the wanted type, the Coach maintains exceptionally high resale value.

ESSEX SIX COACH

$1000

HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH

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Be Sure to Get Parts Price List from Your Dealer

So Why Buy an Open Car?

An hour in a driving rain

is an expensive test of raincoat quality!

AN hour in a drenching rain will tell you a lot about a raincoat—but it's a pretty expensive way to find out!

To make sure of real raincoat protection *before they buy*, thousands of people today have learned to depend on the name "Raynster."

All the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world have been used to make the "U.S." Raynster name an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat protection.

Every inch of a "U.S." Raynster is backed by layer on layer of highest grade rubber. Every seam is reinforced.

"U.S." Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside.

Our little booklet, entitled, "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Raynsters

EVERY MOVE A PUNCTURE

(Continued from Page 50)

that the English have not had this startling success by asking the Chinese to be good; they done it by telling them. And it would be a very good example for us to follow right in our own slums where outsiders come in, and we have far too long been asking them to coöperate with our civilization when they think coöperation is a medical word with something to do with the digestive tract, if they think at all. We ought to stop asking them and commence telling them.

Well, a noticeable side product of Hong-Kong, China, is well-dressed men, badly dressed women and the most picturesque race course in the world, with half-breed types at it that any moving-picture director would gladly pay real money to. There was everything at that racing park from genuine English nobility looking like Chicago rooming-house keepers to Chicago rooming-house keepers all dressed up like English nobility, if you know what I mean. There was French and American gobs, and Australian adventuresses looking the part and then some. We seen blondined Chinese girls in bright satin native clothes, aristocratic Chinese ladies in French creations, and looking snappy and well groomed in them too; and we saw big, slouchy, attractive Englishmen, and pucka English officers in their terribly-terribly beautiful uniforms of the kind that makes our own men pull down their cuffs and wonder.

There was also around Hong-Kong one of the most beautiful drives in the world, and I would say at a glance that the scenery had been pretty well copied from the Los Angeles-San Diego shore route. I would also recommend any tourist that they don't miss it, stopping for lunch at Repulse Bay Hotel, which is exactly like eating on one of C. B. De Mille's most expensive high-life-among-the-vicious-rich sets.

Well, what with one interesting thing and another, I and Mural was having a real good time. We was sailing along with comparatively light minds until the third morning, when I picked my copy of the North China Daily News off my early tea tray, and at once took a flop back onto the fortunately near bed when I read the headlines:

BILLIE LICHEE, NORTH CHINA'S CHAMPION WRESTLER, CHALLENGES NOTED ACTOR

JAMES LA TOUR, FAMOUS AMERICAN STAGE AND SCREEN STAR ACCEPTS

TO MEET FAMOUS CHINAMAN THIS MONTH

"Mural!" I yelled as soon as I had breath enough. "Come quick and read this! He'll be killed sure!"

"What's the matter?" she called, padding in on her bare feet. Then she read over my shoulder. "Well, what of it?" says she. "Jim can lick him, can't he?"

"Yes, he cannot!" I gurgled. "That ham couldn't lick a postage stamp without getting stuck! Why, he's let himself get so soft, what with using a double and drinking, that it's a wonder to me he can dance, even!"

"Well, your Mr. Blupp, or however you pronounce his name, don't seem to think so," says Mural, pointing down the paragraph. "See here."

I read anxiously:

Mr. Henry Blaughton, local manager for the company with which Mr. La Tour is traveling, said tonight in his luxurious office: "I think we shall win. The challenge came rather as a surprise to Mr. La Tour, who had not anticipated wrestling while on this trip. He is always in splendid condition, however, owing to the nature of his work. While in China he expects to make a motion picture called The Last of the Manchus, an adaption to the screen of James F. Cooper's famous novel of similar name, in which picture he will do some daring stunts, including leaping from a cliff, going down in the harbor on a burning junk, climbing the Flowery Pagoda with his feet tied, and other spectacular achievements. So you can easily see that he is in the pink."

"Mural!" I says, trembling. "That Chink will kill Jim if he ever lays hands on him! What on earth'll we do?"

"Go right back to Shanghai," says Mural, in a tone just like that was a suggestion I would never of thought of without her.

"Sure!" I says. "We will get the boat tonight if there is one. And if there isn't one we'll just have to buy a aeroplane or something. I got to get there!"

"All right," says she soothingly, the way a person can when it isn't their trouble; "but don't you worry about Jim, dear. Everything will be all right."

"Not worry?" says I. "Why, all the wrestling that boob has ever done is with his income-tax return! Mr. Lichee, the Chinese nut, will just about tie friend husband into a pretzel and throw him away over the left shoulder."

Well, I was pretty near sick. But at last Fog come in to say there was a boat all right, and after a thousand years or something, we saw, heard and smelled Shanghai, and the first thing I done was to find my poor dear husband.

He was walking up and down our royal sitting room, mopping his brow like on the night-of-the-election set, when he played the rising young district attorney in Foolish Laws. The minute he saw me he didn't fall on my neck, however. Instead he fell on my family connections like a ton of hot bricks.

"So there you finally are!" he says, stopping his Marathon and glaring at me over the English sports bandanna he was mopping the leaks with. "Why couldn't you stay home once in a while and watch that mother of yours?"

Well, I have been a wife so long that, of course, I am used to being blamed when my husband gets himself into a mess, but this was one time where I couldn't guess why he threw my mother at me like that.

"What has ma got to do with the trouble you are in, dear?" I says sweetly. "I read it in the paper and run right back to pick up the pieces. But what's that to do with ma?"

"It's got everything to do with it!" snarled Jim. "She fixed the whole thing up, I tell you! She was home, and I was out when the delegation called with the challenge. I didn't know a thing about it in advance. And ma had a bunch of 'em shown up and received 'em like a queen, all dressed up with an American flag on her chest, and tells 'em she knows I'll do it, and that I'm the cat's whiskers, generally. And to make things worse the boys from the press were along with a camera, and her picture, flag and all, was in the paper."

"Suffering codfish!" I says feebly, sitting down. "Jim, this has got to be stopped. Tell them you won't fight."

"How can I?" says he, trying to throw his hands away. "They saw Bragdon, or whatever he calls himself, before they saw me, and he thought it was all jake and let out a lot more publicity. I've got to go through with it now, although of course the Chink will make pulp out of me. You better begin your plans for your widowhood, Mary. No kidding, my dear, I may never come out of this alive. Have you seen Lichee?"

I shook my head dumbly.

"Well, give a look!" says Jim, and he flashed a still into my lap. It was of a Chinaman slightly smaller then the Washington Monument and with mean little muscles on him like a rash of cantaloupes. The sight of it give me determination, if no ideas.

"Jim, my dearest," I says solemnly, "it can't be done. It's got to be stopped one way or another. I guess you will have to develop the measles or something just before the show."

"Yes, and how about our vaudeville contract that we open here with day after tomorrow?" says he. "And the picture I am to make. Maybe those birds wouldn't have a doctor in to wash the jam off my chest if I was to try and pull any funny business. Fat chance, old dear! I'll tell you one thing, hon, true as I'm a bad actor: If by any miracle I can get out of this mess alive, I'll never use another double as long as I live and I'll never drink another drop. I'll go into training and I'll ——"

"Hold on!" I says. "Don't make any rash promises, Gorgeous, because you might have to keep them."

"Not a chance in the world!" says he wildly, and for the minute I let it go at that.

He flung out the room, headed for the bar probably, and I sat down and tried to think how could I get the poor boy out of the mess that glare of publicity, which I had never liked it at any time, had got him into. I didn't even mind the way he blamed me for the whole thing, or the way he dashed off, leaving me to get him out of it. But I couldn't see where we could crawl, and all I could think of was ain't life strange? Only a coupla days ago I was wishing Jim would get his for being a fake, and now here I am afraid that he will. And then while I was holding my head and vainly racking it, the door opened and who would come in but Rowlie, our traveling manager, with three cans of fillum under his arm. I smiled at him, and he returned it kind of wan as he put his packages on the table.

"Hello, Rowlie!" I says. "Heard the bad news, I suppose?"

"Yes," says he. "It's a pity Jim has got himself into this mess. But he might get away with it, at that. Sometimes you can scare these big birds with a good bluff."

"People seem to of been going on that theory quite a lot ever since Methuselah was in kindergarten," I says sadly. "But I still claim it's not only better but actually less effort to deliver the goods than to fake them."

"Well, it's a cinch, no matter how hard Jim trains at this late date, he can't lick Lichee," says Rowlie.

"I realize that," I says, with an out-size sigh. "No use moaning over it, I suppose."

Then to change the subject, I took notice of the cases of fillum on the table.

"Say, Rowlie, what pictures are them?" I asked. He flushed up and looked kind of embarrassed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Marie," he says, "but a mistake was made about that picture of Jim's, Solid Ivory. You asked me not to sell it, but accidentally it was sent out to a big Chinese distributor named Ahsid and it seems he's crazy over it. I told him this morning there had been a mistake, that the picture wasn't for sale and should never have been included in the lot. I'm sending along The Pride of the Prairie instead."

"Let's see, that's one of my old pictures, isn't it?" I says. "What was it about?"

"Jolly fine story," says Rowlie. "Innocent ranch girl loved by young sheriff. The heavy, that's the man who stole the mine from her father, plants his tool, a Chinese cook, in the ranch house, see, intending to have him get the papers. The cook is the comedy character—always coming out the right end of things, but by his stupidity, not his smartness. The juvenile kills the heavy in the big scene, after the fellow has tried to attack the girl in the lonely forest—oh, you remember!"

"Sure, I do now," I says. "A good, clean picture. Mr. Ahsidosis will probably like it a whole lot better than that useless trick stuff of Jim."

"Sure!" says Rowlie diplomatically.

Then he went off with the cans of drama, and I went off to take a long walk by myself, the first of many that I took, as the subtitles say, during the days that followed, astericks. Well, anyways, I would walk and think, but matters didn't change any and in the meantime I saw a lot of the old Chinese city in Shanghai, a place which once you see it, why a person will not forget it in a hurry.

At the hotel they will advise foreigners they should not go, but my advice is don't let them kid you, because for real, genuine China, why it is typical in every way; and while the walled city is completely concealed by the foreign concessions, and you would never guess it was there any more than an old maid's pint flask at a prayer meeting, why once I had found it, I got to love it a lot, with its tiny shops full of such beautiful things you could scarcely believe them. For a sample, on one street was nothing but headdresses of imitation pearls with kingfisher-feather ornaments—a mile solid on both sides, these shops heaped with the gorgeous things, but the shops themselves no bigger than all-hot stands. Another quarter of a mile was solid theatrical costumes. There was more than a mile of paper-lantern shops, with lanterns formed like enormous paper horses, fishes, flowers and what not, and as they hung out the front of the shops, why you can easily imagine where this street gave the effect an ant must feel walking into a flower garden in full bloom. Only the smell was different.

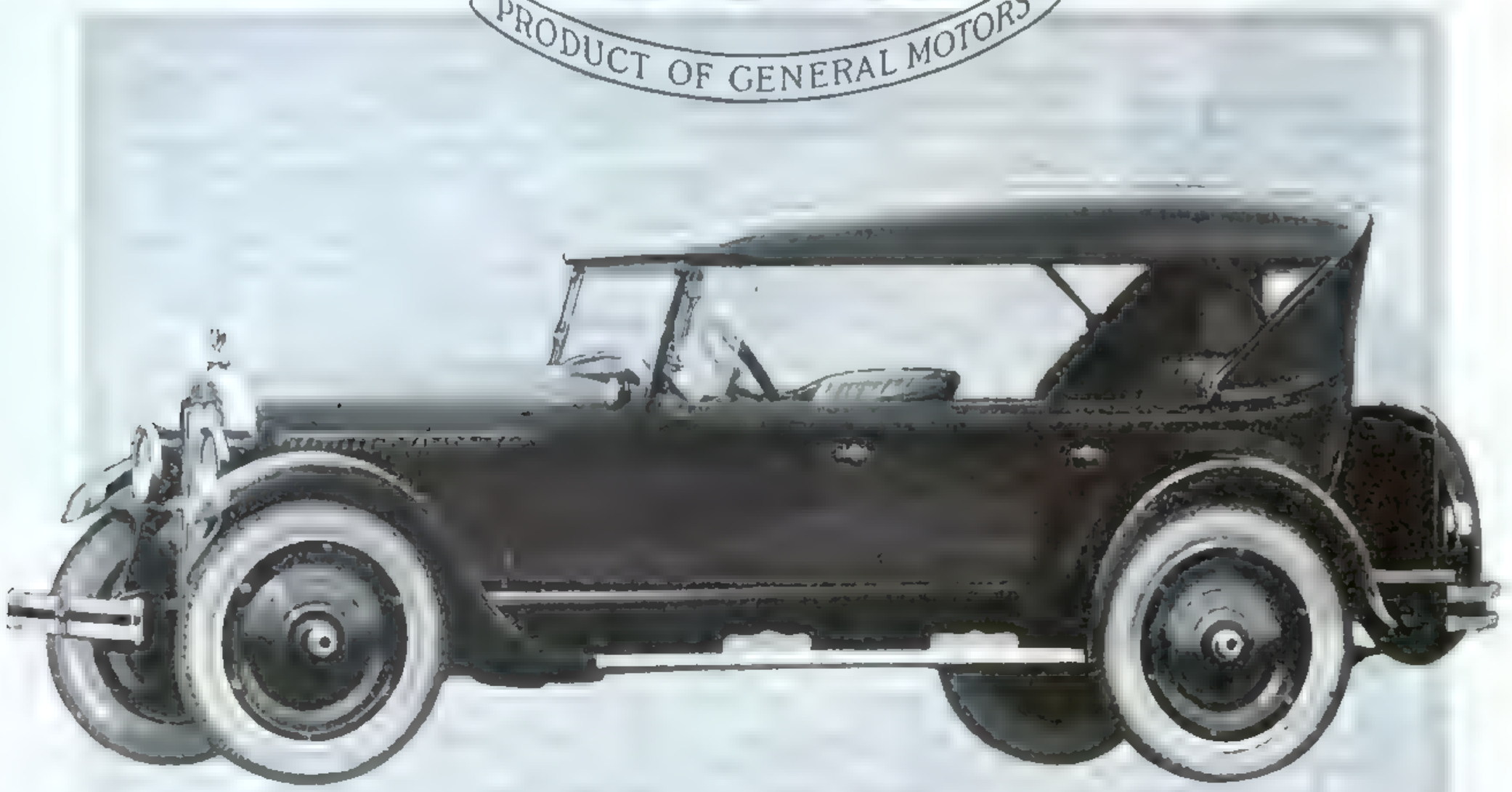
There was a street of pewter, a street of silks, one of shoes, and when it come to the street of jewels, well, these shops was generally not over eight or ten feet wide but around their open front was pearls in bunches, jade and amber, all of it hung up like so many dried peas. Then come a street of ivory, of carved crystals, and a whole mahjongg district, with actually more than one thousand shops in it, no kidding

One time I went in the Temple of the War Gods, and believe me it would of been a

(Continued on Page 62)

The Refined OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Nothing Experimental

same good chassis, new beauty, new refinement

The Refined Oldsmobile Six is an old friend in a new dress! The radiator is of a distinctive new design—the hood is higher—the lines are newer and more beautiful—the whole car is refined and improved! ¶ Beautiful and long-lasting Duco Satin finish—cowl lights—a larger steering wheel—and instruments grouped on a single panel—add a new measure of distinction! ¶ It's an attractive car and a sturdy one—a car that will serve you faithfully and economically for a long, long time. ¶ Yes, its price is unusually low—but that's due to Oldsmobile's participation in the tremendous purchasing facilities of the great General Motors Corporation!

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Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Cub $1045, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1250, De Luxe Sedan $1350. The G M A C extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional.

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This man!

increased his earnings 150% by going to work for Fuller

H. L. Worrell of Michigan was a floorwalker in a 10 cent store in April 1921. His salary was $120 a month. Now he is a Fuller Man with an income more than 2½ times his former earnings. Moreover his steady, consistent work has won him advancement.

Good money to begin with—a thorough business training—and future income and position limited only by his own efforts. That is the same opportunity Fuller offers you.

10,000,000 American housewives use and approve Fuller Brushes as the standard of brush quality; and because of our constant national advertising, they welcome the household service rendered by 5,000 Fuller Men.

You can make the same success that Worrell and thousands of others have made.

Every day in the week a lot of happy new Fuller Men are wondering why they waited so long before sending for "Out of the Rut," the famous Fuller booklet that showed them the way out of their drudgery.

Your copy of "Out of the Rut" is waiting for you.

Write to the Fuller Brush Company, 1068 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.,—or get in touch with the nearest of our 230 branch offices. (See your phone book for the address.) Look at our advertisement on page 115.

Fuller

(Continued from Page 60)

pretty near impossible task to clear this temple of the money changers, candle sellers and the boys which was selling the big strings of gold or silver paper which the Chinks burn up before their gods and believe that their deity thinks it's money. Also, there was not over five hundred fortune tellers in the place, and I actually had to fight my way into the part where the gods, of red lacquer, sat six to a side in the dimness, red candles burning untidily before them, a muck of drippings and irregular flames. No, don't by no means miss Shanghai's native city. You see, beauty is a daily necessity to them Chinese whether they can afford it or not, and a Chink will spend his last Mexican penny for a paper lotus to carry at the Feast of Lanterns and go without food to do it, and the result of this spirit is a town well worth looking over real careful.

Well, anyways, meanwhile the Carlton, an immense combination theater, dance hall and fashionable restaurant all in one, had opened, and our show was on and running good. Jim had gone to work, training for this wrestling match he was slated for, and by day he would sweat and stick out his chest for the benefit of the admiring English, who never let up on the publicity, but kept him drenched in it. But at night, and when alone with me, he would sweat all right, but merely because he couldn't help thinking of what was going to happen to him when that Chink fellow stepped onto the carpet.

"Oh!" he would groan. "Marie, you tell my mother, yourself, won't you?" And I would say yes, and try to comfort him. I was pretty fond of Jim, the way a person gets of their husband if they keep him long enough, and I knew well enough he was never going to be the same after Mr. Lichee got through with him. But there didn't seem to be any way of getting out of it with honor, and I agreed with Jim it was better to die on the mat of battle than to live disgraced.

And so, as the subtitles say, time slipped along. The day scheduled for the shindig come nearer in the nasty way a day of the month has of doing, and then all at once, forty-eight hours before the bout, when the publicity was at its worst, Mr. Brruph, or however he was pronounced, our local man, sprung a final mistake.

This Chinese champion, Mr. Lichee, had come to town, and was very conspicuous both on account of his being such a enormous size and because of the crowd that followed him wherever he went out. Also a crowd would follow Jim, but there was no use talking, Jim was an old story by now, and the fans was flocking to the new hero. So our Mr. B. thought up a good publicity idea, which was to have Jim give a immense free theater party for both training camps and show one of our pictures at it.

Well, all hands was agreeable to that, and the papers carried spreads on it, with pictures of Jim and Lichee, and me wearing my pearls, and ma wearing her American flag, and so forth. And it wasn't until the night of the show, when I made my smiling and queenly entrance into the glittering new immense Carlton Theater, which was already jammed to the doors, that I thought of Rowlie and them cans of fillum he had parked on my sitting-room table, and while our side of the theater cheered me and Jim as we took our box seats, I wondered what picture they was going to show and wished it might be the Pride of the Prairie, that good, clean fillum of mine.

Well, I hadn't long to wait before finding out, because very shortly in come Mr. Lichee, a giant for a fact, with a lot of trainers, friends and etc at his satin heels, and the crowd certainly cheered him in a way to make your blood run cold. He was dressed in a pink satin coat with gold-and-black embroidery, a yellow-and-gold pleated skirt, and a high silk hat from London, England; but for all of that a person could see at a glance where he could easy pick Jim up by the nape of the neck with one hand and shake him like a kitten, and my heart went right down into my gold slippers at the sight of him. Our Mr. Blaa had come into our box while Lichee was taking his seat in the one opposite and looking around the place like a regular rube.

"He acts like he's never been in a picture theater before," I says sarcastic.

"He probably never has," says Mr. B. "He's from the back provinces, you know, and they very seldom see a moving picture. He doesn't speak a word of English, either, so he won't be able to read the titles, but he'll be interested just the same."

"I hope you are showing the Pride of the Prairie," I says.

"No," says he. "The board of censors wouldn't let me. You see, these Chinks absolutely believe everything they see on the screen, and so we have to be very careful about what we show them. And if they see action like that in the Pride, where white men, whom they have been taught to regard as faultless, attack a white girl, and one shoots the other and is praised for it, and a low-caste Chinaman is made prominent, why it raises the very devil with their moral, you see. And now excuse me, please, I'd better start the show."

He vanished out the box then, leaving me with several things to think over in the few minutes before the lights went out, and then on the screen, too late for me to stop it, appeared Jim's trick picture, Solid Ivory.

Well, a person wouldn't be obliged to have many brains before they could imagine how mortified I felt, sitting there as hostess to practically all of Shanghai, including Lord Helpus and everyone, while that cheap fillum was shown as a sample of my husband's art.

The piece was a straight comedy, see, about a country boy, which was Jim, who wants to marry the heroine, a farmer's daughter, see, and she won't have him, see, because he was too weak. At this part of the fillum there was loud applause from the Chinese side of the house.

Well, this boy, the part taken by Jim, see, he goes to the country fair where a feller, the villain, is selling muscle builder and strength giver at one dollar per bottle. It's some stuff he has made up himself, see, and he doesn't know is it any good or not, but he thinks it's poison. He is in love with the girl, too, and so he sells this tonic to Jim, and Jim drinks it and it's good stuff by an accident, see, and it makes him terrible strong all at once. Then the heavy is going to foreclose the mortgage on the girl's house if she won't have him, and Jim comes along and picks up the house and carries it away and hides it so the heavy can't find it. Also, during the picture Jim throws a bridge across the river, takes up a hogshead of cider, pulls out the bung and drinks out the hole, and when his flivver won't run he picks it up on his head with the girl in it and carries it to the garage. And a whole lot of miserable trick-photography stuff like that.

Well, after the first batch of applause there was silence across the theater, which soon commenced to be broke by queer noises as the second reel with the barrel sequence in it showed. And ten minutes later a young riot broke out over there with Chinese exclamations going off like firecrackers, and a stampede commenced for the door.

"Put on the house lights!" yelled Jim. "We don't want to die in the dark!"

The lights come on almost the same minute that he called, and we could see what was happening. The whole entire Chink training camp was beating it for the exits, led by Mr. Lichee, the Chinese nut, himself, and he was sure tracking it over the backs of seats and everything, squeaking fancy Chinese remarks as he went. Before we could hardly realize what was happening, he was out the main door, his crowd after him hotfoot. And after a little while our Mr. B. had come back to us, his face red, all out of breath.

"What do you know!" he shouted. "The Chink has taken back his challenge—says he can fight men, but not foreign devils with the strength of war gods. And me with every ticket sold!"

"I certainly feel bad about that!" says Jim. "Are you sure he won't change his mind?"

"Not a chance!" says Mr. B., wiping his face disgustedly. "They're too beastly superstitious, these Chinese—no, he won't change."

"The dirty coward!" says Jim, sticking out his chest. "I wouldn't wrestle such low trash as him now at any price!"

FLYAWAY YORCH

(Continued from Page 19)

was making, more than half the coolies scuttled, whimpering, to their quarters in the stifling 'tween decks.

"The Old Man says to get a move on, bose," reported the young third mate.

The ship rolled monotonously, her heavy canvas whanging, topsail tyes and chain sheets hammering on steel masts and yards. As each side dipped in turn, the big square scupper ports clanged like the banging doors of cells. A long lazy sheet swished through the water, "Ss-as-ash!" A foolish-looking booby bird flopped down out of the blue sky and settled upon the fore truck, cocking an eye upon the great winged thing that seemed unable to fly. Flyaway Yorch cast a final glance around, saw that the watch had fixed the canvas tank between the mizzen hatch and the bulwarks and were pumping it full of sea water, and took up his trident.

"Turn out!" he roared through the forecastle doors, and led a weird company up the forecastle head ladders.

Behind him capered Swipes. Neptune's real queen never bore herself half so imposingly as Swipes, long-locked and with naked legs still red from the razor. The barber, the surgeon, the bears; all the noble company of Father Neptune's immortal court, with razor bearer, lather bearer, pill bearer and bodyguard. The ship gave a lazy lurch, the court lost its dignity and Neptune roared royally. The rest of the coolies tumbled below in fright.

"Get those coolies on deck, you man!" cried the captain to Lofty.

Lofty bawled reassurance through the hatch in richest soldier Hindustani. Tremblingly the coolies reappeared. Then Father Neptune hailed the ship from over the bow.

"Ahoy! Ahoy! What sheep is t'is?"

The captain put on an air of exaggerated dignity as he answered, "Ship Ebro; Geddey, master; Calcutta to Demerara, your majesty!"

"Back ta' main yard und I'll come aboard!" roared Neptune.

There was no need to back yards. The ship, except for a sickening roll, was halted. Neptune and his queen clambered inboard over the rail, and rolled aft, down the ladders, along the main deck, now densely packed with muttering, scowling coolies, who surged toward the 'tween decks again as the fearsome procession approached.

"Keep these people out of the head, mister!" the captain cried impatiently to the mate. "What the devil do they think we're doing this for if not to amuse 'em?"

As mates and boys ran among the frightened natives, herding them away from the hatches, Neptune bellowed again, "Haf yu hoes all paid tribute to my kingdom?"

"There may be some who have not, your majesty."

"Eferybody must pay who crosses my borders!"

"My crew and my passengers await your commands, your majesty."

That was the signal. Neptune's grotesque followers broke from the procession, which had now reached the waist, and peered into coolie faces already gray with superstitious terrors. Far from amusing the ignorant natives, the proceedings seemed likely to precipitate a panic. Captain Geddey looked a bit anxious.

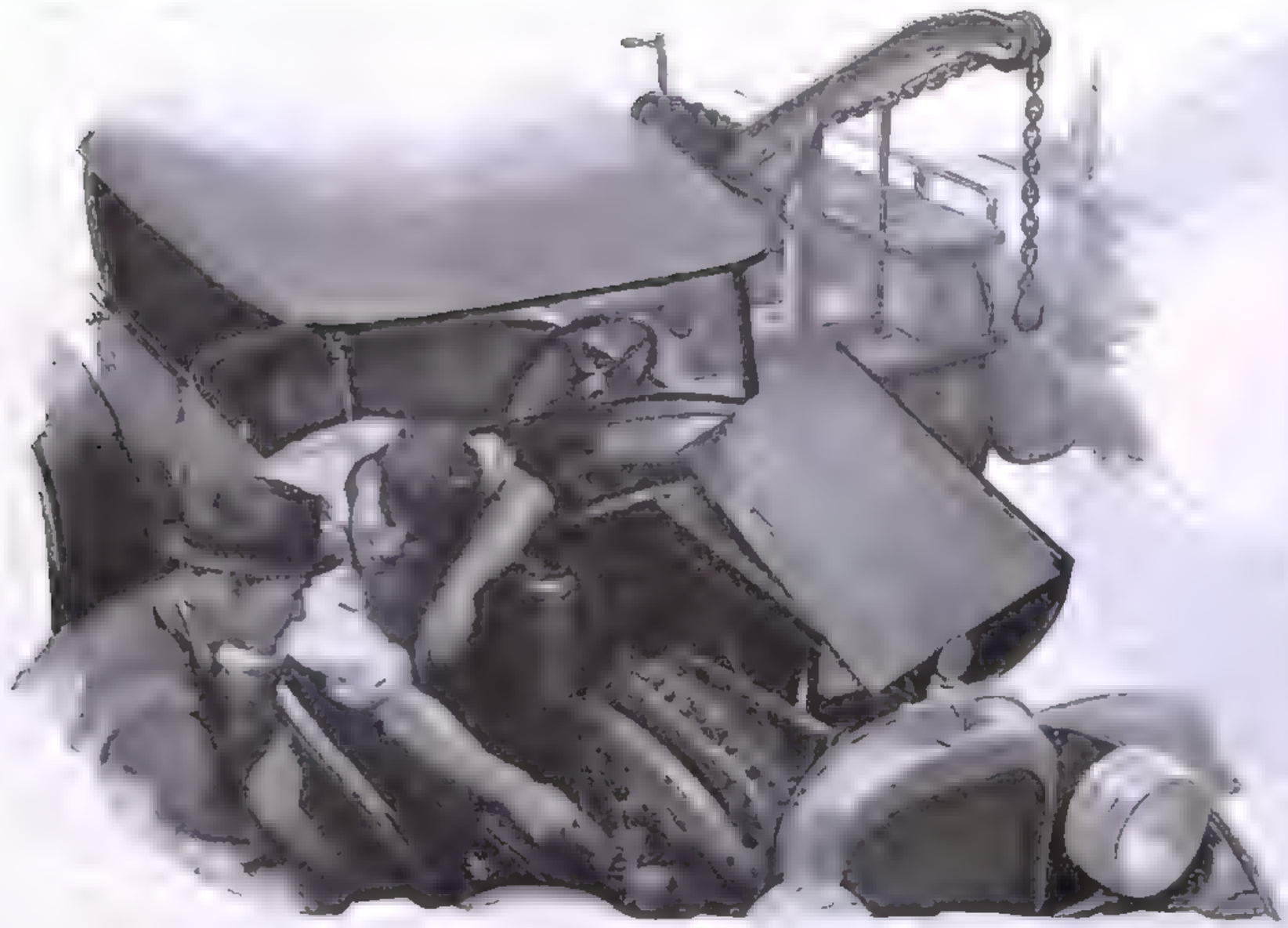
He made a sign to Neptune, and the bluff monarch roared, with terrific shaking of whiskers and trident, "Don't yu bring me natifes! Ta white sailors! White sailors! Iss t'is ta Black Sea t'at yu bring me black men?"

Flyaway Yorch had misjudged coolie humor. He honestly believed that by initiating a few of the more assertive coolies he would so gratify the rest that they must at last come to laughter. Once he got a crowd of coolies happy, or even believing themselves happy, they were as easily handled as any mob of sheep in the security of a green-grass fold. He had reserved a rich morsel for the last. That was to complete the happiness of the coolies. Every seaman in the Ebro, except one, had crossed the line; that one had gone out to India in a troopship through the Suez Canal.

"Lofty! Lofty!" howled the court, and two shaggy objects representing bears capered uncouthly up to the suddenly apprehensive old soldier.

"Hey, wot's yer game?" protested Lofty, scrambling to his feet and backing

(Continued on Page 64)



$15 to learn that dirt and water get into gasoline

At last a sure way to stop 90% of all vacuum tank and carburetor troubles

One tiny bit of dirt in your vacuum tank or carburetor, and your car is helpless. The cost depends on the distance to the nearest garage. Don't blame the tank or your carburetor. It's the gasoline.

90 per cent of all vacuum tank and carburetor troubles are due to this one cause—dirt or water in gasoline. Engineers agree in this. Now there's an easy way to end these troubles once and for all. You can effect a *permanent cure* in fifteen minutes with a monkey wrench or a pair of pliers.

New Invention

To meet this need the manufacturers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System (in use on nearly 5,000,000 cars) have perfected an automatic gasoline filter. It's called the Gas-Co-Lator. It fits on your vacuum tank. Put it on yourself in a few minutes with a pair of pliers.

With the Gas-Co-Lator the gasoline flows into a heavy, heat-proof glass bowl. Then it is drawn upward through 20 sq. in. of selected chamois, *just before entering your vacuum tank*. This is the only material that positively stops water as well as the finest particles of dirt. It cannot clog. It is easily cleaned. Yet it is 100 times finer than the finest mesh screen. It *filters* your gasoline as you drive.

Why Necessary

You simply cannot keep dirt and water out of your gasoline. Even if it were 100 per cent clean when it went into your tank. There are flakes that chip off the lining of your tank by chemical action. There is water that condenses from the air inside the tank itself. There are bits of fibre that slough from filling hose.

Filtration Needed

Ordinary strainers in your gas line won't protect. Water passes through them. And the very dirt particles they stop, clog them up. That causes your motor to sputter and "pop." Most motorists think the carburetor is at fault. They change the mixture. Or run with the choke valve slightly open.

Serious Trouble

And right there is the beginning of most serious motor troubles. The extra gasoline passes into your engine in a liquid state. Carbon forms. Valves pit. Crank case oil is diluted. Bearings heat.

Never Touch Your Carburetor Again

That is why every manufacturer warns you to *leave your carburetor alone*. With clean gasoline, filtered through the Gas-Co-Lator you need never touch your carburetor again. We positively guarantee this.

Put the Gas-Co-Lator on your car. Have a mechanic adjust the carburetor. Drive it 30 days. If you don't get surprising new pep out of your car remove the Gas-Co-Lator and we will refund the full purchase price of $5. You take no risk.

In just a few days you will see a collection of water and dirt in the Gas-Co-Lator trap bowl that will surprise you. It will show you why your motor runs so much better. We don't claim extra mileage with the Gas-Co-Lator. But many motorists tell us it has increased their mileage as much as 10 per cent, in addition to its other benefits.

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Gentlemen: You may send me a Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay postman $5, plus postage, on delivery (Or if more convenient, enclose $5 and postage will be prepaid.)

It is understood that I am to keep the Gas-Co-Lator for 30-day trial and my money will be returned if I am not satisfied.

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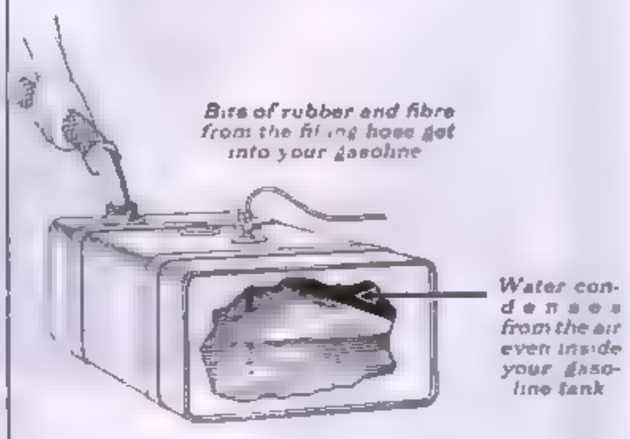
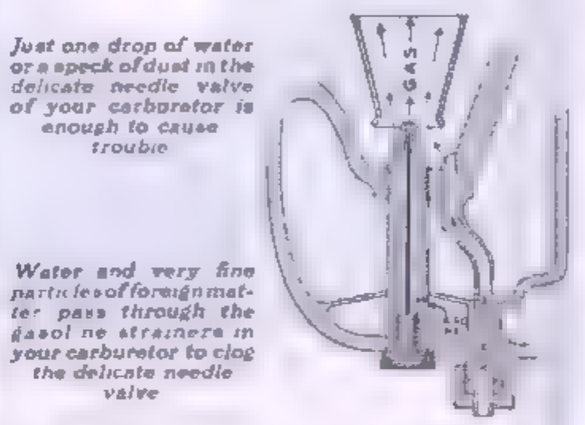
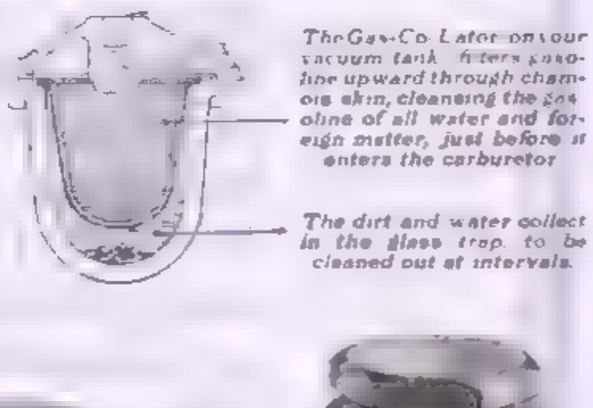
Make of Car _____ Vacuum Tank Model

Pressure Feed_____ Gravity Feed

NOTE No model for Fords


Bits of rubber and fibre from the filling hose get into your gasoline
Water condenses from the air even inside your gasoline tank


Just one drop of water or a speck of dust in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor is enough to cause trouble
Water and very fine particles of foreign matter pass through the gasoline strainers in your carburetor to clog the delicate needle valve
GAS


The Gas-Co-Lator on your vacuum tank filters gasoline upward through chamois skin, cleansing the gasoline of all water and foreign matter, just before it enters the carburetor
The dirt and water collect in the glass trap to be cleaned out at intervals

Ends Gasoline Troubles

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(Continued from Page 62)

away. "Git orf! 'Ands orf, I warn yer! Bli'me, I'll ——"

Coolies cringed and crowded against the rails, their bare toes sorely trampled in the scuffle that developed when Lofty began to fight. The bears, chosen for their effectiveness in rough-house work, got their grip upon the soldier and he was fast. He might shake them, but never shake them off. They hauled him up to the mizzen hatch, where sat Neptune and his court. The captain and mates looked on over the poop rail, with an alert eye for the restless coolies. Lofty was slammed into a seat with his back to the canvas tank.

"Look him ofer, doctor!" commanded Neptune, waving his trident in royal gesture.

A beautifully repulsive surgeon opened Lofty's mouth with a pair of smith's tongs and peered wisely into the gasping cavern.

"Got th' hycumflukus, yer majesty," he said with shaking head.

"Deal chently wit' ta patient, Doctor Sawbones. Gif him a Number Ninety pill," ordered Neptune.

Lofty opened his mouth to curse. In popped a lump of soap and red pepper as big as a walnut. And a bear's paw was clamped over his nose at once. With horrible convulsions Lofty gorged that pill, the veins standing out on his long neck like cords, his greenish eyes glittering madly.

"Barber, do your duty!" said Neptune.

Then the lather bearer proceeded to cover the victim's agonized face with slush and flour, while the razor bearer stood eagerly by with a fearsome tin blade four inches wide and three feet long, serrated like the teeth of a mower. Lofty's momentary weakness after swallowing the horrible pill made his guardians oversure of him. He opened his mouth to roar again, the lather brush slapped a pint of slush into it, and the tormented soldier burst from his tormentors blowing floury froth like a whale in whitewash. He knocked over all the court except Neptune himself, darted across the deck and aloft by the mizzen rigging, hurling down barrack-room profanity with all its most pungent tang. Slush dripped upon his pursuers; for in an instant the rigging was crowded with boisterous hunters, bears, barbers and boys eager for a skylark; but Lofty was no ape when it came to climbing, and he was fleeing from men as sure-footed and sure-handed as the little men of the forests. He was dragged back to the deck and clamped again in the chair, while the coolies huddled together and whined in terrified singsong.

"Make it a quick once-over, your majesty," suggested the captain, with an uneasy eye for his live freight.

The ship kept up her dreary rolling. The water in the canvas tank slopped over both sides by turns. The booby bird had moved to the main yard, and glanced queerly down on the scene with his silly head cocked foolishly aside. The sun blazed fiercely, making the barber's tin razor glitter appallingly. The ocean seemed to have died. It was filmed as with golden grease. Only far out, near the rim of the horizon, did any break appear. There slowly rolled three leisurely specks; three whales with power to move to fresher fields even though the ocean rotted in a breathless calm. Not a flying fish broke the shimmering surface; nor a dolphin. The dolphins were seeking cooler depths; the flying fish had no need to fly. Flying fish fly not for sport, but to escape being eaten by dolphins. When enemies are not hungry, flying fish need not fly. The whales alone gave life to the sea which otherwise lay dead.

"Barber, do your duty!" roared Neptune again; and the barber flourished his blade, stropping it upon the tarpaulin of the hatch with teeth-grating effect.

Lofty was too exhausted to fight. The ragged razor scraped down his face, scratching the skin in red, tortured lines. Twice down each side and once down the front, over nose, chin and neck, swept the blade, and the shaving was done. The operation had fallen flat with Lofty's resignation to his fate. And the captain was pacing the poop impatiently, his eyes rather upon his coolies than the horseplay.

"Paptize him und name him Son ouf Neptune!" bellowed his majesty; and over went Lofty, chair, bears and all into the tank, where he was pounded, rolled and all but drowned before the captain ordered the mate to blow his whistle to intimate that the business had gone far enough.

Neptune summoned all his followers with the same lordly gesture as he had begun with, and with his trident upraised, he addressed the captain:

"Captain Geddey, of the good ship Ebro, I make yu free ouf my realm until yu bring again to my borders one who is not yet my son. Fair wints and long reaching tu yu, captain."

"Thank you, your majesty," replied the captain, bowing. It was the signal for the steward to appear with two glasses of rum on a tray. "I drink to your health, good Neptune, and would have you drink to mine."

Gravely did Flyaway Yorch accept the glass from the steward, and with vast dignity did he drink, while every other man of his crew looked on thirstily, mentally wondering why the bos'n had been selected to play Neptune when there were thirty-three others as good or better.

"Bli'me! I 'ope it chokes yer!" screamed Lofty, dragging himself out of the tank and coughing up salt water.

The men joyously leaped upon him and hurled him back into the tank, then trooped forward to enjoy the reward of their labors as soon as Flyaway Yorch could stir up the swanky.

The decks were hot. Coolies squatted around in family or clannish groups. They whimpered, muttered, whined after the sailors had disappeared within the forecastles, huddled for shade wherever a tiny shadow fell. At times a cry when a piece of naked skin was fastened painfully by a spot of bubbling pitch. Always the whimper of terror and the furtive glance forward, where had vanished the terrifying figure of Father Neptune, god of the sea, who had made the loud-speaking Lofty submit to indignity; the loud-speaking sahib who spoke to them in their language.

In the bos'n's tiny cabin, Flyaway Yorch stirred the punch. He stopped not to change his make-up; his shipmates thanked him for that. They might resent that extra tot of grog he had with the captain, while it was in sight, but he was mixing up their whack with pleasing promptitude, and the aroma was soothing on the stagnant air. Lofty passed by, swearing ferociously as Yorch noisily sucked a spoonful of punch for a final appraisal. When Yorch nodded and sighed, reaching for the hook pot with the lines scratched inside, all hands sighed, too, pressing forward with their pannikins. Lofty crowded in with his own pannikin, dripping sea water, his gaunt face trickling blood.

Flyaway Yorch filled his measure and sat heavily and contentedly on the bunk board. One long, grateful swallow emptied the pot, and again he filled it.

"'Urry up, bose," protested Swipes. "Strike a bloomin' light! Don't fergit you 'ad one wiv the Old Man."

"Lord lummee!" shouted Lofty, shoving through, red-eyed, waving his pannikin, showering everybody with water. "'Ow long yer goin' to stand it, you wooden blokes? Every time 'e gits our rum 'e takes a extry tot. Why? 'Oo arsked 'im to mix our rum wiv 'is bleedin' slops? Takes 'is double whack fust, too, 'e do, afore we ——"

"Barber, 'is mouf's open agyne!" yelled Swipes, digging his elbow into Lofty's ribs.

But Lofty had a grievance now. He pressed forward, a mad rage in his eye for the placid bos'n.

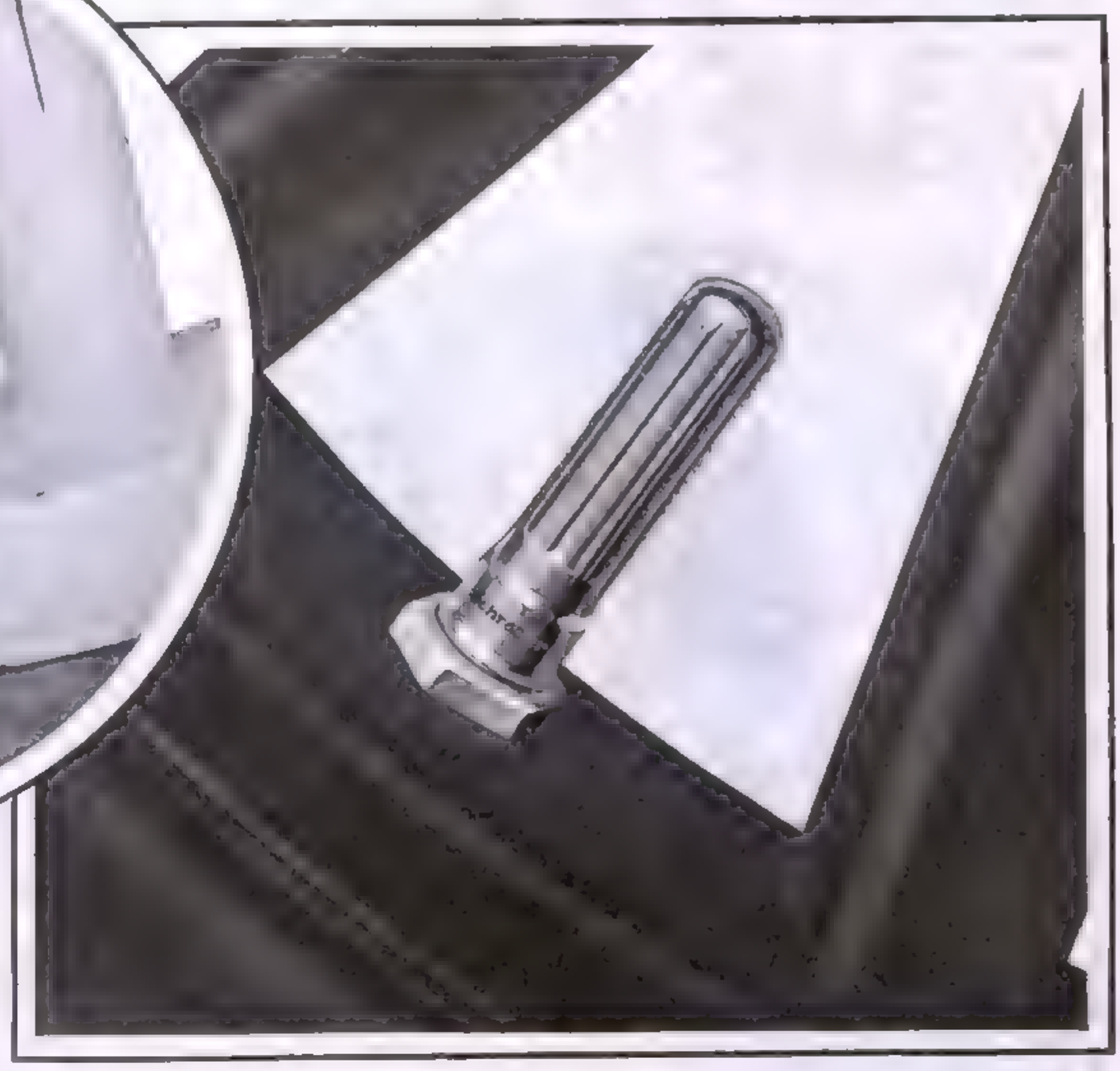
Flyaway Yorch drank his second tot of grog unhurriedly. Then, in leisurely seeming fashion, he lifted his foot and kicked Lofty in the stomach. Lofty grunted, flew backward through the doorway and lay among the feet of his regathering mates, gasping for breath.

"Ta captain tolt me to kick him in ta stummuck," the bos'n remarked placidly as he began to ladle out the men's tots. Then, as if he had suddenly sensed that he ought to explain what seemed no more than natural to himself, he volunteered: "When Ay take my whack at forst, Ay don't take it afterwarts. It makes no difference. Ay take nobody's rum but mine. Ay take my water yoost ta same, und when Ay haf drinked it, Ay don't come arount beggin' for more. Who comes next? Where's ta long soljer's hook pot? He gets what's comin' to him efery time."

In the comparative coolness of evening, when a great silver moon had replaced the fiery sun, the men of the Ebro sought what comfort they might find in corners where the great idle sails created little drafts as they flapped. A dozen times the mates had ordered every sail clewed up, to save wear and tear; a dozen times a vagrant air had encouraged them to let the canvas

(Continued on Page 66)

Damaged valve caused by not using valve cap, rim nut bushing and dust cap.



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There is a new Quaker Oats which takes less cooking time than coffee. And scarcely more than simple toasted bread.

We perfected them for busy wives and mothers, who, because of limited time, might serve oats too seldom.

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Ask for the kind of Quaker you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½	cups Quaker Oats	1	teaspoon salt
2	cups flour	3	teaspoons baking powder
1	cup chopped peanuts	1½	cups milk or water
1½	cups molasses	1	egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well-greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees)

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quick Quaker — *Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

Quaker Oats — *The kind you have always known*

TWO KINDS NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S

(Continued from Page 64)

stand. This night was as windless, as maddeningly peaceful, as others gone before.

"Strike a light! Carn't nobody start a toon?" grumbled little Swipes peevishly. He lighted a tight-packed clay pipe for the third time, spitting savagely when it refused to keep glowing. "Bloody wet bacca!" he muttered. "Some stooards is —— Hey, Lofty, sing us abart them Harab gals, won't yer?"

"Go to hell!" snarled Lofty from the shadows.

Sparks flew from the soldier's pipe as he jerked it from his mouth and gestured fiercely with it. He scrambled out of his snug corner and slouched away toward the coolie hatch. Down there the darkness was heavy with sweat and food and fearful murmurings. Fretful children were frightened into silence more fearful by whispered tales of a dreadful jinni in seaweed robes and flaming beard who overcame the white sahib who spoke the tongue the tale was told in. Lofty slithered down into the gloom. There he could find people who listened to his words.

"If nobody won't sing, then I'll darnce, bli'me if I won't!" cried Swipes, almost weeping at the heat and the queer stress hanging over the moon-bathed, motionless ship.

And Swipes began to dance, a clumsy, capering dance, lacking music, rhythm and mirth. He presented a grim picture, there in the flooding moonlight, slapping, slapping, slapping with bare feet upon the hollow hatch, in the silence, in the heat that was only less than the day's heat by the measure of darkness and the knowledge that the sun was gone.

"Stow yer silly clowning, Swipes!" growled a voice; but Swipes was beyond argument; he said he would dance, and dance he would. The bells clanged out sharply aft. Minutes passed before the lookout came to his senses and struck the forecastle bell in answer. Still Swipes danced.

"Who's relieving wheel and lookout?" the timekeeping boy called out shrilly from the monkey bridge. A sailor rose with an oath and shambled aft, knocking out his pipe on the rail.

"It's Lofty's lookout," he said.

They called Lofty. Swipes kept on dancing. Flyaway Yorch appeared in his doorway, asking what the shouting was for.

"Lofty's adrift. It's 'is lookout, bose."

Flyaway Yorch peered into the dark corners about the deck. In the end he went to the coolie hatch. As he stooped over the coaming to call for Lofty, a shudder ran through the ship—a prolonged, gentle shudder; and from the stark stillness of the sea arose the sibilant sound of easily breaking waters, and a mournful, soundless, deep-breathed sigh.

"Lofty!" the bos'n called out.

A babel of fearful cries answered him. It was little wonder that the coolies were startled to hear that booming voice in the same instant as that mysterious trembling. Even the sailors had been alarmed. Swipes ceased his maniac dancing. They all crowded to the rail, crying out to one another. Lofty appeared at the top of the hatch ladder, wide-eyed, gesticulating with his pipe, flinging sparks.

"Stow that racket, for'ard!" ordered the second mate irritably. "Did none o' you farmers meet up with a whale before?"

"Whale? Lummee, that wosn't no whale! Where is it, then?" muttered Lofty, slouching forward to relieve the lookout, leaving the bos'n stamping out some sparks that still glowed from the unsailorly soldier's pipe.

"Bos'n!" the second mate called out. "Keep that Lofty fellow on deck two hours of his watch below for relieving late and for spilling sparks!"

The second mate was irritable too. The men had scarcely settled down in silence again, when:

"Bos'n! Here's a breeze! Brace the yards around and shift sheets for the other tack. Get a move on!"

There was no breeze. Older sailors than the second mate peered questingly at the sea, sniffed doubtfully at the still air. Sullenly they flung down the rope coils, sullenly they hauled the heavy yards around.

Hooraw, up she rises!
Hooraw, up she rises!
Hooraw, up she rises,
Early in the morning!

Little Swipes piped up sanguinely, glad of the chance to make a legitimate noise. But nobody followed his lead, though the braces came in easy enough to be walked away with.

Wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor?
Wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor?

Swipes persisted bravely. The man behind him trod viciously on his heels and growled, "Shut up, Windy! Th' secon' mate sez he don't want no racket frum farmers."

"Then you keep still," retorted Swipes: "I'm a sylor."

Wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor,
Early in the morning?

The sails flapped heavily as they were swung around, chafing shrilly across stays, whanging hollowly against the backstays as the yards brought up on the braces. Still there was no breeze.

"That's well, men! Coil up the gear!" the second mate said.

The men shuffled from pin to pin, hanging up the coils. From the hold came the rising whine of the coolies. Flyaway Yorch stopped by the hatch to listen, peering into the murky gloom below, his head seemingly illumined by hidden fires where the moonlight touched it. A howl went up from the packed wretches in the 'tween decks as his head appeared above them, and he growled at them to be silent. He raised his head, sniffing. Queer smells arise from coolie quarters where three hundred men, women and children eat, sleep and live day in day out. Queer smells would arise from the quarters of white folks in the circumstances. Flyaway Yorch knew the curry smells, and the aroma of warm ghee; he had a good notion what the human reek should be. He sniffed again, head in the air like a big hound seeking a scent. Then he quickened into action. With amazing speed he reached the poop and passed a word to the second mate. Before he could be answered he had leaped back to the main deck and was at the main hatch, one leg flung over, feeling for the ladder. And now the babel in the hold was redoubled. A savage, menacing note crept into it.

Flyaway Yorch dropped from the ladder, and in an instant the coolies buried him under a headlong assault which knocked all the wind out of him. Before he arose, punching and kicking, the second mate was at the hatch above, and one by one all the watch on deck gathered in the opening.

"Wot's th' bobbery, sir?" inquired Lofty, with fine innocence, peering down at the squirming heap of coolies hammering at the bos'n. "Lummee! Is that 'ard-'arted bos'n a-wallopin' them pore ——"

"Shut your hatch, you Port Mahon monkey!" rasped the second mate, and Lofty fell silent. But he seemed to be chuckling.

"Want help, bose?" the officer called down.

Flyaway Yorch grunted angrily, hurling his assailants broadcast, and suddenly made a dash for the ladder, while from the coolies there arose a shrill, fearful scream which brought Lofty to the hatch again with a new look in his face.

"Yu'll haf tu call all hants, sir!" panted Yorch.

A thin, acrid thread of smoke wreathed about him in the opening.

"Wot is it?" demanded Lofty hoarsely.

The second mate shoved him aside with a curse, bidding him call the mate and captain, and the watch below and the idlers. Lofty moved away, muttering.

"Ta jute is afire!" said the bos'n. "Ta dam Lofty wos smoking in ta holt when Ay called him for lookout! Stand py! Watch out!"

The coolies swarmed up the ladder. The smoke was denser. The captain appeared, running in his nightshirt, barefooted, anxious.

"My gosh!" he wailed. "We must stop them rushing the ship! Talk to them, somebody! Doesn't anybody talk their lingo?"

"Lofty!" cried Swipes. "Lofty do! 'E's allus slingin' gab wiv 'em!"

Smoke now rose black and heavy, hanging lifelessly among the white sails on the windless air. Flyaway Yorch and Old Sails, with the steadier of the seamen, kept the coolies back from the ladder head. Lofty pushed forward, frightened, urged by the captain's stern hand.

"Talk to them, man! Make 'em keep clear of the hatch until I can go down to look."

"Aye, talk to t'em!" growled Flyaway Yorch savagely. His ruddy face was

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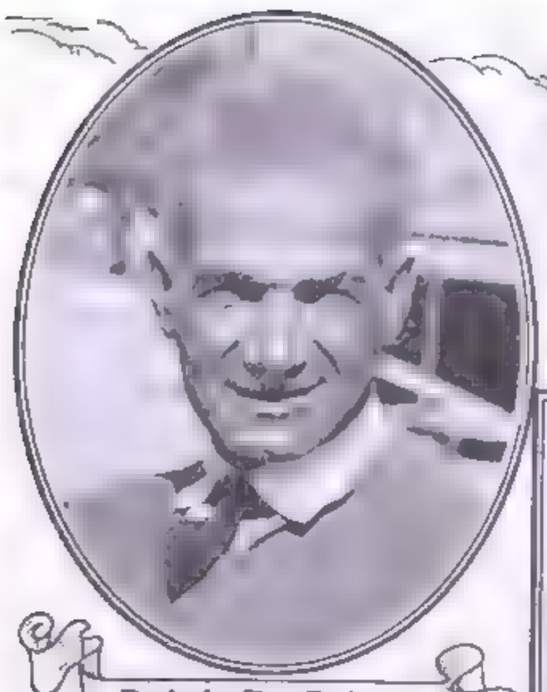
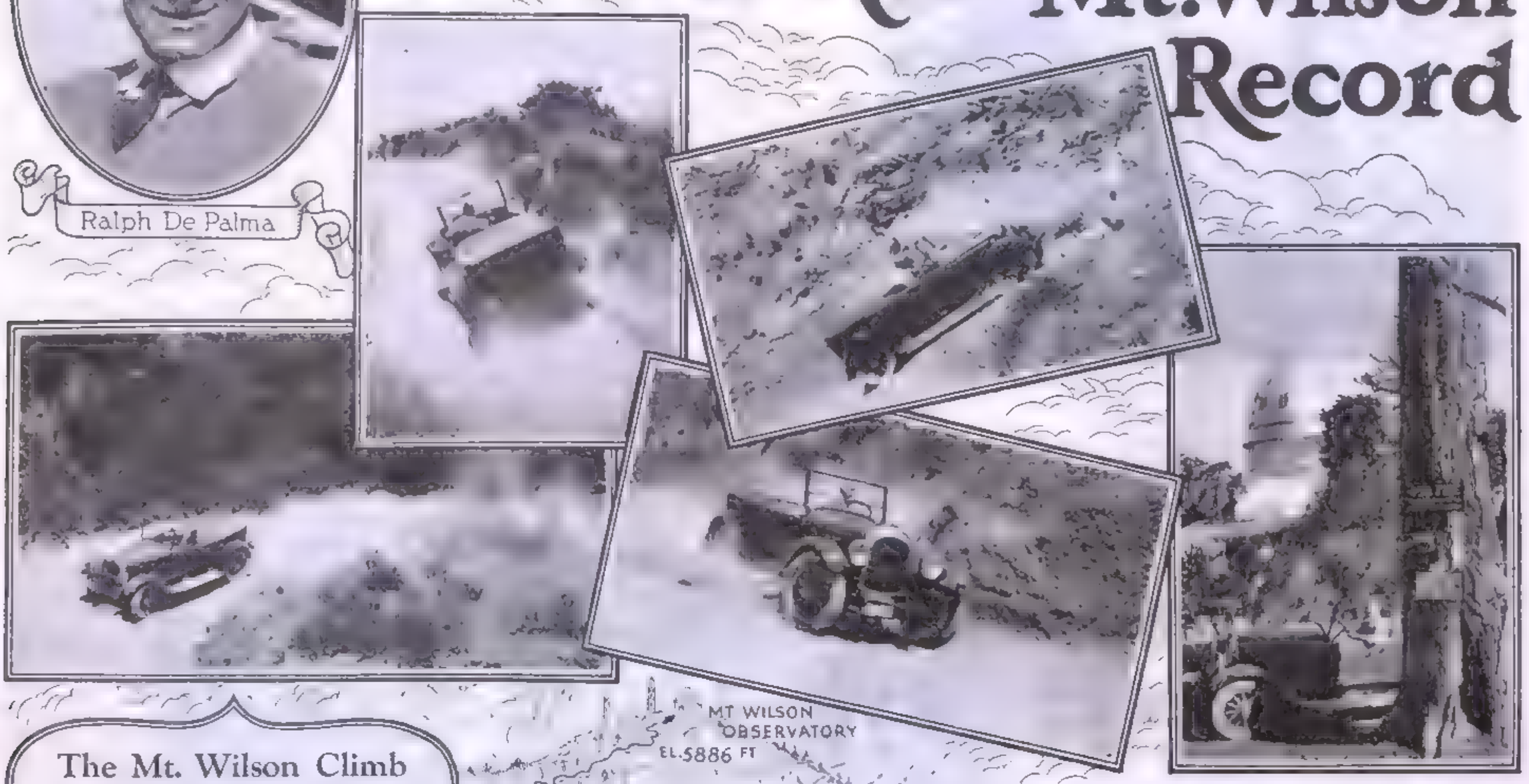
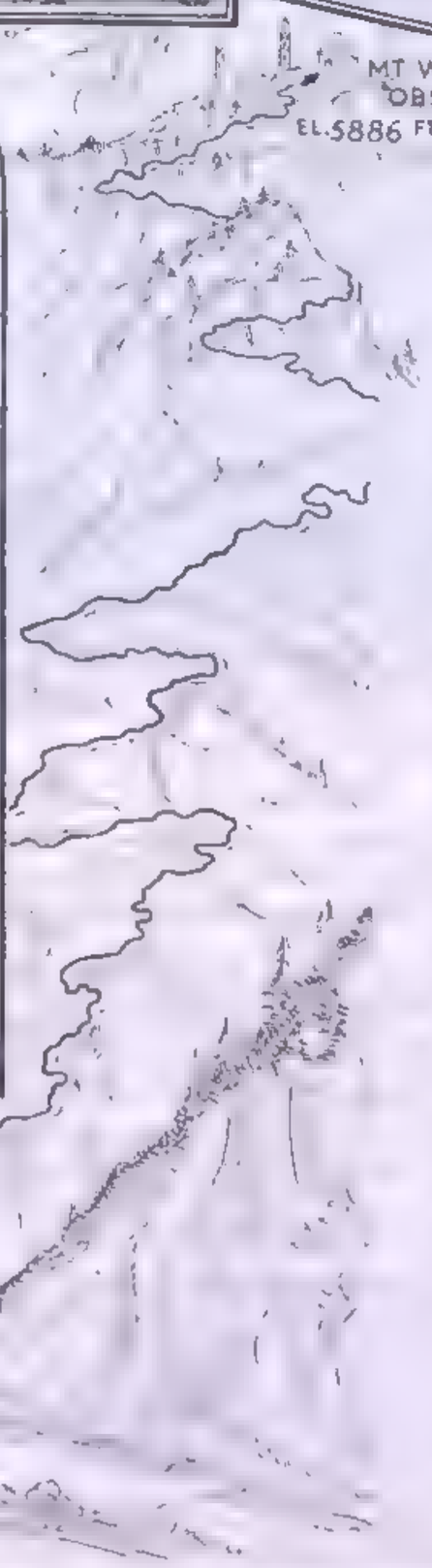
Chrysler Six Sets New Mt. Wilson Record







The Mt. Wilson Climb

The peak of Mt. Wilson, near Los Angeles, California, is 5886 feet above sea level. The elevation at the Toll Gate at the mountain's base is 1250, making a net climb of 4636 feet from the Toll Gate to the famous Government Mt. Wilson observatory at the top.

The distance by road is 9½ miles, and there are 144 sharp curves and dangerous turns. The approximate average grade is 10%. Maximum grade is 16%.

Best previous *stock car* record—27 min., 51.66 sec.; best previous *non-stock car* record—26 min., 56 sec.

Chrysler Six *strictly stock car* record—25 min., 48.85 sec.

Driver—Ralph De Palma.

Prize—Los Angeles Express Trophy; Observers and timers—4 Los Angeles newspaper men; Date—Wednesday, July 16, 1924; Road conditions—Bad, due to dry season and heavy travel.

Chrysler Six Beats Record By More Than Two Minutes

The Chrysler Six, *strictly stock car* record on the famous Mt. Wilson climb is an amazing feat of power and speed on a steep and dangerous road. It is another unparalleled demonstration of how Chrysler engineering produces results never before achieved.

Yet all who saw Ralph De Palma beat all former Mt. Wilson records by 2 minutes, 2.81 seconds in a *stock* Chrysler Touring car say the phenomenal Chrysler abilities were not taxed.

Think of it! In 25¾ minutes a stock Chrysler Six climbed approximately 6 times the height of New York's famous Woolworth Tower over 9½ miles of narrow, twisting road—and did it with ease!

Three features made the Chrysler achievement easy. One was the tremendous surge of power that literally swept the Chrysler up those heart-breaking grades.

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The third was perfectly balanced design and low center of gravity resulting from advanced Chrysler engineering.

No swaying, sliding or skidding on the turns; just in and out and gone like a flash. The tires clung to the road like a flanged wheel to a steel rail.

Sixty-eight horse-power in a compact, easily handled car; riding ease and stability to match; brakes that assure safety; cooling to stand the test of nearly ten miles of full-throttle pulling made the Chrysler record easy.

A Chrysler Six demonstration will change all of your former ideas of supreme performance.

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Dentists and physicians now know that only your own mouth glands can keep your mouth and teeth permanently clean and healthy.

Normally your mouth glands should be working all the time, constantly flushing your mouth.

But in almost everyone today our soft, modern diet has seriously weakened these glands.

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Pebeco restores the natural alkaline action of the glands, protecting teeth from the mouth acids, which are the chief cause of decay

Brushing is not enough

The effects of ordinary cleaning are over the minute you stop brushing.

But with Pebeco, every day your glands flow more normally. Your mouth, no longer dry, grows cleaner and stronger.

The natural alkaline fluids of your mouth counteract the acids of decay as fast as they form. And your teeth are kept not only white and shining—but *safe*.

SEND today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

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Send me free your new large-sized sample tube of Pebeco.
Name
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Free Offer

(Continued from Page 66)

streaked with blood from a score of finger nails. He flashed a blue-eyed glare of contempt at the thoroughly scared ex-soldier. "Yu done it! Yu ——"

"S'welp me, I never!" shouted Lofty. "I on'y kidded 'em to give you a 'ammerin', bose, not to ——"

"Yu set fire to ta sheep wit' yur plasted pipe, yu lopster! Now talk tu t'em ant make 'em gif us a chance tu get at ta fire. If t'ey rush ta deck, good-by!"

Lofty glared protestingly; he was thrust forward. The ladder was packed with maddened coolies, fighting to gain the deck, while the wailing of women, the cries of children and the shrill screams of men pulled down and trodden under filled the reeking air. Sickeningly, the ship rolled. A score of coolies hurtled from the ladder.

"Speak to them!" shouted the captain, shaking Lofty.

Lofty leaned over, but before he uttered a word to the coolies he told the bos'n plainly, "Bose, s'welp me, I never meant this! I was sore at you, but I ain't dog enough to stir up no outbreak, and Gawd bli'me, I never thought o' fire!"

Then he raised his voice in sharp command, cursing the coolies, threatening them, promising them certain and burning Gehenna if they did not crowd away from the hatch. Still they howled and strove upward. Lofty turned a sweating face to the captain.

"Too far gorn, sir! Too far gorn!" he said huskily.

"Tevils und angels! Put ta hose on t'em! Put ta hose on t'em!" yelled Flyaway Yorch, arm weary from throwing maddened creatures back from the hatch.

Once let that crazy horde loose on deck, and all hope of saving them must be abandoned, for blind panic knows no governor. Meanwhile the smoke belched up. The placid sea was foul all about the ship with it. The moonlit starry heavens were blotted out with it. The great yards swung athwart a suffocating fog of smoke, the sails fanned it into stifling whirls. The mates drove the men to rigging the pumps, hauling along dry canvas hose which spurted water through every inch of its length before a pint reached the nozzle. But water swelled the dry fabric and soon a steady stream poured forth and drenched the frantic coolies in the hatch.

"Pump! Pump und gif 'em hell!" roared the bos'n, dropping his weary arms at last. "Pump, yu lubbers! Pump, yu Lofty son ouf a —— Hey, pump, yu men! Are yu sleepin'? Ay show yu!"

Flyaway Yorch, arm weary and half blinded with smoke, leaped to the pump brakes, opening his thirsty mouth wide in stirring song:

"Ho, as Ay walked out on London Docks all on a summer morn;
Heave away, my bullies, heave awa-ay!"

Flyaway Yorch sang chorus and song as well when he started; and at the sound of his roaring voice a peal of fearful wailing arose from the hatch. Only the drenching water from a well-directed hose nozzle kept the hatch inviolate. Lofty raised his now shaky voice again and tried to make the coolies heed. But they were past heeding.

"Save your wind and sing, you!" the captain bade him.

"Ay spied a fair und pretty young gal a-looking all forlorn,"

bellowed Flyaway Yorch. Swipes joined in, and Lofty tried his hand.

"'Eave away, my bully boys, we're all bahnd ter gow!"

"Good boy, bose!" laughed Lofty, half hysterical. "Secont verse!"

"Yu pump, lopster! Ay kill yu soon's ta plutty fire's out!" growled Flyaway Yorch.

"Gut morning, Mister Sailorman, gut morning, sir, sez she;
Heave awy, my bullies, heave awy!
I'm looking for a sailor boy to carry me over the sea.
Heave awy, my bully boys, we're all bahnd awy!"

The screams from the hold had risen to pandemonium. The water drove the coolies from the hatch; the smoke drove them out for air. Every man in the ship was down on the stifling main deck. The mate and some lads hauled out old hose long forgotten; anything to increase the flood of water. The captain was almost willing to let the coolies out on deck, yet hesitated, for three hundred panic-stricken creatures, of no matter what breed, cannot be held in check without serious risk of fatality. And to let them run loose, without control, meant terrific disaster.

"Pump, men, pump!" he shouted. "Try again to drown the fire! It can't be very extensive yet!"

"Bose, I never thought ——" gasped Lofty, sweating at the pump.

"Pump, yu lopster! Ay kill yu after!" snarled Flyaway Yorch, wetting dry lips for another stave of the chantey.

Out of the black canopy of smoke aloft sounded the sudden thunder of filling sails. The ship heeled over to port under a swift sharp blast of wind. The smoke had prevented any eye from detecting the coming of the squall. The ship, motionless, was caught broadside too, and all the force of the wind was driving her over sideways when it should have driven her forward. And down slashed a deluge of rain. It sluiced through the rigging, drummed on the deck, sliced up the smoke like a set of knives slicing through blubber. It poured down the hatch: the 'tween decks rumbled to the drumming of it on the deck above. Out of the dark bowels of the ship came the redoubled outcry of helpless creatures hurled headlong to leeward by the heeling of the ship.

"A hand to the wheel!" bawled the captain frantically. "Brail in the spanker! Square the mizzen yards! Up helm, there! Up with it!"

Men dropped hose and pump brakes. Led by the mates, they ran to brails and braces, driven between fear of fire and dread of drowning. And the instant the hatch was left unguarded, up rolled the wild tide of terrified humanity, trampling one another underfoot, utterly mad.

"Keep 'em off the poop! Keep 'em off!" bellowed the harassed captain.

The ship was sluggish in paying off. She still reeled heavily, refusing to slide through the water, as dead had she been when caught. But the smoke had gone to leeward, and lay like a shroud over the sea. Apprentice boys ran to the poop ladders with clubs snatched from the pinrails to stem the surging tide of coolies. The ship began to move, then to come upright, and as suddenly as she had been stricken she was freed from the pressure. The moon came out again, the rain ceased, the wind passed on, leaving the sky unspecked by cloud, the sea unruffled, only the rising smoke, the flogging sails, the howling coolies on deck and the whimpering, wailing cries of the unfortunate weaker ones still down below.

"Better swing out all boats and rafts, mister," said the captain. "If they rush 'em, they must, that's all. Got to get that fire under first of all. May drown a few, but the rest can't get far away even if they do carry off the floats."

The boats and rafts were dropped into the water. Before the bottoms were fairly wet, down poured the maddened coolies. Officers and crew fought like lions to stem the torrent. The coolies fought like hyenas for the privilege of drowning themselves. Ten rafts and six boats were torn from the ship's side and sent slowly revolving away out of reach; and with each one went grimly fighting sailors, slowly going down under the crazy ferocity of the coolies.

Little Swipes shrilled as he emerged from a heap of struggling furies at the davits of the last boat, which he and the bos'n had fought heroically to save. He wiped blood from his nose with the back of his hand, looked at it wonderingly, then grinned like a cornered cat at Flyaway Yorch, who rose from the heap rampant like a viking of old, his blue eyes blazing, his bruised face alight with the fires of duty.

"There's Lofty!" yelled Swipes, pointing down the ship's side.

The cause of all the trouble hung to a tackle, feeling with his long legs for a foothold on the receding boat, while coolies beat at him with their hands. Flyaway Yorch seized the tackle, slid down it until he could throw his legs around Lofty's neck, then hung on grimly until the boat passed out of reach.

"Gif me a hant!" he called to Swipes. Together they hauled Lofty on deck, dripping and frightened.

"Come and pump, lopster! Ay kill yu afterwarts!" said Flyaway Yorch fiercely.

There were left on board the captain and second mate, three boys, the cook, Flyaway Yorch, Swipes and Lofty, with several score of older men, women and children of the coolies. The boats, rafts and other floating supports lay in a ring about the

(Continued on Page 70)

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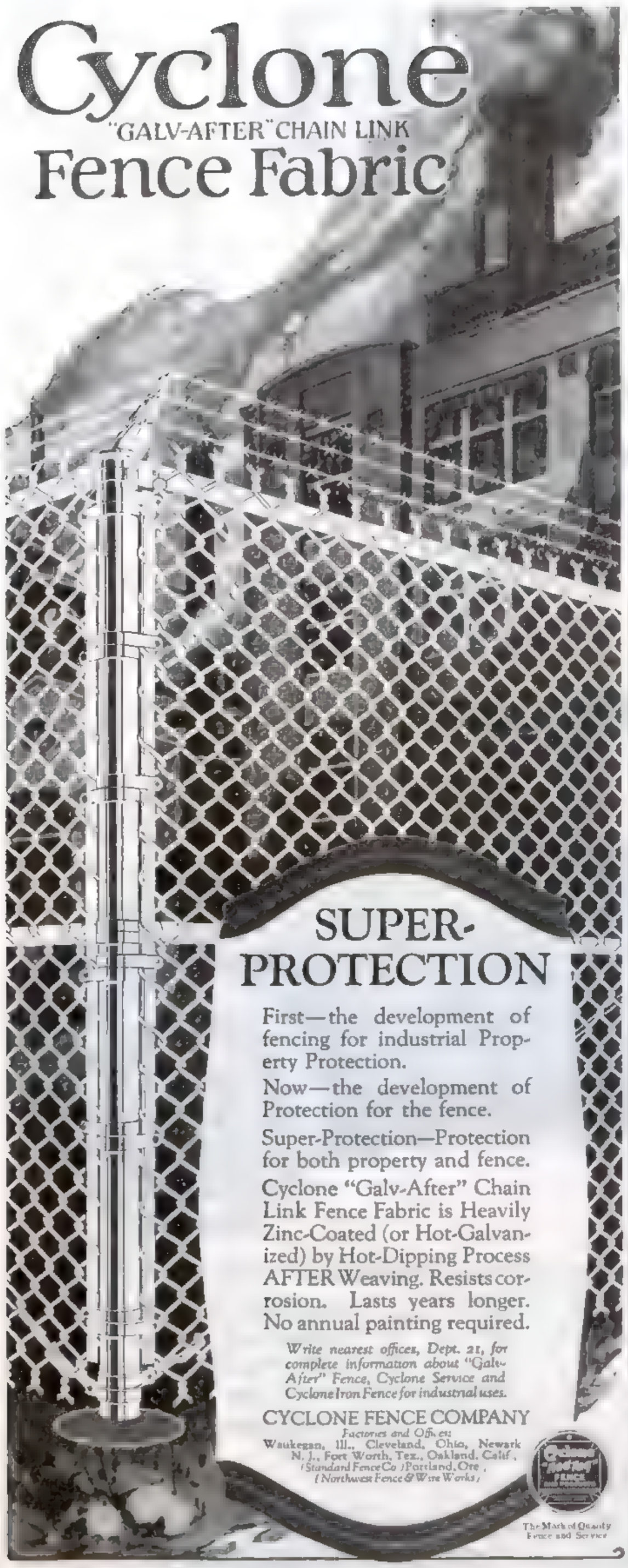
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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 68)

Ebro, crowded with humanity; some still fighting where some of the ship's company remained able to fight. And the smoke rose steadily again. The wind had died. Soon the heavens were blotted out, and the ring of boats.

But now the fire could be attacked openly and to purpose. Flyaway Yorch went down into the hold, dragging the hose. He dragged Lofty with him, while the rest kept the pumps going.

"Let me git in there, bose!" whined Lofty, pushing forward into the bitter jute smoke. There glowed a red eye of menace, right in the heart of the murk. "I started it, bose; let me git in there!"

"Haul ta hose along, lopster! Ay kill yu afterwarts," said Flyaway Yorch.

"Lummee! Carn't yer let up on a bloke as is sorry?" whined Lofty, dragging along the hose.

After thirty minutes of fierce endeavor, the red eye in the heart of the fire burst into flame.

"It's all up!" the captain said. "Gather everything that will float and lash a raft together. Cook, take the lads and hustle up provisions and water. Take plenty. None of those other boats are stored. Bos'n, can you clap that lower hatch on again?"

From the side of the steadily rolling stationary ship they dropped hatch covers, gratings, spars, casks and hencoops. They got the wailing remnant of coolies on deck and dropped them over to the raft. Fire crept up beside the mainmast, through ventilators; the decks were hot. A red tongue licked a sail; even the recent drenching could not hinder the spread of the flame. In ten minutes more the rigging was squirming with fiery serpents, red, yellow and green. Flyaway Yorch rolled water casks along the deck, though his bare feet were blistered.

"Get away, men!" the captain said. They silently slid down the ropes.

"Come along, sir!" cried the second mate anxiously.

The gear on the main yard was ablaze. The clewed-up mainsail was burning. The heavy clew-line block hung precariously. Flyaway Yorch rolled his last water cask along, and the captain waited for him.

"Look out!" one of the lads yelled, pointing aloft.

The captain dragged the bos'n to the side, bidding him let the cask go; and Flyaway Yorch caught hold of the rope, steadying it for the captain.

"Go on, man! Go on!" ordered the captain. "Do you hear?"

"Look out, sir!" yelled the lad again.

The bos'n dropped to the overladen raft, with its burden of wailing helplessness, and held the rope steady. The captain remained to glance again around his ship, reluctant to quit her while she floated; and down fell the clew-line block, striking him on the head. In a moment the second mate swarmed to the deck again, while the seamen strove to prevent the coolies shoving the raft clear. The raft moved away. The officer stood up, calling for help. The whole blazing mass of half the clewed-up mainsail fell from the jackstay, buntlines and leech lines burned through, and buried second mate and captain in a terrible heap.

"Put pack! Put pack!" roared Flyaway Yorch.

But the raft was unmanageable. Slowly it drifted clear, on the verge of dissolution under the movements of its terror-stricken passengers.

"Bli'me, bose, we carn't do no more," whimpered Swipes, blistered and bleeding.

"We done wot men can do, ain't we?" coughed Lofty, trembling with exhaustion.

"Tell ta coolies to keep quiet," snapped Yorch. "Ay kill you when we get safed."

The smoke hung low on the sea. Through it burst red and yellow fury. Out through the edge of it could be heard the cries of those in boats. When nothing was to be seen except a black, evil pall which filled the lungs to suffocating, suddenly a small wind sprang up and sent tiny wavelets over the edge of the raft.

"Make t'em coolies keep still!" growled Yorch, his eyes straining still toward the vanished ship.

The wind strengthened. The smoke drifted. Soon it blew strongly; and down before it sailed the ship, a thing of awful grandeur, foaming through the seas in one tall mass of flame. So near the raft did it come that the wash swept over and carried away a praying coolie from his knees. Past, down the wind she sped; and her progress could be followed by the howls of dismay from unseen and distant boats and rafts.

With her went the smoke. Then came the waning moon, the dawn and daylight, an empty sea, a sky promising another day of windless heat.

Flyaway Yorch took command. There was nothing to command, but there was precious water to safeguard; so he sat upon the one cask with his feet upon two kegs and kept the hook pot in his hands.

"Ay gif yu charge ouf ta grub, doctor," he told the cook. "Morning ant efening yu gif out one hard-tack to a man, and one tin ouf mule to efery four mans. Ant yu fellers ouf ta sheep, take two watches, so ta coolies is nefer left unwatched. Ay issue ta water."

Lofty and Swipes watched thirstily as Flyaway Yorch dealt out the first water ration. He filled his hook pot to a mark, squinted at it to be sure of its just level, and slowly drank it down to the last suspicion of moisture. Lofty's mouth opened to protest. Swipes was ready to say something; but Flyaway Yorch caught their eyes and they kept silent while he issued the water to every man on the raft, studiously precise, giving no man a drink until the women and children were served.

"It's a 'abit wiv 'im," breathed Swipes, licking his lips after his drink. "'E carn't 'elp it. 'E's all right."

"Bloomin' hog!" grumbled Lofty.

"Wait! Ay kill yu soon's we are picked up!" promised Yorch, and immediately put the grumbler out of mind.

By hard work the coolies had been quieted and made to realize the perils of their situation. The other craft had floated out of sight or had been run down by the burning ship. The sea slopped through the raft as through a basket. And the sun was like a burning glass.

Flyaway Yorch made the seamen and lads strip their shirts off and make a poor awning. Then, his own brawny skin reddened with the scorching rays, he opened wide his mouth in song:

"Ve'll lie down on ta panks ouf some plasant shady grove,
T'ro ta vild woods ve'll vander, ant chase ta puffalo;
Ant ve'll chase ta puffalo!"

It encouraged Lofty to emulation. The long ex-soldier, cause of all the hazard, closed his eyes, opened his loose mouth and bawled:

"Under the burnin' plynes of Egyp',
Under the scorchin' sun;
He thought of the stories he'd have ter tell
His love when the fight was won."

"Bli'me! Stow that row!" whined Swipes. "Ain't it 'ot enough wivout singin' abart it?"

Through a pitiless day Flyaway Yorch dozed. He never left the water casks; he kept his feet on the two kegs, his fist gripped the only hook pot. And the sea rolled over the crazy raft. At mid-afternoon a wailing coolie woman fought with two apprentice lads who tried to take her dead baby from her to bury it. All the coolies, mostly old men, women or children, muttered threateningly. Flyaway Yorch left his seat for a moment and took away the dead child, giving it to Swipes to wrap in rags and pass overboard. When the bos'n returned to his water casks the doctor was there, kneeling, grinning slyly.

"I ain't stealing water, bose," he whispered hoarsely. "One o' these kegs is rum. I put it in."

"Get out!" muttered Yorch, shoving the man away. "If yu ain't a tam liar, yu're a tam fool!"

"A drop o' liquor helps a bloke," grinned the doctor ingratiatingly.

"A trop o' vater safes a ploke!" growled the bos'n. He pushed the man's face away with his palm, and the doctor joined Lofty and Swipes, muttering.

Time came for the evening water ration. There was none. The coolies wailed, the seamen growled. Flyaway Yorch was obdurate. He bade the doctor tell Lofty to pass around the information that there would be only one ration daily instead of two because of unsuspected water shortage. So parched natives whined and murmured as night fell. Lofty and the doctor grumbled together. At times Swipes joined in. Three apprentice lads huddled together in the middle of the raft, quietly singing decent half-deck choruses to keep their courage up. When Swipes put up the lantern on the short pole for the night, Lofty and the doctor crept over to Flyaway Yorch.

"Come on, bose, deal us out a snifter," urged the doctor.

(Continued on Page 72)

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Continued from Page 70

"'Oo guv 'im charge o' the rum anyhow?" Lofty wanted to know.

Flyaway Yorch slowly stood up. With the flat of his hand he pushed the doctor's leering face away. To Lofty he said without trace of heat, "Ay vill kick yu in ta stummuck, Lofty."

But Lofty backed away from the threat. The bos'n resumed his seat; the two men retired to mutter together. And through the dark hours before the moon rose, the coolies wailed and whined; an old man harangued them fiercely. Children whimpered. The sea swept across the raft incessantly, though there was neither wind nor wave. Lashings creaked. A plank broke from the raft and fell away with a splash. The lads ceased singing. Swipes snored grandly. Flyaway Yorch dozed with one eye open; and there was a glimmer in the east as the moon mounted behind the horizon. Lofty and the doctor talked louder. There was threat in their tone. Lofty rose.

Then the raft was almost overturned. Flyaway Yorch fell off his cask as the coolie men rushed upon him, beating him with their pitiful hands, crying him down for a denier of water to the thirsty, cursing him for an evil jinni. Fear made them mad; sense of wrong made them froth for murder. The bos'n went down under them. The cask was upset by their frenzied hands, tottered, rolled and went overboard with a dismal splash. Lofty and the doctor stood bewildered. Swipes rubbed his eyes, swore and leaped to his feet. The three lads jumped up. Natives piling onto a white man was bad business. The lads moved first, charging into the coolie crowd.

"Bli'me, blokes! It's us or them for it!" yelled Swipes, and put his weight to the struggle.

Flyaway Yorch rose among the frantic mob like a tree with fungus clinging to it. The coolies dropped from him like dead leaves. Yet he hurt none of them unnecessarily. He defended his head and face, while holding on for dear life to the remaining water keg. And when their first attack failed, there was no more fight in the poor old coolie men. They retired to the edge of the raft, moaning.

Day came; another windless round of weary hours. In the morning Flyaway Yorch issued water to the coolies half rations. He did not swallow his own ration first. He swallowed none at all. Neither did his shipmates, except the lads, who received a small drop of water because of their youth. Flyaway Yorch now sat between the water keg and the rum, an arm around each, his back to the little heap of stores about the pole mast.

"Ain't we goin' to git no water, bose?" barked Lofty hoarsely. Flyaway Yorch shook his head grimly.

"Nor no rum?" wheezed the doctor, suddenly afraid.

"Bli'me, ol' socks, carn't we 'ave a drop o' mixed?" pleaded Swipes. "Jest a touch, bose?" Then, suddenly, as if asserting the fact that he had been loyal—"You carn't blyme me for nothink, bose! I stuck up fer you, didn't I? I ain't like that lousy Lofty, I ain't!"

"Ta men share ant share alike," said Yorch stolidly. "Ay get none. Yu get none. Tomorrow, maype."

Tomorrow came, added to their misery, and passed. At the end of it the lone keg contained one day's rations more. Food was eaten sparingly because it engendered thirst. Flyaway Yorch's hand was as steady as of old as he issued the water ration. He resisted all pleas for a little rum.

"Maybe it vill safe us when ta vater's all gone," he said.

When the water was gone, Flyaway Yorch doled out to every soul on the raft one very small ration of rum. He gave it out after the sun had set. It was better than giving it to drink under the blazing sun. His face was grimly set. His blue eyes gazed unwinkingly out over the sea. The comfortable belly of him was not so round. His deep powder dimples held gray shadows in daylight. He never left his precious keg except gently to take away for burial some lucky bit of coolie humanity.

On the fifth day Lofty suffered a slight sunstroke; not bad, but distressing. Flyaway Yorch called one of the lads; sent a trickle of water over to Lofty, who drank it in amazement, then cursed the bos'n for holding out water on them when all were parched with thirst.

"Shut up, you grousing blighter!" the lad barked. "He's sent you his own rations which he never drank, saving 'em for grousing swine like you!"

"Bli'me! Wish it'd rain!" groaned Swipes on the sixth day.

"Wish th' bloody raft 'ud bust up and end it!" moaned the doctor.

"Ay t'ink yu are all mad!" muttered Flyaway Yorch.

Sinister black fins cut the glassy water in narrowing circles around the raft. The coolies lay like dead people, swollen with sunburn.

Then the white men began singing. They sang Maimuna, and the Fisherman's Wife, and Challo Brown. Flyaway Yorch clutched his hook pot in cramped fingers, hugging to his breast the rum keg, and roared rustily of shady groves.

"Ve'll lie down on ta panks of some plasant shady grove,
Lnd tro ta veld woods ve'll vander und chase ta puffalo;
Ve'll chase ta puffalo!"

"Bleedin' Finn!" swore Lofty. "I'm goin' to 'ave a snifter o' that rum! Come on, doctor!"

Lofty staggered to his feet and dizziness swept over him. He leaned against the mast until his eyes cleared. Then, his loose mouth hanging open, his eyes blinked and he stared down the sun path.

"Bose, 'ere comes a bloomin' bowt!" he shouted dryly. "Hey, mates! 'Ere's a bloody steamer! 'Ow abart a little snifter now? Wot say, bose?"

Flyaway Yorch looked, assured himself that it was indeed a steamer in sight, and gruffly bade Lofty speak to the coolies and get some life into them. Then the steamer stopped, slid gently up to the raft, bumped against it and knocked it to pieces, hurling all its suffering people into the sea. But there were willing hands. Soon the steamer passed through the wreckage of the raft and the castaways stood dripping on her deck.

"We have a lot more of your chaps aboard," the captain said. "We picked up two boats and three rafts last night. Come down below and I'll see what the steward can do for you men. What's that keg, bos'n?"

"Rum, sir," said Flyaway Yorch. "Ay haf held onto it all troo. Ay shall take care of it."

"H'm! Better turn it over to my steward, my lad," grunted the steamer's skipper wisely. "I'll see that he issues you all a stiff tot right away to pick you up. Come along."

In a cozy steerage aft Flyaway Yorch sat over a dishpan, stirring up a jorum of swanky punch. From time to time he tasted it expertly. In the doorway crowded Swipes and Lofty and the doctor and a dozen rescued men of the Ebro. Presently the bos'n ladled up a full ladleful and sipped it slowly.

"'Urry up, bose!" pleaded Swipes, jerking his pannikin forward impatiently. "Us blokes ain't made o' wood, we ain't."

Flyaway Yorch dipped a hook pot full, sat down deliberately and slowly swallowed the stimulating draught. The men pressed forward, Lofty and Swipes contending for place. The bos'n dipped another tot. Swipes thrust out his pannikin, grinning. Once more Flyaway Yorch lay back his head and his gullet swelled gratefully. Swipes tried to speak. His throat was dry. The pouring of liquor into his pannikin stopped him in time, and he pushed back through the crowd, licking his lips happily. Lofty's loose mouth opened. He'd let 'em all know. Swanky gurgled in his cup. The mild blue eyes of Flyaway Yorch fixed him. Speech was arrested at the source. He followed Swipes, his cup to his long nose, sniffing contentedly.

A new silk stocking is almost always a thing of beauty. But how long will that beauty endure when put to hard service? That question has been most satisfactorily answered to the unnumbered millions who habitually wear Phoenix hosiery. Longer mileage? Surely! But also a tenacious elegance that lasts to the end of the long and strenuous journey.

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Watch This Column

"Divided by interests, united in crime."
—VOLTAIRE

CLARA BOW and ROBERT AGNEW

"Wine," in my estimation, will prove to be one of Universal's most popular modern pictures. The topic is timely. It relates to bootlegging amongst refined people whose fortunes are at low ebb. The author, William McHarg, treats his subject thrillingly. And Louis Gasnier, the director, has not only brought out every point with vividness, but has chosen a notable cast—CLARA BOW, FORREST STANLEY, HUNTLEY GORDON, MYRTLE STEDMAN, ROBERT AGNEW, ROBERT BENEDICT, WALTER LONG. Please see this picture and write what you think of its purpose as well as its handling.

If you have the time, and have seen these pictures, kindly tell me what you think of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Signal Tower," "The Reckless Age,"* JACK DEMPSEY in his *"Fight and Win"* series, *"Merry Go Round,"* HOOT GIBSON in *"The Sawdust Trail,"* JACK HOXIE in *"Fighting Fury."* These two riding demons have the support of the famous Universal Ranch Riders.

Universal will shortly announce in this column a list of exceptional productions, including *"The Rose of Paris,"* starring MARY PHILBIN; VIRGINIA VALLI and PERCY MARMONT in *"K—the Unknown," "The Family Secret"* and *"Butterfly,"* and *"Love and Glory."* Watch for them. They are all by famous authors, produced by famous directors.

"Wolves of the North," starring WILLIAM DUNCAN and EDITH JOHNSON, is a Universal serial that will undoubtedly please old and young. The first episode will give you a good idea of the mystery and thrills which dominate. Wish you would write and tell me how it compares with previous serials.

All these productions are clean, romantic, interesting to all the members of the family—in line with Universal's pronounced promise to produce only those pictures which leave a sweet taste in the mouth.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

TIES

(Continued from Page 23)

"When I was engaged to him, over a year ago. You know that."

"Why, Lau-ra! Aren't you engaged to Bob now?" asked Claire innocently.

"You know I'm not."

"Oh!" said Claire, and a meditative gleam came in her eye. "But still you consider him sort of your property, don't you, Laura?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh!" repeated Claire, and the thoughtful look deepened.

Then Teddy burst in, young, blond, enthusiastic, shouting greetings, and Claire giggled and dimpled in response to him.

When dinner was over—and Laura, in spite of her financial arguments, had been pleased to see how heartily and appreciatively the boy ate—Claire said sweetly, "Now you just sit right down, Laura, and Teddy and I will wash the dishes."

She did not add that this was supposed to be her share of the living arrangement, but bestowed it as a gracious favor. However, Laura was much too tired to care. And as she lay on the couch, gratefully resting her very weary body and listening to the laughter and chatter from the kitchen, a dull, wistful pain began to gather in her heart; something she could scarcely define. And she made up her mind to spend the next week-end with her mother.

Laura's mother was a widow, a semi-invalid, who lived in a little New Jersey town, in a cottage which had been one of the very few possessions that her husband, a high-school professor, had been able to leave her. Besides the small house, she had only her husband's books, and a tiny income from his life insurance, and the most beautiful and wonderful and miraculously growing small flower garden in all New Jersey. Motorists would stop to look at the bright flowers and at the little white-clad woman who limped about among them, smiling oddly and delightfully with a sweet mouth that quirked at one corner. And Laura's mother would always offer whoever stopped armfuls of flowers. She kept her neighbors supplied, too, and the church, and the hospital; and yet, miraculously, there were always more.

"Mis' Wilbur done put a conjah on dis here ga'den, sho!" proclaimed old Uncle Isam, her occasional helper. "All long time I bin wu'kin' foh white ladies, spadin' up dey ga'dens, mashin' bugs, an' all lika dat, whut dey too nice to do foh dey own se'ves, I ain' nev' seen nothin' lak way Miss Wilburses' flow'rs grow. Look lak dey don' sprout up—dey bus' up!" And then the rich, inimitable darky chuckle, and repetition *ad infinitum* of his original statement.

Uncle Isam and Laura's mother were both busy in the bare brown earth of the March garden the next week-end when Laura arrived—with Claire.

It had not been Laura's intention to bring Claire, and that Laura's mother had not expected a guest was evident from the surprised face she turned toward the two girls. But, quickly, her expression changed, and with her delightful smile Mrs. Wilbur welcomed Claire. And then there was a somewhat awkward pause as Claire looked around her comprehensively, and with a frankly disappointed face.

"Oh!" said Claire, taking in the tiny gray house, and the little garden plot, and the nearness of the neighbors. "Oh, I thought you said you lived in the country!"

"Well," said Laura, setting down her suitcase on the brick path, "it seems like it after New York, doesn't it?" She kissed her mother warmly. "Hello, Uncle Isam!"

He had been bobbing and grinning constantly ever since the appearance of the young ladies.

"Howdy, Mis' Lah." Bow to the stranger. "Howdy, mussy," he responded, tugging from his head what remained of a cap. "Ain't much foh to show now in yo' mamma's ga'den, Miss Lah. But you wait. Who-ee! Look lak Mis' Wilbur done put a conjah on dis here ga'den ev' springtime." And so on.

"I meant," said Claire, with a bored look at the garrulous, tattered servitor—"I meant it isn't real country, Laura. It's just a suburb, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Laura somewhat snappily, "it's just a suburb. What did you expect, Claire? An estate?"

"No-o. But I thought—you said a cottage in the country. I thought there'd be—a—a country club or something."

"Well, there is a country club," replied Laura, moving toward the back porch with her suitcase. "But we don't belong. We can't afford to."

"Oh, dear," pouted Claire, appealing to Mrs. Wilbur, "there she goes talking about money again!"

Mrs. Wilbur's mouth quirked in her odd, delightful smile.

"Yes, isn't she shameless?" she replied. "And yet I've often told her that really nice people never admit they can't afford anything."

"There!" cried Claire triumphantly, running after her hostess. "What did I tell you, Laura?"

"Mother's spoofing you," replied Laura wearily. "You'll have to get used to her line."

"Hurry up and get dressed, girls," called Mrs. Wilbur after them. "Bob's coming over to dinner, and I'm going to stop gardening in just two seconds and cook something simply delicious for him."

"Does Bob live in this town?" asked Claire when they were up in Laura's bedroom, unpacking. Her blue eyes were bright with renewed interest. "You never told me, Laura," she said reproachfully.

"Why should I tell you?" asked Laura.

"I don't see why you should conceal it."

"I didn't."

"I think you are very strange about Bob," said Claire, spreading a pink, accordion-plaited georgette frock tenderly on the bed. "You've never let him come up to our apartment since that night you got mad at me for not leaving you alone together; and yet you say you don't care anything about him, and you aren't engaged, and you don't feel you have any strings attached to him." She took out her satin slippers and rosy stockings. "You did say that, didn't you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't see why you should conceal it from me that you were going to see him this week-end."

"I didn't conceal it. I didn't know I was going to see him. Mother invited him."

"Does she want you to marry Bob?"

"No—yes—oh, I don't know. What difference does it make?"

Claire sat at the dressing table and took down her golden hair, smiling at herself in the glass.

"I thought you weren't very cordial about your invitation," she murmured.

Laura, who was lying on the bed, hid her smile in a pillow. As a matter of fact, she had not invited Claire at all. She had simply announced that she was going home for the week-end—feeling unreasonably brutal somehow as she did so—and Claire had gasped with dismay.

"But, Laura!" she had cried. "What shall I do then?"

"Haven't you plenty of admirers to entertain you over the week-end?" Laura had asked somewhat cattily. "Let Teddy take you out to dinner for a change."

"But, Laura! With you away?"

"What's that got to do with your seeing Teddy?"

"Why, Laura, you surely don't think I'd let Teddy come up to this apartment when I was alone here, do you?"

"Why not? He's as harmless as a woolly lamb."

"Well, I don't know how you've been brought up, Laura; but my mother would be shocked to death if I ——"

"Oh, all right! Meet your lamb downstairs then."

"But, Laura, I can't spend the entire week-end with Teddy."

"I should hope not, dear."

"Oh, Laura! Please! You're awful! I mean —— Well, I haven't been feeling so very fit lately. Karosov told me only the other day I ought to go out to the country week-ends. Spring runs you down so, and a dancer can't afford to lose her looks, Laura. I wonder if you know any little hotel near you where I could stop? Of course I don't want to bother you or your mother ——"

After that the invitation was inevitable. It might be weakness, or it might be only civilization; but at any rate Laura simply hadn't the brutality to ignore so direct an appeal.

So here was Claire arraying herself in her best frock for Bob, and there was mother downstairs cooking something simply delicious for his dinner; while Laura, who had only wanted to come home for a nice quiet week-end of fresh air and writing, got so angry over the mess that had been made of her plans that she refused to array herself at all.

"I'll just stay as I am," she told the astonished Claire. "If this dress is good enough for the office and the train it's good enough for Bob. Besides," she added, a moment later, catching the reflection of Claire's sly smile in the mirror—"besides"—rather defiantly—"poor old Bob likes me in anything."

"Of course, dear," replied Claire in an unconvinced tone. "But why do you call him poor Bob? Is he?"

"What?"

"Poor? Is that why you don't marry him?"

"He could support me, if that's what you mean."

"Oh!" Claire looked at herself a long time in the mirror. "What is his business?" she asked.

"Real estate."

"Oh? Is he I suppose he's just a clerk or something in a real-estate office?"

"No, he's vice president of the company. His father is the president."

"Oh! Well—I thought that Spanish shawl must have been expensive." She rouged her lips carefully. "I suppose that's why your mother wants you to marry him, Laura."

"Look here, Claire, you leave my mother alone! Why, mother—mother's just about the most unmercenary —— Why, she doesn't care about money at all!"

"Oh? How nice! Well, I wonder where on earth you could have got that strain then, Laura?"

"Oh, good night! Good night!" Laura mourned. "Nobody could make you understand anything at all—ever, Claire!"

"Well," said Claire with dignity, "you may think I'm a dumb Dora, but at least I am not impolite, Laura. I think I'll go downstairs. Your mother's polite at any rate."

The dinner was quite as delicious as Mrs. Wilbur had promised—for she made an art of whatever simple thing she did—but no one seemed to enjoy it much except Claire, who ate heartily and talked incessantly. She had tied a narrow pink ribbon across her blond hair, and with her delicately flushed cheeks and pink dress she looked like a newly opened tea rose out of Mrs. Wilbur's own garden.

Laura, who was pale in her severe dark frock, hardly spoke. Bob cast uneasy glances toward her in the pauses of his conversation with Claire. But there were not many pauses; Claire saw to that. She knew how to carry a man along, however unwillingly, on the gay tide of her laughter and chatter. Her every word and glance were so directly addressed to Bob, so playfully flirtatious, that he must have answered in kind, even if he had been quite uninterested. But he was frankly entertained and flattered. Laura, talking quietly to her mother, pretended not to hear anything that Claire was saying. But all at once the laughingly raised tones reached her distinctly.

"I really think Laura ought to marry you, Bob!" cried Claire.

No man on earth likes to appear publicly in the rôle of rejected suitor and faithful old sheep dog.

Bob flushed and looked accusingly toward Laura, whose cheeks burned. Oh, how horrid, how detestable he must think her to have told Claire!

But before she could think of anything to say, Bob said stiffly, "Oh, I guess Laura can get along all right without me."

Laura's reaction was instant. Her chin went up.

"I'll say I can," she retorted gayly.

Claire was watching them with eyes stretched innocently wide.

"Oh, dear," she murmured softly. "Laura is so independent and everything. I wish I could be like that. I'm so dependent on people."

"I'll say you are," replied Laura, hating the slang phrase, and yet compelled, as if by some irresistible force, to go on repeating it in that hard, bright tone.

"Laura says she's going to spend the week-end writing," Claire was confiding to Bob with a pout. "I'm sure I don't know how I shall amuse myself."

(Continued on Page 76)

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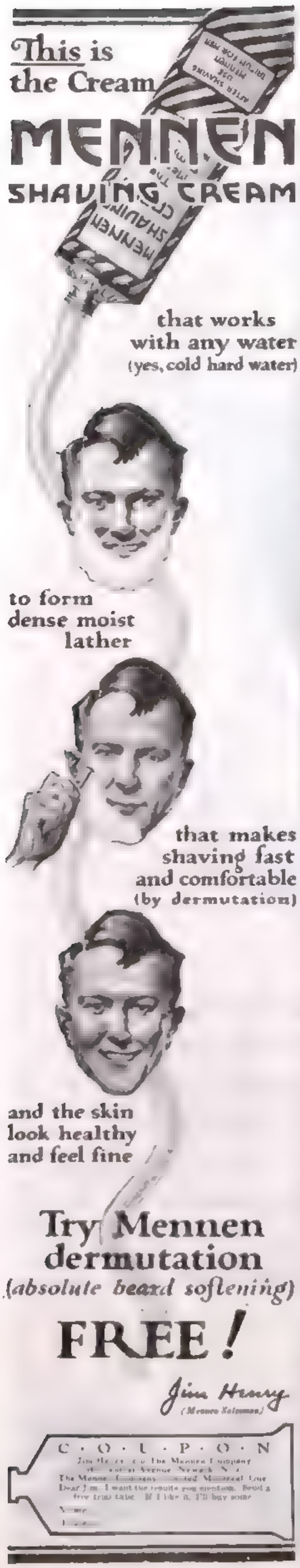

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"You may help me with my garden, dear," said Mrs. Wilbur; and added, smiling, "if you like."

"Oh, I don't know anything about gardening!" cried Claire in alarm. "I'm afraid I can't help you do anything useful, Mrs. Wilbur. I don't know how. You see, I never had to do any work at home. We always had servants."

"Isn't it bad enough to be helpless," asked Laura, "without being snobbish about it?"

"Why, Lau-ra!" cried Claire, deeply hurt. "You know I oughtn't to spoil my hands." She held them out appealingly. "It's so important for a dancer to have nice hands," she told Bob, looking up into his eyes. "Just feel how soft my fingers are."

Bob, looking most uncomfortable, drew away a little.

"Tell you what!" he exclaimed, making his tone loud and cheerful to cover his confusion. "Tell you what let's do, girls. There's a dance on at the country club tonight ——"

"Oh! Oh, Bob! Do you belong to the country club?" squealed Claire rapturously.

"Why, yes." He looked at her in surprise. "But don't expect too much. We aren't millionaires in this neighborhood. It's just a pretty fair golf course, and a little shack where you can dance Saturday nights."

"Oh, I'd love to go!" said Claire, clasping her hands together.

Bob looked at Laura. Her face, with its regular, handsome features, was stern and white. If Claire had reminded him of a tea rose, he now saw Laura as a white cyclamen that has opened its perfectly cut petals proudly, coldly, with a sort of fragile disdain, aware of its own worth, scornful of admiration.

"Will you go, Laura?" he asked humbly, once more under the extraordinary spell she had always had for him.

"No," she replied; "I want to do some work. But you two go—if you like."

Still, right up to the last moment, she never thought that Bob would go without her. But he did.

"Oh, Laura darling," whispered Claire excitedly just before she went, "I didn't bring my evening wrap. Would you—would you mind awfully lending me your Spanish shawl?"

"It's in New York," lied Laura calmly, while in her heart an imp danced and yelled savagely, "I'd rather tear it into a million pieces than let you wear it!"

Claire pouted.

"Oh, dear, I don't know what to do," she said. "Mrs. Wilbur, have you got anything you could lend me—no, I don't suppose you have—an evening wrap?"

"I've a white silk shawl that's rather nice," replied Mrs. Wilbur.

"Oh," burst from Laura involuntarily, "you wouldn't —— Grandmother's shawl!"

"Why, I'm sure Claire will be careful with it," said Mrs. Wilbur. "It's old and easily torn, and I value it because it was my mother's."

The generous woman was already getting it out of a lavender-scented drawer, and wrapping it around Claire's shoulders. The deep, yellowed silk fringe fell almost to the floor.

There is no woman, no matter how ugly, hard, tired or worn, to whom a white silk shawl, mellowed by time to the tint of old ivory, is not becoming, softening. And fresh, pink Claire was simply enchanting, demurely bridelike, in the folds of Mrs. Wilbur's shawl.

"Why did you let her have it, mother?" cried Laura, when the last sounds of Bob's car had died away. Her face, so resolutely calm all evening, was contorted by passion now. "I hate that girl! I hate her!" said Laura.

And then she put her head down in her mother's lap and cried and cried; and finally told her mother all that she had resolutely kept out of her letters—everything except the story of Bob's visit to their apartment. She never mentioned Bob.

Mrs. Wilbur let Laura get all through talking before she said anything, and then she just stroked and stroked her daughter's hair, and murmured very quietly, "But, Laura dear, you don't have to live with Claire. You aren't tied to her."

Laura raised her head, and there was almost a startled look in her eyes.

"That's funny," she said, "for you to use that word 'tied.' It was because I didn't want to have any ties that would keep me from writing that I ——"

She stopped and blushed. Mrs. Wilbur pretended not to notice.

"I don't know anyone on earth who hasn't ties of some kind or other," she said matter-of-factly.

"Why, mother, how can you say that? Lots of people are free."

"Who are they?" asked Mrs. Wilbur.

"Why, I don't know—I can't think of any names right now—but there must be lots of people who are free to do their own work, when you think of all the books that are written, and the pictures painted."

"And you think only free people can do those things, Laura?"

"Well, no; perhaps not always; but——"

"Stevenson wasn't ever free from ill health; and Carlyle had a disagreeable wife, they say; and Rembrandt wasn't very free from debt, you know; and it seems to me I've heard about a ballad that was written in Reading Gaol; and Balzac was bound all his life by one love; and Wagner ——"

"Oh, I don't mean geniuses, mother! I suppose they can work anywhere under any conditions. But I mean just ordinary people like me, who have a little talent, and want to do something."

"And think they can do it by running away from life! No, Laura, it just doesn't work out. If you dodge one set of burdens you'll find yourself with another before you know it. Believe it or not, and you know I don't often preach, but this is so: As fast as people can untie themselves from their natural ties, they'll find themselves tangled up even more securely in artificial ones. It's like a kitten with a ball of yarn. It may be pink today and gray tomorrow, but every time there's a ball of yarn lying on the floor a kitten's got to play with it. And you can't walk away from life and other people any more than that kitten can leave the yarn alone. There's nobody, nobody strong enough and free enough and self-sufficient enough to leave every other living thing in the world absolutely alone. And that's the only way anybody could escape what you call ties."

She thought a moment, and her mouth quirked in her individual smile.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Laura," she said. "If you can think of one person we know who isn't tied, why, I'll give you my twenty-dollar gold piece!"

"Mother! Your luck piece?"

"Yes, my twenty-dollar good-luck gold piece," promised Mrs. Wilbur solemnly.

Laura gazed at her mother in something like awe, for not only was twenty dollars quite a huge sum in that family but Laura knew the strength of her mother's one superstition. That gold piece had lain under a scrap of paper at the bottom of the blue vase on the top pantry shelf ever since Laura was a little girl. And no matter what domestic crisis should arise, that gold piece was never to be touched; for it represented not only an actual sum between you and the poorhouse, but it was a symbol of good luck and prosperity, a sort of kitchen god in the Chinese fashion.

"Sit down, with a pencil and paper, and make out a list of all the people we know and we'll check up on them," said Mrs. Wilbur happily, for she loved playing games with Laura. "And if you find a single one who hasn't any ties at all, I'll gladly pay my forfeit."

"Well, there's no use even putting you down on the list, mother," Laura had begun by saying laughingly, "for you're tied to the whole neighborhood!"

And then, at first still laughing, but growing more and more serious as the list grew, Laura emptied her memory of everyone she had ever known. And she found that those who were not bound by husbands or wives or children, had parents they must care for, or an invalid sister, or a worthless brother, or an adopted baby—yes, it was strange, when they hadn't any natural ties they went out in search of them—or they had friends who demanded most of their time and energy, or they were weighted down by the care of their possessions, and by troublesome servants, and even by the habits and pleasures and social contacts that they had once believed most desirable. Not one but was tied by something, which, though it might appear as delicate as the filament of a spider's web, was as strong as a chain.

"I can't think of another soul," confessed Laura, after long thinking and gnawing of the pencil. Then her face cleared and she cried triumphantly, "Oh, yes, I can! Miss Lulette Peters! I've got you, mother! Rich, no relatives, no friends, same servants for twenty years, never goes out, won't give parties, doesn't do a darn thing for anybody on earth. Now where's my twenty-dollar gold piece?"

"Wait a minute," replied Mrs. Wilbur, and she smiled. "Do you mind calling up Miss Lullie Peters?"

"What for?"

"Oh, just telephone and ask how she is."

"That all?"

"That's all."

Laura went to the telephone and got Miss Lullie's house, and the butler called his mistress to the telephone.

"How do you do, Miss Lullie," said Laura. "This is Laura Wilbur. I ——"

"Laura! Shoog is dying!"

"Who? Who?" gasped Laura. And turning a frightened face toward her mother, "Somebody is dying at her house," she whispered.

But Mrs. Wilbur shook her head reassuringly.

An unintelligible flood of narrative was pouring over the telephone.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lullie, I can't understand you," interrupted Laura. "Who was it you said—is somebody very ill?"

"Ill! After eating a Red Diadem!" cried Miss Lullie indignantly. "Wouldn't you be ill if you ate a Red Diadem?"

"But—what is it?"

"Stupid girl! A pencil! It's made me frightfully ill."

"You—you ate a lead pencil?"

"Good Lord, no! Shoog, I told you. It was one of those long red ones!"

"Oh, how dreadful! But ——"

"Wouldn't you think the manufacturers would be more considerate?" asked Miss Lullie indignantly. "Of all impossible colors to eat—red! Well, I can't stop any longer. Shoog expects me at the hospital. He's frightfully depressed, of course. A nervous temperament."

"But, Miss Lullie, what ever made him do it?"

"I suppose he wanted to," snapped Miss Lullie. "Wouldn't you get tired of that everlasting diet of biscuit, no bones, wet toast, all that ghastly sort of mush? I don't blame him a bit! I'd have done the same thing myself. Well, good-by. I'll let you know how he's getting along."

The telephone clicked. Laura turned a laughing but dismayed face toward her mother.

"A dog?" she asked. "Shoog?"

"Yes, dear. Short for Sugar. Miss Lullie's latest—a Pekingese. Surely you remember the old poodle she had before him? But I think Shoog is the most satisfactory of all her pets, for he's always causing crises. I knew you'd run into one of them no matter when you called." Mrs. Wilbur's eyes twinkled. "Miss Lullie's pets are a great care to her," she said. "But I suppose she doesn't mind giving up her life to them, since she's managed to escape all other ties."

"I see," said Laura. "So I don't win the twenty dollars."

She hesitated, looked at her mother as if she were about to say something of more importance, then resolutely closed her lips and went upstairs. She pretended to be asleep when Claire came back from the dance.

The next day Bob did not appear. The two girls went back to New York on the afternoon train, and as soon as they were in their apartment Laura spoke of what had been on her mind ever since her talk with her mother.

"Look here, Claire," she said amiably, but firmly, "this living arrangement of ours hasn't turned out very well, has it?" Claire looked at her blankly. "For either of us," Laura added politely.

"I don't know what you mean, Laura," replied Claire.

"I mean I want to go back to the boarding house."

"But Lau-ra! I don't want to go back to that horrible place."

"Then haven't you some other friend who would come and live here with you?"

"Why, Lau-ra! I'd rather have you than anybody. I don't know why you think I'm not satisfied."

"If you can't get someone to take my place before the first," said Laura, "I am going to try to sublet the apartment."

"But, Laura!" cried Claire, springing up, her face flushed. "You can't! That isn't fair! It's as much mine as yours. You can't turn me out. Besides, I never thought you'd go back on your word like that."

(Continued on Page 79)

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"I wouldn't. I never do!" cried Laura, touched on a sensitive spot. "But it's you—you've made it simply impossible for me to go on living here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Claire, and the light of understanding dawned in her big blue eyes. "It's on account of Bob. I see." And she gazed delightedly at herself in the mirror.

"You don't see!" cried Laura, stamping her foot. "It's not Bob."

"Oh, yes, it is," replied Claire coolly, taking a dancing pose before the mirror. "Oh, dear me, I never yet knew a girl who wouldn't get jealous of me sooner or later. But I thought you were more sensible, Laura. I really did. Why"—she gave a little, light, scornful laugh—"I don't care that for Bob!" She snapped her fingers. "You needn't worry, Laura."

"I'm not worried! I tell you it has nothing to do with Bob. I'm not talking about him at all, but about us!"

Claire sank down on a chair and stretched out her legs in front of the mirror.

"Now, Laura," she said in a reasonable and soothing tone, "don't let's fuss. You know perfectly well you never would have made all this scene if Bob hadn't taken me to the dance last night. But it wasn't my fault. I don't see how you can blame me if men like me."

"I don't care who likes you. That isn't the point. The point is ——"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Laura," interrupted Claire sweetly. "I'll promise never to see Bob again if you like. There, will that satisfy you?"

She picked up a magazine as if the debate were ended.

Laura, white with rage, almost screamed at her, "I don't care how often you see Bob! That isn't the point! I ——"

The telephone rang shrilly; long and shrilly again. Claire jumped up and rushed to it, beaming and dimpling.

"I guess it's for me," she said, picking up the receiver. "Hello! Hello!" she cried in her coquettish telephone voice. "Oh, how are you? This is a surprise!" Then her face fell. "Oh, it's for you, Laura," she said stiffly.

She walked back to her chair and listened frankly to Laura's end of the conversation.

"Hello," Laura was saying coldly. . . . "Yes, on the afternoon train. . . . Oh? Yes? You did? Too bad. . . . Well, I was busy, anyhow, helping mother. . . . No, not at all. I was so glad you could take her. It was awfully sweet of you. It left me free to do some writing. No, I don't have much time. . . . What did you say? Oh, no; no, I think not, Bob. I'm sorry, but I've some work to do tonight. Good ——"

"Laura, don't hang up!" came a sharp cry. Claire had jumped up, her cheeks flushing. "Wait! I want to speak to Bob!" she said, running over to the telephone and taking the receiver out of Laura's hand.

Laura gave her one scornful look, and marched away into the bedroom; closing the door. She resolutely shut her ears to the gayly coquettish tones, the laughter ringing out from the next room. She unpacked her suitcase, and washed her face, and brushed her hair, and sat down at the rickety little table by the window where she was accustomed to write while Claire entertained her callers in the next room.

How odd it would be tonight to sit there alone, scribbling, while Bob called on Claire in the next room. For Laura was sure he would come. Claire would know how to make him. Suddenly a thought pierced her like an arrow, making her hands cold and her cheeks hot. Suppose—suppose they had arranged this between them—to deceive her, to let her down easy. Bob to telephone her first, asking for an engagement which he knew she would refuse, and then Claire —— No, Bob wasn't like that. He wasn't!

Laura got up and paced up and down the room without meaning to do so. Her head was dizzily ringing as if she had been struck sharply on the temples where the veins are near the surface.

"It couldn't be! It couldn't be! He couldn't fall in love with her!" Laura heard a strange voice repeating in her mind. And then the memory of Claire's voice saying something—"I've never met a man who didn't propose to me."

Women who have never been flirts believe too naïvely in the power of self-confessed sirens. And the story of Samson and Delilah has led many a good woman into thinking that all men are simpletons in matters of love.

"He won't see through her. He will believe everything she says about herself," Laura moaned, much to her own surprise. And she lay down on the bed, clutching the pillow.

Claire's step and the rattle of the door knob caused her to sit up instantly. She rushed to the table, and was straightening some papers there when Claire came in. Claire hesitated on the threshold.

"Are you—are you writing, Laura?"

"I'm going to."

"Well, I wonder if it would disturb you if I dressed in here."

Laura turned a savage, white face.

"Yes, it would!" she answered brutally.

Claire pouted

"Well," she said in an injured tone, "I'll have to pass through here to get into the bathroom anyway. But I suppose I can take my clothes out in the living room and put them on there. You know, I gave up the bedroom to you, Laura, so you could be more comfortable, but I didn't think you'd mind my using the dressing table occasionally."

"Oh, shut up!" cried Laura.

Claire recoiled, on her face a look of pained surprise.

"Why, Lau-ra! Please don't speak to me so rudely!" she said in a dignified tone. "You said you didn't care if I saw Bob, and so I took you at your word. I don't see why I should sit alone all evening just because you want to write. You said you didn't mind, Laura."

"I don't! See him every night if you want to."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" wailed Claire. "I do wish girls could be frank and honest with one another. If you'd only said it would make you mad, Laura, I wouldn't have dreamed of letting him come, no matter how much he begged and teased."

"Oh, go away! Please! I'm busy."

"All right. But I think you are very unreasonable," replied Claire, going into the bathroom and turning on the water. "You know I wouldn't do anything to make trouble between us," she shouted plaintively over the roar of the running water. "I'll tell Bob ——"

"If you mention my name to Bob I'll kill you," replied Laura quietly, but so convincingly that even Claire was silenced.

It seemed an interminably long time before the bell rang, and Laura heard Bob's voice in the hall. How grotesque, how unbelievable, to hear it greeting another girl! The deep, kindly rumble, Claire's little squeals and coquettish laughter as they came into the living room. And then—Laura's heart leaped up so suddenly that she put her hands to her throat, choking. For ——

"Where's Laura?" Bob's voice was saying.

"Laura?" Claire's injured voice replied. Laura could imagine the pout that must have appeared on Claire's face. "Why, Bob, I thought you came to see me!"

He laughed uneasily.

"Well, I did, of course. But I thought Laura would be here to say hello, anyway."

"Oh, no, she's awfully busy. Come sit on this nice, squashy couch with me, Bob. Don't take that horrid old stiff chair."

"I'm all right, thanks. But where did you say Laura went?"

"I didn't say she went anywhere. I said she was busy—writing."

"Well, where's she writing?"

"Oh, in there, in her room. Do come over here, Bob, and have a cigarette. There's a box on the table."

"Thanks, I've got mine. You said Laura ——"

"Well, why don't you sit down beside me, now you're here? You aren't afraid of a little thing like me, are you, Bob? You great big strong—animal!"

"Animal?" Bob's tone was outraged.

"Oh, I meant you're so tremendously big and strong, you know. Like a—a lion, or something."

"I'm not so strong," said Bob matter-of-factly. "And I certainly hope I don't look like a lion—any I've seen, anyway. All I've ever seen in zoos were pretty moth-eaten specimens."

"Oh, I didn't mean in zoos. I meant in—in the jungle, you know. Out in the wild jungle!"

"Well, I've never been in a jungle. . . . Did you say Laura was writing in the next room?"

"Yes. Look, Bob, take this nice squashy pillow. Now let me put it back of you. Isn't that comfy? Isn't that better? Now you can relax. I made that pillow. I just love fixing up a house. I think it's so strange the way some girls don't take any interest in home making. I simply couldn't live any place without trying to make it more beautiful. Why, when we first came here, they had the most hor-ri-bul old dingy curtains and things, and Laura would just have lived with things as they were if I ——"

"Speaking of Laura," interrupted the guest firmly, "I thought you told me the other time I was here that the next room isn't heated."

"Oh, well, yes; but "

"Laura's in there, isn't she?"

"Well—yes. But it isn't cold tonight. Besides, she'd rather be in there so as not to be disturbed."

"If I hadn't come," said Bob, with cold logic, "Laura could have been undisturbed in here. So I'd better go."

"Oh, no! No, Bob! Now, please! You don't understand. Wait a minute, Bob. Let me explain. Now, really, sit down again or I'll be dreadfully offended."

The two voices merged in argument, expostulation and entreaty. Laura rose from the table, in her face a strange excitement.

"I think I can count on Claire holding him a few minutes," she murmured.

She ran about the room on tiptoe. The splash of water and the opening of bureau drawers drowned the sounds of the conversation next door, but Laura was no longer interested in it. She undressed and dressed again with feverish speed, and yet with great care and effect. She put on her best evening dress, a straight sleeveless frock of white moiré, with a gardenia on one shoulder. Her smoothly brushed dark hair and clear olive skin were in striking contrast to it. Then she took the vividly glowing Spanish shawl which Bob had given her out of its tissue-paper wrappings and almost reverently wound it about her, quite startled by its beauty and her own. And as a final touch, she rouged her lips, which were just a little bit too ascetic for the ardent splendor of the shawl.

And then Laura flung open the door dramatically, just as Bob, hat and overcoat in hand, was struggling stubbornly toward the hall, in spite of Claire's still frantic coaxing, and even her detaining hand on his arm.

"Well!" Claire was the first to speak, and she tried to laugh. "My goodness, Laura! You must be going to a costume party. How perfectly weird you look!"

Bob just turned around, and dropped his hat and coat on the floor, and stared at Laura speechlessly. Before the ardent flame of her beauty, Claire's baby-doll prettiness flickered and went out. Even Claire was conscious of it.

"What on earth are you all dressed up for?" she cried spitefully. "There's no use now. Bob is going."

She looked at him triumphantly.

"Good-by, Bob," she said. "You said you were going so as not to keep Laura from her writing, didn't you? Well, now she can have all evening to write—if she isn't too dressed up to do it!"

Laura did not even look at Claire. She went over and took Bob's arm.

"Let's go out dancing, Bob," she said, smiling up at him. "I'm awfully tired of my dull, dingy old life. Let's spend a lot of money."

"Well, I never"—Claire's horrified gasp followed them out of the apartment—"heard anything so brazen! Working a man like that!"

And as Bob and Laura ran happily down the stairs, Claire's wail floated down.

"Oh, Lau-ra! Where do you expect me to get my dinner?"

"Cook it yourself!" Laura shouted back happily.

Bob hailed a passing taxi, and when they were inside, he spoke for the first time.

"Gosh!" he said. "I never got such a surprise in my life! You're simply wonderful, Laura!" His voice sank. "And beautiful—beautiful!"

"Kiss me," she answered.

And for a moment there was complete silence in the motionless taxicab. Then the sharp giggle of a passer-by recalled the more conservative male to consciousness.

"People can see us," he muttered shamefacedly. "And I haven't told the driver where to go yet. Where do you want to go, Laura?"

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured dreamily. "Anywhere—where we can kiss again."

"Drive through the park about fifty times," Bob gave the order.

"Another $50 Raise!"

"Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man."

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THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

The evidence also of Officer Rooney
Establish the fact that he ate macaroni!

Then over the court spreads a feeling dejective;
They don't need a crackajack high-priced detective
To pass on the thing—the complaint is defective!

They argue the point from the chrysalis stage
To the ninety-three hundred and seventy-first page,
While all of the jurymen die of old age.

When the case is dismissed and Yipe gayly walks out,
Nobody recalls what the trial was about.

But far in the future, law students profound
Will base their decisions upon the same ground,
For here is a Precedent—spooky, but sound.

"The Law is quite clear!" I can hear counsel say—
A Henry L. Tripe of that far-distant day.
"Please note the sage words of Judge Lemuel Snipe,
(Page eighty-five-ninety—The State versus Yipe!")

Then the judge and the jury, with eyes reverent,
Will gaze at the Flaw and the Yipe Precedent.

And they'll base their decision upon it; for law
Is shocked to the core by a Technical Flaw.
You may murder a man—but whatever you do,
Be sure your complaint is quite flawless and true.

Don't say the defendant ate cheese and bologny;
The chances are grave that he ate macaroni.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

A Fable for Amateur Critics

GOLIGHTLY was an author;
And passing sore was he
When none of his tales was mentioned
And his name he did not see
In Sullivan's Super-Stories
Of Nineteen Twenty-Three.

Disheartened by his failure,
All fiction he forswore,
And started out compiling,
For several months or more,
Golightly's Pluto-Plumbers
Of Nineteen Twenty-Four.

And when the book was published
The Plumbers' Journal said
It was the plumbers' Bible;
By all it should be read
Who wished to know correctly
Who's Who in zinc and lead.

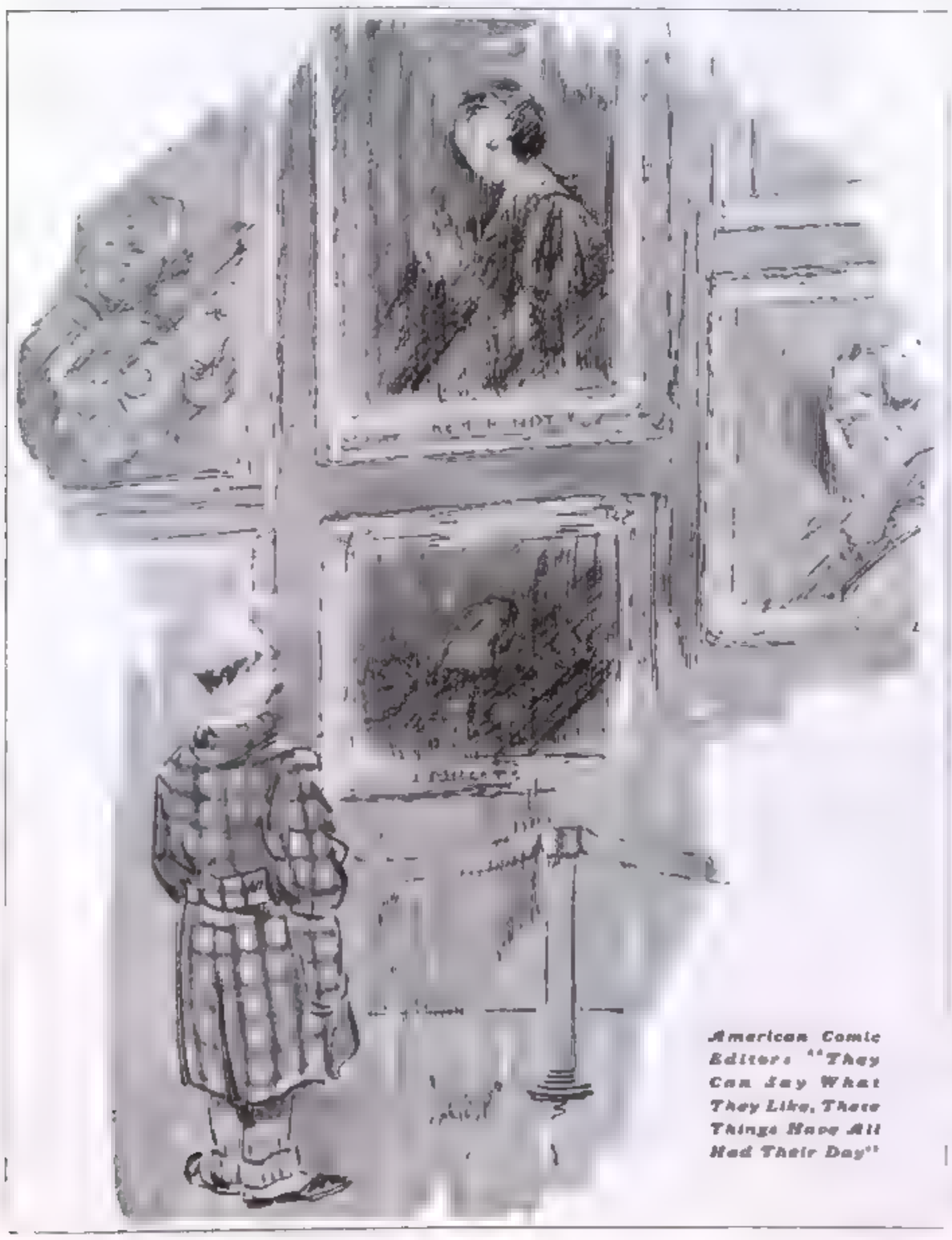
Chicago was delighted:
"Four Pluto-Plumbers here!"
But Boston wailed in anger:
"We've only two -oh, dear!"
For all believed Golightly
As sacred as a seer.

Until at last a plumber,
The humblest of his craft,
Omitted by Golightly,
With disappointment daft,
Descended on Golightly,
And raked him fore and aft.

"What do you know of plumbing,
You miserable scribe?
Could you repair a bathtub?"
Thus did he jeer and gibe.
"Who set you up as critic
For all the plumber tribe?"

"Who are you," said Golightly.
"Who so accuses me?"
The plumber's chest expanded.
"I'm Sullivan," said he,
"Author of Super-Stories
Of Nineteen Twenty-Three."

—Gelett Burgess.



American Comic Editors "They Can Say What They Like, These Things Have All Had Their Day"

We've Made You

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By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

Here is a Shaving Cream which millions are discussing.

It does five things which men desire in a surpassing way. Countless men have written their amazement that one creation could so excel the rest.

The history is this:

Palmolive Soap, through its effects on the skin, had become the world's leading toilet soap. We desired to bring men those same effects in shaving.

But men, we knew, wanted other results. So we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted most.

Then we worked 18 months to meet their requirements as no one else had done. We made up and tested 130 formulas to attain the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

The result surprised us no less than others. We never dreamed that Shaving Cream offered such room for improvement.

Five astonishing results

1—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit suffices for a shave.

2—It softens the beard in one minute, by causing the hairs to absorb 15% of water.

3—Its lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on face.

4—The extra-strong bubbles, acting like wedges, support the hairs for cutting. That means a quick, clean shave.

5—The palm and olive oil content makes the cream lotion-like in its effect. The after-results are delightful.

The result has been a sensation. Few new creations have ever won so many folks so quickly. Few articles have ever been so talked about as this.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

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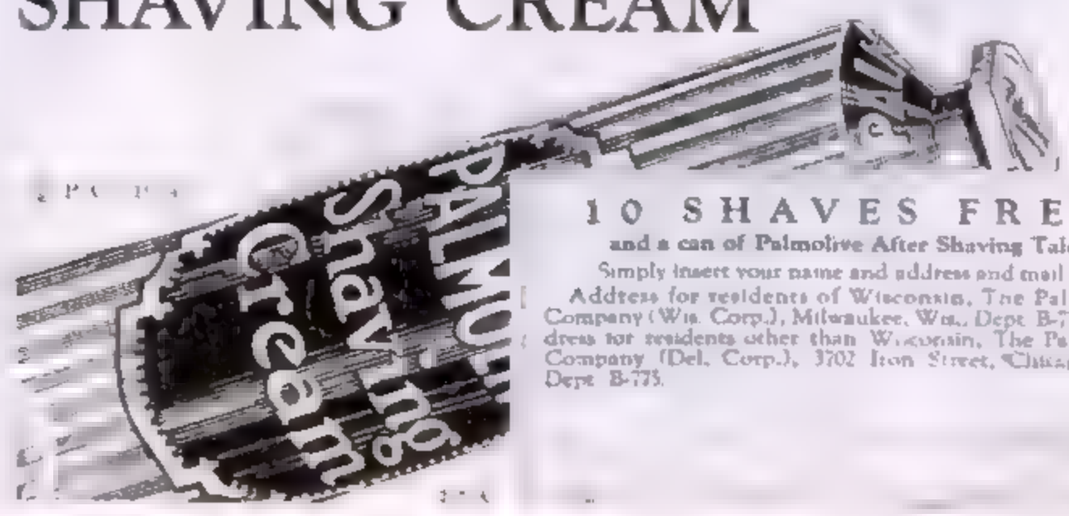
SHAVING CREAM



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and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-775. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-775.

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YOU know, as soon as you pick it up, that the Plumb is the nail hammer for you.

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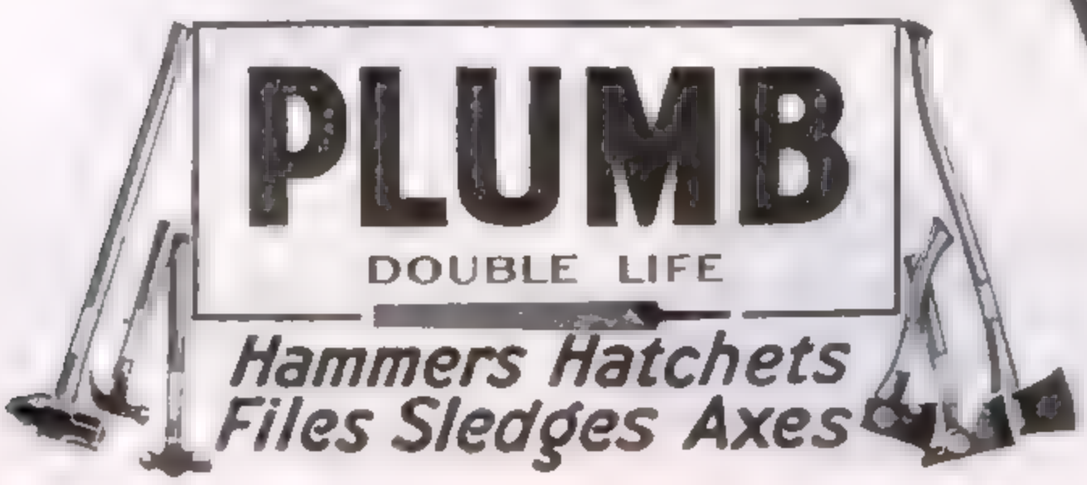

"N" FOR NELSON

(Continued from Page 27)

highly recommended by Mr. Watson, that, returning breakfastwards, his thoughts turned to the sufferings of Sir Milner at the hands of the egg stealers and to his own tribulations at the hands of that ill liver and evildoer, Partridge Johnson. That Mr. Johnson was a poacher and a thief, Nelson, as did many others, knew. That he was a lifter of pheasant eggs and a destroyer of small dogs Nelson suspected, and intended to prove.

Doubtless his plan for the practical carrying out of this intention rendered it necessary that, after breakfast, he should fade out and disappear wholly from the ken of his kin—as he did.

He might have been seen with his dog, half an hour after leaving his extremely empty plate, entering the shop of one Mr. Packer in the small town of Downsmore, a few miles from Chiddenham. Over the door Mr. Packer was described as a naturalist and taxidermist, though in the local newspaper he had recently been described as a bankrupt. Both descriptions were accurate, and the first was clearly proved by the contents of the window—a large case containing the stuffed carcasses of many birds, considerably moth-molted, a number of fallow-deer antlers, a tray of glass eyes in various colors, sizes and fixed stares, and an extremely stuffed cat possessing the surprising number of three tails, two tortoise-shell and one tabby, rather superfluously labeled Rare Specimen.

Nelson and Mr. Packer, a quiet man with gray hair, a narrow face, mild brown eyes and hardly any chin, were old acquaintances; and unlike many, Nelson had not allowed Mr. Packer's recent financial contretemps to corrode their friendly relations. The naturalist was carrying on his business in his mother's name, and at the moment of Nelson's call he appeared to be carrying it on in the small back room behind the shop.

Nelson was sufficiently intimate with Mr. Packer to have formed, with the naturalist's approval, a habit of going straight through to the back room should the shop be empty, and after he had looked through the glass panels of the door to see whether Mr. Packer was engaged. If he was alone, Nelson usually entered without further formality.

Mr. Packer, viewed through the glass door behind the counter this morning, was busily engaged in taking from a lidded wicker basket a number of eggs and carefully packing them in egg boxes. Nelson, on the point of tapping the glass, caught a glimpse of one of the eggs and refrained from tapping. The eggs were olive-colored and slightly smaller than those of the barnyard hen. They were pheasants' eggs.

Nelson silently moved back and left the shop. He was a considerate youth and he had no desire to embarrass Mr. Packer—at least not until he had considered his discovery. Nelson's brow was knit in a reflective frown as, abandoning his idea of inviting Mr. Packer's expert opinion of his pup, he started for home.

A boy of the countryside, and the son of a man who was a magistrate as well as a preserver of game and rearer of pheasants, few knew better than Nelson Chiddenham that any man who possessed pheasants' eggs in any quantity at this time of the year—unless he were a gamekeeper or a recognized pheasant-farm proprietor—was most probably in possession of stolen property. He was well aware that the chinless Mr. Packer was not an importer of pheasants' eggs nor otherwise a producer. But he was very evidently a dealer in them. It threw no undue strain on Nelson's reasoning faculties to arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Packer had purchased these eggs from some local picker-up of carefully considered but inadequately protected trifles, with the intention of reselling them to purchasers of whom, doubtless, Mr. Packer knew.

Nelson halted at a wayside cottage with the legend Mineral Waters, Teas, Parties Cater'd For displayed in chalk on a tarred board erected in the garden, and over a large bottle of ginger beer considered his discovery. He was shocked and sorry; also he was disturbed.

Few people knew that countryside, for miles around, better than Nelson, and he could not but suspect that those eggs had probably come from nests of birds belonging to Sir Milner Bayliss, who bred, at fearful expense, some thousands of pheasants every year.

"If they didn't come from Sir Milner's they came from father's land," muttered Nelson to his small dog. "And that's stealing. And I've promised Sir Milner to do my best to help find out what happens to his pheasant eggs." His eyes widened. "And if I do, Mr. Packer will get into trouble—perhaps be sent to prison. I shouldn't like a friend of mine to be sent there. And if he had to go, what would happen to his weak sister?"

Among the various burdens upon his resources, the unfortunate Mr. Packer counted a weak sister; and on very many occasions he had spoken to Nelson in moving terms of this afflicted lady.

She on account of weakness, and her husband on account of persistent ill luck, stated Mr. Packer, had to struggle very bitterly for a mere living; which, such as it was, came sifting to the cheerless pair through the medium of a hostelry, y-cleped the Waggoner's Rest, situated on the outskirts of Beechmarstonbury, a market town some twelve miles distant.

Nelson had always been sorry for and intensely sympathetic with this weak sister, and had never ceased to regard Mr. Packer's statements concerning the sums of money and other gifts which he endlessly sent the delicate lady as the statements of a very generous and high-minded man, and quite the last person really deserving of incarceration within the dungeons of the law for the crime of receiving, doubtless in a moment of financial desperation, stolen pheasants' eggs.

It was all very puzzling and complicated and distressing; and as Nelson proceeded homewards, there to deposit his dog in a safe place, he went absent-mindedly, concentrating on the really difficult problem of how he was going to keep his implied promise to help Sir Milner Bayliss in the matter of the pheasant eggs and at the same time to protect poor Mr. Packer from the grim clutch of the law for sake of his weak sister.

Evidently his reflections bore fruit, for Nelson's place was vacant at the luncheon table.

At the hour of the midday meal Nelson Chiddenham was several miles from his home, sitting comfortably in the upper recesses of a large oak tree on the edge of a coppice not far from the rather remote and lonely habitation of Partridge Johnson and his wife. He was engaged in devouring, with that healthy relish inspired by sharp physical exertion, the really generous if mixed supply of provender which, by dint of maternal permission, he had procured in the kitchen before starting, and which, thanks to the dexterity natural to small boys in these matters, he had been able largely to supplement while cook was preparing the sandwiches his mother had commanded for him.

Between mouthfuls—that is to say, at longish intervals—he took a regular survey of a small patch of brambly growth not far from the coppice. In that patch were the nests of two pheasants, each with eight eggs. Nelson had discovered these nests some days before, and he believed that the industriously dishonest Partridge Johnson had done so also, led to that conclusion by the discovery of a heel mark, a half-burned dottle of that peculiarly pungent tobacco affected by Mr. Johnson, and one or two minor clews of the kind which only a country-bred youth would note.

It was Nelson's theory that the prowling Mr. Johnson was watching and cherishing these nests with anxious and loving care until the hen pheasants had each produced possibly nine or ten eggs, when, in the normal course of his avocation, Mr. Johnson would spirit away the eighteen to twenty valuable eggs and, by means of one or other of the various engines of destruction of which he was a past master, so deal with the bereaved birds that in due course they would appear well and truly roasted upon his dining table; for Mr. Johnson was not a fastidiously particular man in the matter of seasonable game.

Nelson believed that Partridge would hardly care to risk waiting for more than eight or nine eggs per nest, for the hen pheasant is not a good mathematician and her notion of what constitutes a satisfactory nestful of eggs is highly variable. Moreover, there was the grave risk, in Mr. Johnson's view, of one of the gamekeepers finding and taking steps to protect the eggs

(Continued on Page 85)

Johnston's

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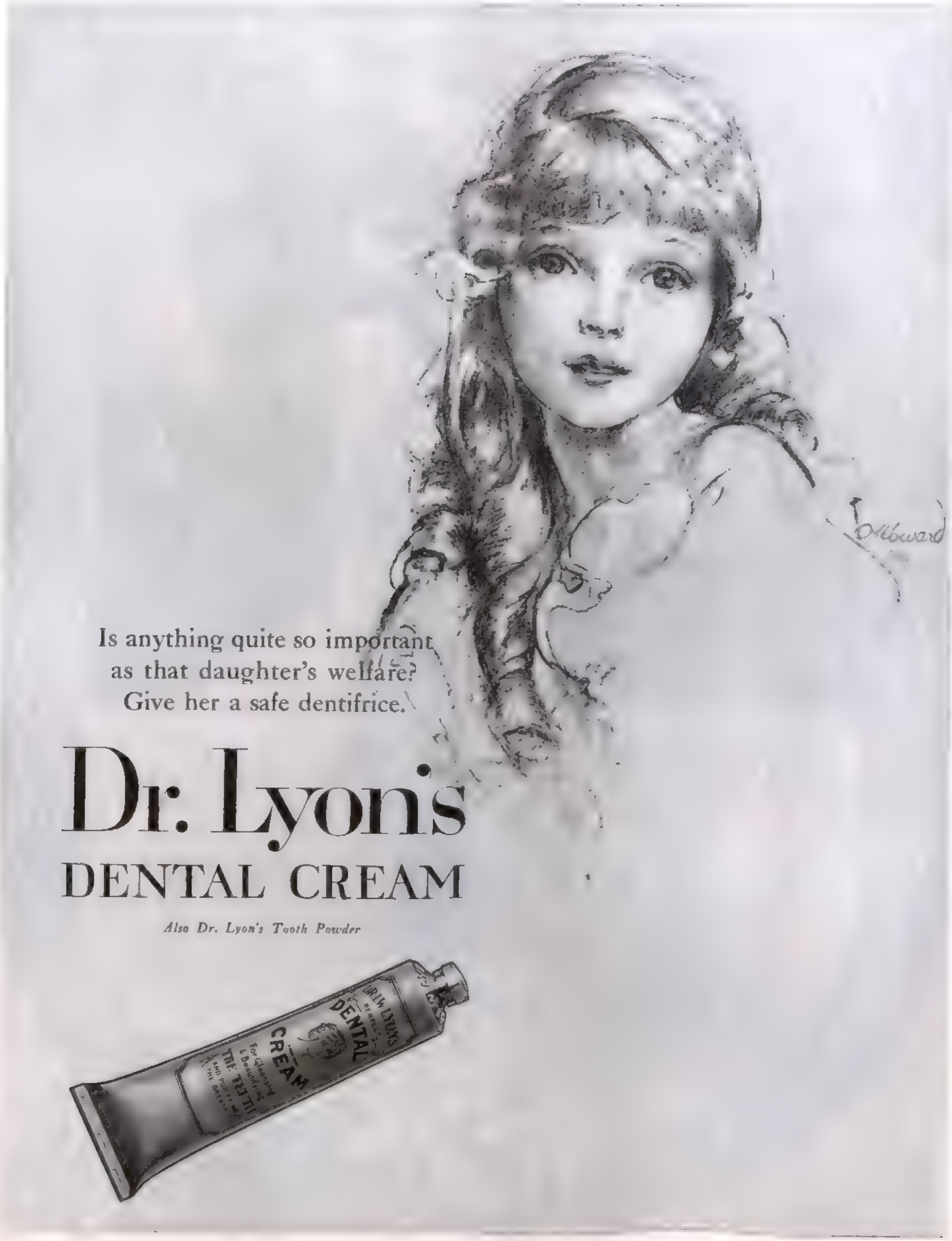

Is anything quite so important
as that daughter's welfare?
Give her a safe dentifrice.

Dr. Lyon's
DENTAL CREAM

Also Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder

(Continued from Page 82)

by the simple process of removing them to a safe place where they could be hatched by humble barnyard hens.

Nelson had decided that the hour of the egg snatching was at hand and had made his plans accordingly. Three hours' patient waiting proved him right, as people who think things out with great care frequently are.

By what devious and serpentine ways Mr. Johnson, an artist in his way, approached the patch of cover Nelson was not privileged to discern; but at precisely twenty minutes to one o'clock—when early-rising gamekeepers might reasonably be assumed to be sitting at home for a few minutes, a little heavy and temporarily inert after a bulksome dinner—the boy saw a dingy brown blur bob up and down in the patch of cover.

He realized that Mr. Johnson was professionally engaged, for Partridge invariably used a dingy brown blur as a hat.

A pheasant rose and flapped feebly a few yards into the open, then fell. Evidently Mr. Johnson was armed with airgun or catapult.

Intent and watchful, Nelson waited; but Partridge Johnson did not appear. He was notoriously a gentleman averse to wandering publicly in open country. Mr. Johnson then did not come to the dead bird. But the dead bird went to Mr. Johnson. A long arm was thrust out from a clump of brambles and a very long hooked stick drew the pheasant quietly back to cover.

Nelson waited a little longer, then accelerated himself from the oak and cautiously proceeded to the scene of Mr. Johnson's recent operations.

All the eggs were gone, and, naturally, both pheasants.

"I knew it was him," said Nelson composedly, and headed at a quick trot for the main road, where, at a spot two miles away, he hoped to intercept the afternoon motor bus to Beechmarstonbury. It was a near thing, and the boy who presently boarded the bus had the appearance of being literally red-hot throughout. But his eyes behind the dusty lenses were bright. Nelson was investing a whole shilling in satisfying a tendril-like query coiled about his heart.

"I shan't have any more mercy on Partridge Johnson than he had on my dog Dusty," he had told himself. "But I am sorry for Mr. Packer because of his weak sister."

Almost he had decided to hand over Malefactor Johnson to Sir Milner without mentioning Mr. Packer; but at that point it had flashed into his mind that it might be a good plan to call and see the weak lady and ascertain as well as he could precisely how weak she was.

"I've got to be straightforward with Sir Milner and tell him the truth," mused Nelson as he sat cooling nicely in the bus, "and I shall try to persuade him and father to let Mr. Packer off. But if they don't, the shock of hearing that her brother might have to appear at the court might be dangerous for her in her weak state."

He had solved his problem by the time the bus neared Beechmarstonbury.

"If she is too weak for a shock," he decided solemnly, "I shall tell Sir Milner that there is another man in league with Partridge Johnson, but that I cannot give his name for fear the shock ruins his weak sister for life. That will be quite honest. Then I shall have to make Mr. Packer promise—in writing—to stop buying pheasant eggs. Sir Milner or father will help me do the writing, and after that everything will be all right, and I shall have earned my new dog."

He wriggled a little, perceiving that his plan was good, and rose, limping to the door of the bus.

III

NELSON CHIDDENHAM was a young fellow of tender heart, sympathetic disposition and far-ranging imagination, and as he approached the Waggoner's Rest instinctively he aimed his eyes at the rather dirty upper windows of that wholly unattractive tavern, more than half expecting to see the thin pale face of a practically bedridden invalid peering wistfully out at the springtide countryside.

But there was visible no sign of the poor lady, and screwing up his courage one more notch—for the shabby, untidy, ugly little beerhouse was most uninviting—he approached the doorway. But he halted abruptly on the threshold, for only a very deaf person, indeed, could have approached that portal and remained in ignorance of certain sounds of discord from within.

Listening intently, Nelson gleaned that some person inside was being described and classified, with very considerable emphasis, as no gentleman. Rather, the unseen object of criticism was to be considered a lazy hound and a loafer and other mysteriously named things of which Nelson, fortunately, had never heard. The voice of the critic was feminine, though rather hoarse, extremely rough and acridly harsh, and it was rising to the scream of a virago.

Even as Nelson's heart began to fail—not inexcusably—a smallish man with a pale face but inflamed eyes shot violently out of the door and promptly disappeared round the corner of the house. On his heels came a large and blowzy woman, with her hair in irons and big, bare, muscular arms. Her face was scarlet-patched with rage and her eyes glittered with a truly dangerous light. She nearly fell over Nelson, and

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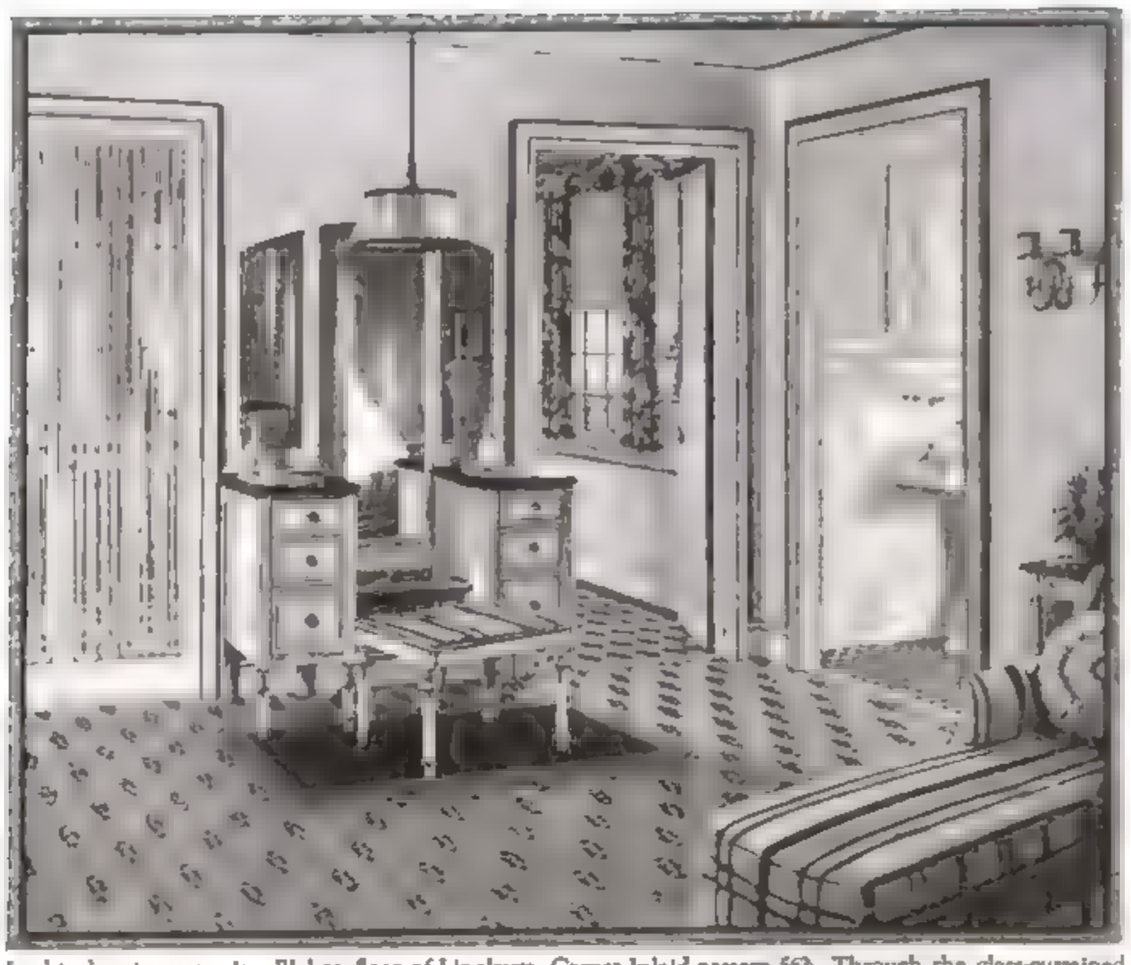

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halted to bawl a last insult at the down-trodden heel of the small man as it vanished round the corner. Then she turned to Nelson.

"Get out o' the way!" she snapped. "Who you staring at? What you want?"

Nelson raised his cap.

"I beg your pardon" he said. "You—you came out so quickly."

She was really rather overpowering, looming over him like a steep hill. Her hard eyes took him in swiftly.

"Well, watcha want?" she repeated.

"I—I've come over from Downsmore to see Mr. Packer's sister," he began, and got no further.

"Oh, you have! Well, I'm her. And you oughta been hours ago. I expected you first thing 'smorning."

She glanced at his hands.

"And you've brought nothing! Ha! Tell Joe Packer from me he's a untrusting hound! He said he'd send no more till he had the money for the last lot, but I never thought the stupid idiot meant it!" she half shouted.

She was evidently a very angry woman and one difficult to please.

"Excuse me, but are you Mr. Packer's only sister?" asked Nelson dubiously.

"Who else should I be?" she barked at him, and produced from some mysterious pocket a dirty envelope.

"Here, take it; and, mind, don't lose it! There's two pound there!" she said violently. "And mind, go straight back to Joe Packer with it and tell him that if he don't send on some more he-knows-what at once I'll come over and knock his head off! Get on with yuh now! Don't hang about staring!"

Nelson raised his cap again, deeply shocked, and went without delay.

So this was Mr. Packer's weak sister—this frowzy but terrible amazon who chased her husband out of the house as one might chase chickens! Nelson almost shivered. But his awed repugnance disappeared in a wave of mild anger as he realized how Mr. Packer had deceived him.

For years the alleged naturalist had fostered, encouraged and traded on the sympathy of Nelson on account of his weak sister. He had submitted to a stringency from Mr. Packer in their various small transactions which he would not have stood from anyone else. Why, he had sold his middle-sized polecat ferret for the ridiculous sum of two shillings simply because Mr. Packer claimed to be unable to pay more on account of having to buy some custards and port wine and iron tonic for his sister! And he had given Mr. Packer things for her which he could ill spare—mince pies, a slab of birthday cake, several of his young rabbits, and, once, a hot doughnut!

And now he had discovered that she wasn't very weak at all. Not only was she immensely strong and formidable but she was the person to whom Mr. Packer deftly passed on the stolen eggs he acquired probably from Partridge Johnson.

"Why, they are all thieves!" said Nelson, shocked again. It was not difficult for a boy of his mentality to see that her vile temper had swamped her caution or cunning. She had evidently mistaken him for an expected messenger from Mr. Packer. That was quite clear, he reflected, as he sat in the homeward-bound bus.

He gathered that the unworthy Mr. Packer had not been paid for the last consignment of ill-gotten eggs, had declined to send more until he was paid, and had written to say he would be sending over that day for the money. Yes, that was perfectly clear to Nelson.

He sat so quietly, thinking over the matter, that a dear old lady with a large basket thought he was quite the best-behaved little fellow she had ever seen, and offered him a bun, presumably to prove it. Not to hurt her feelings, Nelson politely accepted the bun. But he ate it as absent-mindedly as a boy can eat a bun, and the more he pondered the black ingratitude of Mr. Packer the more his red hair seemed to bristle, the brighter his greenish gray eyes grew and the farther the oval chin—mother's—stuck out.

Nelson was angry. But only those who knew him best would have guessed it, for he was a self-contained youth who consumed his own smoke.

He reached home just in time for a very fair tea, after which he vanished again.

Brother August, hunting earnestly, with threats upon his lips and menace in his eye, for his small brother that he might constrain him into bowling diligently at the cricket nets in order that August might improve his batting, did catch one glimpse of a small, lone, hurrying figure on the side of the downs. But it was half a mile away and heading rapidly for the cottage of good Mr. Watson, head gamekeeper to Sir Milner Bayliss.

IV

IT WAS precisely ten o'clock that night when Sir Milner Bayliss, engaged in discussing agriculture—in its relation to shooting—over a bottle or so of port with his friend and neighbor, Squire Chiddenham, was informed that his head keeper and a police sergeant from Downsmore requested audience. They were granted it in the gun room, whither a few moments later Sir Milner and the squire, having finished their port like decent Christian gentlemen, repaired.

It was an interesting assembly gathered together in that place—interesting and not small. It included the police sergeant, looking highly efficient; a police constable, looking thirsty; worthy Mr. Watson, head gamekeeper, frankly beaming; an assistant gamekeeper, trying hard to look like one who has really been of some assistance; a depressed, chinless gentleman of hangdog and bankrupt appearance—Mr. Packer, to wit; a long, lean, leathery, gypsylike person with a scowling brow, a cruel mouth and ugly eyes of a very truculent aspect—Mr. Partridge Johnson.

Somewhat detached from this picturesque surprise party, gazing with intent interest at Mr. Johnson, was Nelson Rodney Drake Chiddenham, hugging closely into his bosom a queer bundle of reddish wool with a quaint face, long pendulous ears and solemn brown eyes.

"Nelson!" said the squire, really surprised.

"Yes, sir," corroborated Nelson, adding no further information.

His small slim body was stiff like that of one very excited but determined not to show it.

Solemnly Sir Milner and the squire seated themselves.

"Well?" said Sir Milner, looking at Mr. Watson, who glanced at the sergeant. But the sergeant, who, with his aid, seemed loath to allow his attention to wander from Mr. Partridge Johnson, graciously waved Mr. Watson on.

Mr. Watson cleared his throat and, beaming upon all before him, made his report.

"No need to tell the squire and you, Sir Milner, how we been robbed of pheasant eggs this season," he stated. "But we 'ave been so 'eavily. Nigh a hundred pounds' worth, I reckon it; and a lot of wild hen birds. Seen their feathers with my own eyes."

Partridge Johnson jerked restlessly.

"Now, my lad—now, now," growled the sergeant.

"Certain information came to my yers 'sevening," continued Mr. Watson, his red face shining, "and I consulted the sergeant concerning the same, and we took ——"

"—— steps," chimed in the sergeant.

"——steps," agreed Mr. Watson. "Five of us waited, tucked out o' sight, near Packer's shop down in the town. Bimeby here comes along Partridge Johnson with a basket ——"

"—— basket o' water cress," snarled Partridge, and was hushed to silence by the sergeant.

"—— carrying a basket," resumed Mr. Watson imperturbably. "He goes into Packer's and we all sort of goes in after him. In the inside room Partridge and Packer were engaged in taking pheasant eggs from the basket and laying 'em in egg boxes. Five of us seen it, and I've got the eggs here in the same basket."

"It's a lie!" observed Mr. Johnson violently.

"The sergeant took 'em both in charge and here we be, Sir Milner. Partridge struck the policeman in the eye."

"It's a lie!" stated Mr. Johnson.

They all looked at the policeman. His left eye was like an angry sunset.

Sir Milner and the squire glanced at each other. Both were magistrates.

"Them eggs come off our land, sir," summed up Mr. Watson, "like a lot of others that Partridge has stolen and sold to Packer, who passes 'em on to someone else."

"It's a lie!" commented Mr. Johnson monotonously. "Them eggs come out of two pheasants' nests I found at the bottom o' my garden. I got a right to sell my own pheasants' eggs, ain't I?"

(Continued on Page 88)

This illustration was actually photographed through a film of Veedol oil

This is the can that holds the oil that gives the "film of protection"

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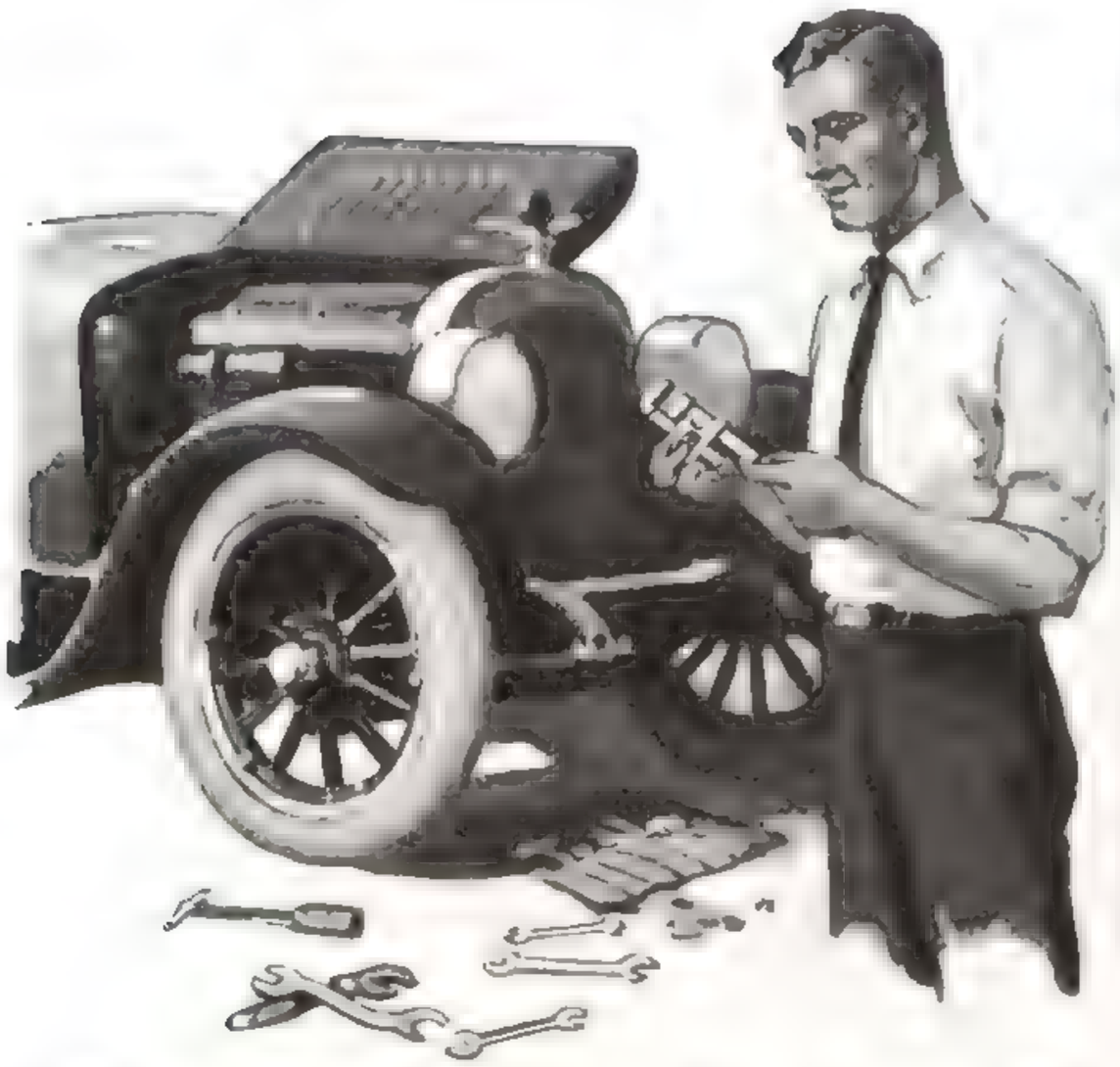

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Continued from Page 86

"Certainly, Johnson—if they are your own," agreed Sir Milner. "Can you prove these are yours?"

Partridge grinned sourly.

"I don't have to prove that! You gotta do the proving - prove they ain't my eggs!"

Sir Milner glared and did intricate things with his eyebrows.

"Any proof, Watson? Or you, sergeant?" he inquired.

"Plenty proofs," said Mr. Watson comfortably. "Perhaps mebbe Mast' Chiddenham here would speak."

"Nelson?" said his father.

"You, my boy?" Sir Milner disentangled his fierce eyebrows.

"It's a lie!" reiterated Mr. Johnson mechanically.

"What do you know about this, Nelson, my boy?"

Nelson stepped stiffly into the limelight, pale with excitement, but quiet. They listened raptly as he told them how he had witnessed the ravishment of the nests and the murder of the birds that morning.

"You seed me?" demanded Mr. Johnson savagely.

"Yes."

"Seed me kill a pore, harmless bird what never done me no harm? It's a lie!"

"Excuse me, but I saw the nests of eggs—eight eggs in each. I saw your hat in the cover and I saw you scrape a dead pheasant out of sight with a hooked stick," said Nelson. He stooped and opened the basket, turning to his father and Sir Milner. "And these are the same eggs as those I saw in the nests."

"It's a lie!" shouted Mr. Johnson savagely. "Prove it!"

"Yes," said Nelson. "I marked every egg in the nests just before you stole them. I put a little N—N for Nelson—in pencil on them."

"Hah!" exploded Sir Milner suddenly. "Are these eggs marked with an N for Nelson, hey, sergeant?"

"Sixteen of them are, sir," stated the sergeant, and Mr. Watson handed half a dozen samples.

"It's a lie!" snarled Partridge Johnson, glaring malevolently at Nelson.

Nelson flushed as he stared steadily at the evildoer.

"I suppose you'll say it's a lie if I said that you killed my dog Dusty!" he rapped out shrilly.

"Not me!" bellowed Mr. Johnson. "I killed the tike and I glories in it!"

"You will probably do most of your glorying in jail for a few months, my man!" snapped Sir Milner, nodding to the sergeant. "Take him out!"

Mr. Johnson disappeared scufflingly with those who had sought his company so long and earnestly—the police.

It was Mr. Packer's turn. Accused of long being a receiver and disposer of stolen pheasant eggs, the "naturalist" stated that twice Mr. Johnson had brought him eggs which Partridge claimed to have found in his own garden. Believing him, he had purchased the eggs with the intention of blowing and selling them to egg collectors.

It was weak, and it sounded weak—weaker even than his sister.

Sir Milner heard him out, then turned confidently to Nelson.

"What's the truth of it, Nelson, my boy?"

Nelson hesitated for the first time, fingering the fatal letter in his pocket, given to him by the weak sister that afternoon.

His glance met that of the pallid Mr. Packer, whose brown eyes were fast on Nelson, and in that queer, pleading look was something the boy had seen before.

"Why—why, his eyes look just like Dusty's used to look!" said Nelson, deep within himself. "I don't want to hurt anybody who looks like Dusty used to look!"

He drew a big breath and faced the two presences before him.

"No, sir," said Nelson, blushing to the roots of his permanently blushing hair, "I haven't any proofs against Mr. Packer."

Sir Milner sighed.

"There will be no summons against you, Packer," he said. "You can go; but be very careful, my man—ve-ry careful indeed—in future!"

Mr. Packer went swiftly. It was but a humble home to which he went, but he would be glad to get there. And it was far, far more homelike than the bourne whither Partridge Johnson had already been scuffled.

"Nelson has his head screwed on right," said Sir Milner flatly a few moments later in the dining room. "This is a very friendly, very neighborly turn you've done me, Nelson, my boy."

But Nelson was looking at his father that silent, twinkle-eyed person whom he suspected of wisdom and uncannily penetrating understanding. His eyes were twinkling now as he studied his youngest son The deep voice spoke.

"What is it, old man? Out with it!"

Nelson gulped a little, clutching the bloodhound-setter so that it grunted an infantile grunt.

"It wasn't true, sir!" He turned impulsively to Sir Milner. "Will you let Mr. Packer off this time, sir, if I tell the truth?" he asked eagerly. "You see, he's—been a friend of mine."

Sir Milner nodded without hesitation. And then Nelson told all, producing and handing over the letter received from the weak sister.

He watched them anxiously, for, after all, they were powers.

But his father's eyes were still twinkling as the letter incriminating Mr. Packer beyond hope was folded away, though Sir Milner's face was inscrutable.

"So you lied for him, hey, my boy, because he was once a friend of yours?" said Sir Milner in an odd, musing sort of voice.

"Yes, sir," admitted Nelson ashamedly.

"H'm! Come here, Nelson!"

Slowly, Nelson went.

"Shake hands, my boy!"

They shook hands. Sir Milner's eyes were very wistful. He turned to the squire, still holding Nelson's hand.

"I look back along a—a vista of years, Chiddenham, and I see a bit of a boy dodging about. But I fear he, somehow—he wasn't quite the white man this boy is," he said perplexingly, and shook his great head.

He fixed Nelson with his hard eyes.

"You'd like a drop of something to drink, eh, Nelson? Come now, a—um - bottle of nice gassy ginger beer, hey, now?"

Nelson did not deny it, and so Sir Milner rang for the beverage.

"And, Nelson," he went on, "we'll not haggle about things. I must make handsome acknowledgment—eh, yes? You've got a queer sort of a cross-bred there. He may turn out well, but I like to see a thoroughbred with a thoroughbred. So you can have Kitty Kilkee; yes, boy, I mean it. She's yours."

Nelson's father moved; then sat still, saying nothing, watching Nelson. Nelson pondered.

Kitty Kilkee, Champion Kitty Kilkee, the finest red setter in the south, perhaps the whole of England! His for the taking! And he knew how proud Sir Milner was of her! In the thrill of it all, he gripped the baby cross-bred overhard and again it grunted an infantile grunt, snuggling closer under his upper arm. Nelson looked down at the queer little beast—that knew, by virtue of its mixed blood, so much already and would learn so much more. At last, rather slowly, he shook his head.

"Thank you, Sir Milner," said Nelson. "It is awfully kind; but if you are sure you don't mind, I think I will stick to this one. I want to train him myself and see what I can make of him. I wouldn't have time for Kitty Kilkee as well. I hope you don't mind, sir."

It seemed to the anxious Nelson that Sir Milner was a long time answering. But when he did he said the right thing—you could always trust Sir Milner Bayliss for that, thought Nelson.

"Ah, yes, I forgot, my boy. I might have known. You've got rather a weakness for sticking to your friends. No, I don't mind, Nelson. And here's the—um—ginger beer."

Nelson limped home in the moonlight with his father. It was a glorious walk and Nelson never quite forgot the thrill he experienced at his parent's quiet, almost casual commendation of his behavior that night.

"Don't quite know where you get your ideas, Nelson, but just go on as you're going. You won't come to much harm. Seems a bit rough sometimes, old man, perhaps. You see, there's such a lot of us at home." There was the ghost of apology in the deep voice. "Aug shakes you up sometimes, eh? Never mind, he'll learn it isn't much of a business, that. No, not on the whole. It's very much like pups, Nelson—some learn to play the game quicker than the others. That's about what it amounts to, old chap."

Nelson did not quite understand exactly all the squire meant, but it sounded about right; so he agreed.

The rider of the plains will tell you Maxwell House Coffee tastes best after a long day in the saddle, when one hardly knows which is the greater—hunger or thirst.

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Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

Look for the DUCO Nameplate

THE DIVERGENT MR. DAWES

Continued from Page 7

not usually found in army officers, either regular or volunteer. However, Dawes unbuttoned his tunic, lighted his pipe, and went to purchasing, and the annals of the Great War reveal the fact that as a purchaser he was a whale. However expert he may have been in the art of objurgation previously, however fluent in expression and emphasis, it was there he took his final orders, got his *summa cum laude* degree

Everybody who had something to sell - this comprised, practically, the entire populations of the Allied countries—and every person who had a foolish, phony or fair proposition along the line of supplies eventually got to Dawes; and though he was quick to accept the fair ones he was quicker to denounce the phony ones, and it was well worth a trip across the submarine-infested seas to hear him bawl out those slickers who tried to be slick with him. Also, he had his troubles with the Army his own Army. There were a lot of dogs of war in that outfit that did considerable barking over just how supplies should be bought, and when, and why, and so on. The general purchasing agent bawled them out, too, when they needed it, using language, at times, that may not have been entirely military but that had the punch and got the desired results. It made no difference to Dawes whether the men he went after had two stars or four stars or a whole constellation on their orgulous collars. If they tried to put anything over on him they found that project was dangerous in inception and difficult in execution.

The point is that this civil-life soldier did his job in a workmanlike manner and kept the Army going; and the further point is that after the war was over he stayed in France and disposed of the surplus stocks to good advantage. Then he came back and went to banking again, and he had the Distinguished Service Medal, the Order of Leopold of Belgium and was a commander of the Legion of Honor to show what he had done, as well as a brigadier general. General Charles Buck Gates Hell 'n' Maria Dawes was his official title, and still is.

The Birthplace of Charles G. Dawes at Marietta, Ohio

A Patron of Music

"I have no illusions about this business of being a soldier," he told the investigating committee of the House of Representatives. "The history of this war will be written around achievement, not shoulder straps." And he never did get the uniform trick of it. They put him into putties as they put everybody else into putties, everyone else with a commission. Dawes hobbled about for a time, unaccustomed to the leathers, and eventually exploded to a friend that he didn't understand why the did-bingled things hurt his legs. They investigated, and found that he was wearing his civilian garters underneath. And after his return from France he went up to West Point in his uniform, with General Pershing and General Harbord, chief of staff. Dawes was as military as possible before the super-military cadets, but he hadn't been in the line ten seconds before General Pershing barked an order to Harbord and Harbord barked it to Dawes, an order to the soldierly effect that if General Dawes did not button his overcoat he would be put on kitchen police for ten days.

Tracing him back, it is patent that he never was intended for a lawyer and always was inherently a financier. His law firm in Lincoln was soon specializing in public-utility business, and Dawes just naturally gravitated to that business. As far back as 1892 he wrote a book called The Banking System of the United States, and two years later he moved from Lincoln to La Crosse, Wisconsin, where he became president of the La Crosse Gas Light Company. After that he went to Evanston, and in the meantime he had made connections with lighting companies in Seattle and elsewhere. Later, after he had definitely entered banking, he and his brothers organized what finally developed into the Pure Oil Company, one of the larger oil companies of the country. As a consequence, Dawes is a rich man, richer, probably, than any other candidate for Vice President has been, save Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey.

This material side of Dawes, however, is of lesser interest than the artistic side of him, which not alone finds expression in language, wherein he is an artist, but also is expressed in music. The general is a composer. And he is interested in musicians as well as in music. The last time I saw him was at the Chicago Club, on the Friday previous to his nomination for Vice President. I was on my way to the Cleveland convention, and after Dawes had disposed of all rumors to the effect that he was a candidate for Vice President, saying, with some fluency, that he is no politician, and I had disagreed with that statement, with concrete instances, we turned to music as ground for amicable conversation.

It so happens that in my earlier days I was musical critic for a newspaper, having discovered the fundamental for such criticism, which is a dictionary of musical terms. I was young and ambitious, and being a musical critic appealed to me, especially as I saw that it was a cinch. All one had to do was to go to the concert, see how many people attended, and get the program. Then, by taking the dictionary of musical terms and inserting a good-looking musical term about every sixth word in the piece about the concert, the trick was quickly and learnedly turned. Unfortunately, I was in a hurry one evening to get to a game of Kelly pool. I used legato when I should have stuck in sforzando, and my editor got on to me and put me back on the prize fights, thus nipping a promising critical musical career in the crescendo, so to speak.

Still, I talked music with Dawes, and learned that he was at the moment on the way to one of the Chicago hotels where there was a good orchestra, and was taking with him a Hungarian—I think he said Hungarian—musician he had discovered when he was abroad on reparations business, so that this orchestra might play some of the Hungarian's music. I never did discover how the Hungarian's music came out via this orchestra, and next thing we knew about Dawes was that he was highly gratified and honored by the action of the Cleveland convention, and was preparing to make a nation-wide campaign.

It is not recorded just how many opuses bear the name of Dawes, but there is one, a violin piece, called A Melody in A Major, that has some vogue. A good name. Dawes, in his time as a soldier, put a lot of things in a lot of majors, and if he can put melody in A major, that seems a most fitting and excellent thing to do. And his discovery and patronage of the Hungarian musician is typical. Dawes always is discovering somebody in a musical way.

Forceful and Versatile

One discovery was a Greek window washer, who worked at the Central Trust Company, and who sang in a ravishing manner as he slopped the dirt off the glass. Dawes, listening at his presidential desk, heard the Greek and was interested. He sent for him, and discovered that the lad had a natural tenor, a good appearance and a desire to learn. So Dawes took him from his window washing and set him to training under good masters. Another thing that advanced his decision was that the window washer looked like Caruso, and, of course, you never can tell. Did not Caruso peddle spaghetti in the streets of Naples, or fish, or something? Well, the window washer was permitted by Campanini to make his debut as the Duke in Rigoletto and to sing in Lucia. Then he went back to window washing, and likely as not is still singing Greek folk songs as he slops the grime of Chicago from the windows of some large building.

Dawes has long been interested in opera, and is one of the chief supporters of the Chicago Opera Company. He is now vice president of that organization. After Campanini died and it became necessary to secure another manager for the company, the name of Mary Garden was suggested. Up rose Vice President Dawes, in his capacity of a leader in the affairs of the company, and protested. Unfortunately, what he said was not preserved, but the general tenor of his remarks was that the expedient of making Mary Garden manager of an opera company was dangerous, revolutionary, and inimical to the best musical interests of Chicago. Whatever embroidery for these statements was used has escaped record.

Mary Garden heard of this, and not to be undone by any fluency of expression by Vice President Dawes, she called on him one Chicago morning, and soon demonstrated the fact that although she is a good singer she is just as good a talker, and that no banker patron of opera could call her dangerous to opera and get away with it. Nor did Dawes. He started bravely, but he didn't last long. He was down and out in about thirty minutes, and in two hours was before the board of directors advocating the appointment of the diva to the place. "Hell 'n' Maria" got nowhere with Mary; nowhere at all.

Thus we see that Charles G. Dawes is a forceful and a versatile person, who had a full measure of national celebrity before he went abroad as the head of the Dawes Commission. That made him a world figure,

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Maraschino cherries, of happy memory, and characteristic "tang," floating in a self-made cordial, enclosed in a shell of Whitman's famous chocolate. Hawaiian pineapple and selected California raisins, fruits of sunshine, wrapped in cream fondant and coated with chocolate. These liquid fruit chocolates are by many considered the finest confections made.

Then the whole nut meats in chocolate—rare walnuts, rich brazils, delicate filberts, juicy pecans and other favorites.

Every piece in this luxury package was weighed in the balance before being admitted to this little group of the candy elect.

The artistic design of this new box indicates the esteem in which it is held by the makers—

Whitman's Chocolate Covered Fruits and Nuts

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and his nomination as Vice President, contrary to the usual wondering by the foreign press as to who our nominees for Vice President are, or the ignoring of them, was commented on liberally, and always with praise for Dawes, albeit not always with understanding of the politics of his selection. As I have said, the Dawes report is before the Reparations Commission in London as this is written, and the disposition of it is in the balance. The reception of that report previous to this final discussion of it was flattering.

The conference of experts opened in Paris on January fourteenth last, and Dawes made one of his sort of speeches. He said that he was not speaking for the American Government or for the American people, but only as an individual who had been asked by the Reparations Commission to investigate Germany's financial and economic position, and to suggest means whereby the reparations demanded by the Treaty of Versailles could be collected to the satisfaction of the victors and without the complete ruin of the vanquished. He asked for common sense in dealing with Germany, and for a practical coöperation among the nations involved, and denounced "those foul and carrion-loving vultures, the nationalistic demagogues of all countries," who were exploiting themselves in these circumstances of common misfortune.

Cut to the bare bones of it the report finally made, after the experts of the Dawes Commission had made a long study of all conditions contingent and precedent, was that the currency of Germany must be stabilized and the German budget balanced. This report was accepted variously, but everywhere in principle, and will come out of the international hopper in some shape before the end of the summer, no doubt. Prophecy as to the shape of it when it finally emerges, or the effect of it, is idle, but the main point is that the work of Dawes and his associates had that basis and expedition of American hard-headedness and common sense that Dawes himself personifies so largely.

An interesting man, with a varied career, and with what is rare among American public and semipublic men, a personality. He expresses himself. Congenitally, I take it, he is a shy man, and the vigor of his language is his shield of defense for that shyness. Like all shy men, too, he lashes out against the self-assertion of quackery, the hokum of the demagogue, and all the bunk and pretense and sham of our daily walks and ways.

When he was being nominated at Cleveland he was at Marietta, Ohio, at his old college, garnering another degree and making a speech. "Too much quack leadership is the world's greatest trouble," he said, and it is fair to assume that in his speaking campaign this fall he will pay most particular attention to the preëminent quacks who are at present infesting our politics. If he doesn't, it will not be Charlie Dawes, the man, who is speaking, and will be the Hon. Charles Gates Dawes, candidate for Vice President.

He expresses himself. One way is with his collars, which are high and box-like affairs; and another way is with his pipe, which he generally smokes upside down. He is the only man who ever smoked a pipe in the Ritz Hotel restaurant in Paris and got away with it. He is essentially a mixer and everlastingly a host. His theater parties in Paris, during the war, when he would gather up from ten to fifty homesick Americans and take them to a show, were bright spots on many dull Paris evenings, for Paris during the war was no scene of mad revels and joyous nights. After the great tragedy of his life, the drowning of his son Rufus, he built the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel for Destitute Men, in Chicago, where down-and-outers are made to feel that they are neither so far down nor so entirely out as they think themselves to be.

Everything about him is American. He is a typical product, starting with nothing in a small law office in Lincoln, and growing into an international celebrity. And he has been zestful and outspoken, vigorous and versatile along the way. If he is elected Vice President he will find some way of getting himself into the Senate proceedings. Even a Vice Presidency will not hocus him.

Amateur Baedekers

YOUR average pedestrian will go out of his way to give explicit directions to the motorist. From then on, all the going out of his way is done by the motorist.

There seems to be a mutual agreement among citizens who are giving directions, to leave no stone unmentioned. It is in this earnest effort to make everything clear, that the citizens are apt to stumble on a new route themselves now and then, and so another part of the city is opened up. And besides, the tourist is pretty sure at some time in his wanderings to pass through all the different routes they mentioned, anyway, before he finally decides to shut his eyes and just go ahead. Now, I can call on a half dozen witnesses to testify that I learned to count back at the age of seven. Friends will go on record for me that I can tell a straight line from a curve; but all this evidence isn't worth one ticket to the Democratic convention when I try to follow instructions in leaving a city.

"Best way out of Washington? Let me see, New York Avenue would be about the best, wouldn't it, George? Take the first turn to your left, then on three blocks and then two to your right. Keep straight ahead to the library and then go around it, and you should be on Rhode Island Avenue."

"Hold on, it's quicker straight ahead the way he is, and then turn at Pennsylvania and K, and go up two blocks, and then across."

"Naw, he wants to go to Baltimore. You wanta go there doncha?"

Baltimore seems a dandy idea to me.

"He can go ahead like I told him, and then take the second turn not the first."

"That would land him in Connecticut Avenue, and it's all torn up. He'd better stick to Delaware Avenue, and go east about three blocks on S Street."

"Yeh, I guess that's best. Listen, you go back the way you came till you pass the mint, then swing around ——"

"Or else he can go straight up, and across, and over, and then down ——"

"Yeh, you can do that too. Only be sure to turn at the watering trough."

So that is why I have bought a home in Washington. I can't get out.

—*Corey Ford.*

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The Rufus F. Dawes Hotel for Destitute Men, Chicago, Which Was Erected in Memory of the Son of Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes

When she travels

Women traveling alone or with children prefer the famous limited trains of the New York Central Lines—because the standards of service on the restful *water level route* are such as they are accustomed to in their own homes.

Ladies' maids are in attendance on the *Twentieth Century Limited*, the *Lake Shore Limited* and the *Wolverine*—the three de luxe trains in the New York-Chicago service most favored by women travelers. On the *Century* facial massage and shampooing may be had in the barber shop in the club car.

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**The eastbound Century enters the Highlands at 8:10 a.m., and the westbound at 3:50 p.m.*

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Lv. New York .. 2:45 p.m.*
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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

TO BEAT THE DUTCH

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"Yes, of course. We must go back. We are too late now for the ferry. Your own fault, *bodo*, if tonight some Chilachap maiden waits for you in vain."

So much leniency toward Karto. But there came no saving reflections to banish Johnny's deeper wrath. He was going to Tambak because there was no other place where he could put up for the night. But he was not going to talk oil to Eng Bong. That was Crowther's job for the future, or his own successor's. Johnny Moore was out of the oil business.

A return to utter misery made him fast in this resolve. Repairing the tire had started his perspiration. For a little while he had felt better. But the night air got under his skin again as soon as the car gathered headway. Tropical fever is a peculiar ailment. Its victim can be hot and cold at the same moment—burning hot, yet shivering. It induces a sensation of nausea too; and no seasickness ever caused an unfortunate more earnestly to long for death.

"No quinine or other medicine, of course," Johnny ruminated. "I'll touch Eng Bong for a bottle of whisky and go to bed with it. Then I'll be all right. And pretty soon I'll be where they don't have this damned malaria."

The night had passed and now it was morning. Johnny Moore was in a daze, but whether from strong drink or illness he could not be sure. At any rate, his stomach had refused solid food. On the plain teak table between him and Eng Bong were teacups which had been filled and emptied and filled again. The day was dripping hot. The moist air was almost overwhelming with the smell of rotten fish.

"*Wah, saya rugi, tuan!*"

Johnny merely nodded as the Chinese lifted his shrill voice in angry complaint. A month ago the American would have jumped at such a chance; he would have bent all his energy toward urging Eng Bong to a decision. Now it was too late. Johnny was not interested.

He felt a certain surprise, though, for here was warmer emotion than he had thought possible. The Oriental was usually mild-mannered and inscrutable; but now his thin yellow fingers gripped the arms of his chair, his face was flushed, his small eyes flashed fire.

"I am losing my profits!" he forcibly declared. "Consider! For a whole month they have forgotten me. No oil has arrived from Chilachap. So the villages are dark. You have seen? You saw last night?"

"Of course."

"*Yah, temtu!* Not one lamp burned in Tambak, nor in Parigi and the others. My customers come begging to my godown. What can I say? Can I say that the Dutch company is careless? What do the natives know about companies? No; they want oil for working after nightfall, and they look to me to supply it. Also"—returning to his chief grievance—"where are my profits for these four weeks?"

Once more Johnny nodded his sympathy; but that was all. Nor was it unwillingness to take advantage of the Hollanders that kept him silent. There could be no denying the Maatschappy's failure. That was not Johnny's fault. And anyway, even without speaking ill of his competitor, he could press home a sufficient argument. But no; all the young fellow wanted was to get out of Tambak.

They sat on a sort of veranda some ten feet above the water. Its woven bamboo floor was slanting; strong enough, to be sure, but treacherously unsteady, answering every movement of one man or the other in his chair. The place was disorderly with shabby furniture, littered with discarded garments. Gaudy advertisements—tinned milk, Danish beer, shag tobacco, a peppermint cure—screamed from the walls.

The veranda clung to Eng Bong's ramshackle abode on the water front. It served him, Johnny knew, as living room, dining room and office. Spread wide in front of it was the Serayu River, a shallow stream which empties into the Indian Ocean about ten miles east of Chilachap. The river lay sun-polished—a fierce light stabbing back from it—unrippled, crowded by strips of sickly green jungle. A heat haze rose from it as from a simmering pot.

Here and there, against the monotony of its banks, were splashes of dark brown. Six splashes, six villages; or seven, if Tambak were counted. The nearest of the six was close enough for even Johnny's aching eyes to distinguish the piles which supported it, the canoes underneath, the crazy thatch roofs which thrust themselves above, the background of foliage. These villages, the seven pile villages of the Serayu, housed a swarming community of shy fishermen.

Eng Bong was the only outlander who dwelt among them; and, with the acumen for which his race is noted, he had come to be their commercial king.

A squalid kingdom in all truth. Johnny knew from nauseating experience that the other villages stank as unspeakably as did Tambak. Toadstools, he called them; leprous fungi which sucked up poisons from the black mud and the filth of generations; vile growths which manifested their rottenness in the skin diseases of the inhabitants. A pestilential kingdom; but Eng Bong did not mind. And previously, Johnny Moore had never forgotten that month after month, wet season and dry, it consumed two thousand five-gallon tins of kerosene—if it got them!

"*Bangsat, itu Hollander!*" came from the Chinese; and the white man stirred uneasily in his chair. Not that he cared a snap of his fingers how careless the Maatschappy might have been; but it was a scurvy way to treat a good customer. And—inevitably—how about himself? Was it honest to quit before his time was up?

"I am full to here with such indifference!" Swiftly, Eng Bong drew his hand across his throat. "This is not the first time I have been disappointed, *tuan!* In September my oil was three days late, in November six days, and this time I lose the profits of thirty days at least!"

"A month," said Johnny suddenly; "you lose the profit on two thousand tins."

"That is so."

Johnny came out of his lethargy. He could not help it. True, Crowther would take all the credit for this new coup; but the young fellow's selfishness had fled. Had it? Perhaps not. Perhaps his object was simply self-satisfaction. He could show himself, and Crowther, what a good man the Pennsylvania was losing. One more success before his exit!

"I know what that means in hard cash, Eng Bong—five hundred guilders. For your profit is twenty-five cents a tin. So in one month you lose nearly as much as you would lose in one year by selling American oil—if you did not raise the price. But you can raise the price, *sobat!* The Javanese is no fool. Try him once. I know you will be convinced."

As proof of his contention, Johnny related experiences he had had with his product in other towns. He was eager and fluent now. His head felt better. His suggestions came with a readiness that had always characterized his work. No American in Java had a better command of the Malay language. As he spoke, he leaned forward over the table.

But strangely, it was hard to determine the headway he was making. As Johnny advanced, Eng Bong drew into his shell. Being an Oriental, he could not be stampeded into a change. The American played him cautiously; not forcing him, yet never surrendering an inch of any advantage he gained. The Chinese had grown calm; his wrinkled saffron countenance had assumed its customary mask. He sat with his hands folded in his floppy sleeves, his mouth in a firm line, his eyes unwinkingly on the cruel brightness below the veranda rail.

He was thinking, of course. His decision was near. Johnny knew it would soon be expressed in a single sentence. A few swift words and Johnny would win—or his last dip in oil would be a failure. It occurred to him that he was now more anxious than he ever had been on previous visits.

And he won! Eng Bong turned toward him with a thin smile on his bloodless lips.

"There is much in what you say, *tuan;* and the Toko Hollander has failed me too often."

"Mine will never fail you. *Sobat,* you can always depend on the Toko Pennsylvania. If you say you want oil here on the first day of every month, it will be here. No question about that. I give you my word."

Eng Bong stood up.

"I give you one chance, *tuan.* If both companies are undependable, then my choice must go back to the Hollanders. I am in business only for the profits I earn. Send me two thousand tins for next month. Remember, *tuan,* it must be here tomorrow morning, in front of my godown. *Sudah lah;* I think there is nothing more to say."

Nothing but the usual courtesies of such an occasion. Johnny knew the Chinese. Long practice had taught him how to make his departures. Not lingeringly, but always with a certain flowery politeness foreign to an American and appreciated by an Oriental. Then he hurried through the stenches of Tambak to the landward side. His car was parked under a tamarind tree, and Karto was still fast asleep.

"He'd never think of dusting up a bit," Johnny grumbled. "I guess he's no good. I'm glad we're not depending on him to pilot that motorboat. That's Sentot's job. Karto'd have Eng Bong's oil on the rocks before he got out of Chilachap Harbor." He woke the Javanese with a stiff prod.

"Hey, monkey, Chilachap next stop!"

And a feeling of exaltation smote the young white man like a wave.

"But I guess John Temple Moore's rather better than good," he told himself. "Out in a blaze of glory! Two thousand tins a month! Huh! When they get a good man, they don't know enough to hang onto him!"

That is the way with fever. Up one minute and down the next. And the worst was not yet. Johnny's skin was parched again before the car turned onto the highway. Something had worn off—enthusiasm or Scotch whisky. The road south to Maos was a white-hot hell. Crossing the ferry, where the monsoon swept up from the river mouth, was like a trip to the pole. Then fifteen miles through the swamps to Chilachap.

Chilachap the unspeakable! A long narrow street of vile Chinese shops. Yellow men and brown shuffling barefooted in choking dust clouds. And a freight train stalled across the street! *Wah, bangsat itu orang!* Enough to make a man tear his hair! Look at the silly fool unloading a sheep with half the countryside waiting to pass!

"*Pakeh tooter, Karto!*"

"No use, *tuan.*"

No; of course it was no use. Automobile horn! It would take Gabriel's horn to get action in this country! Karto had known that all his life, and Johnny Moore had learned by long experience. But Johnny was too cold for straight thinking. Both hands clutched the old raincoat tighter and tighter. Sitting forward, with his knees pounding together, hot wrath in his heart, the impulse struck him to jump out and curse that train crew from hell to breakfast time.

But no; the dinky engine gave a horrible ear-splitting whistle; the road opened up ahead. Three minutes later, on shaky legs, Johnny was searching for Crowther throughout the Pennsylvania's office. The Chinese clerks were there, and the native office boy; and the foreman stood at the godown door. But the sub-station manager was nowhere to be found.

The office boy presented an envelope. Across it was Johnny's name in Jackson's handwriting. It must have come as an inclosure in the Batavia mail. Johnny eyed it coldly and extracted its message.

Keep your shirt on, Johnny. You're young yet. I know what's going on in Chilachap, and your time's coming. Try to run up here during February and we'll talk about your furlough. Kindest regards from Mrs. Jackson and myself.

E. L. JACKSON.

"February? Like hell I will! I'll walk in on him tomorrow afternoon. Just like him to think he can fill me up with that kind of guff. Fat chance!" Then—"Where is Tuan Crowther?" Johnny snapped.

"He has gone, *tuan.* He told us to wait here for your return."

"Started his New Year's drunk, I suppose," said Johnny to himself. "Well"—this in Malay to the foreman—"have that proa hauled alongside. Load two thousand tins for Eng Bong in Tambak. It must be ready by five this evening. Come in and get the order. Tell Sentot to go over the motorboat; tell him to be sure of his gasoline. He must leave before dark."

"But Sentot is not here, *tuan.*"

"Where is he?"—sharply.

"He is driving Tuan Crowther's car."

"Oh! Well, that is all right. I shall find him at the club."

He had better find Sentot, he reflected. There were only four men in Chilachap who could handle a motorboat. One was Sentot. Two others worked for De Petroleum Maatschappy Java, so would hardly be available in any Pennsylvania emergency. The fourth was Johnny himself; but not for a second did his own eligibility enter the young fellow's mind. Instead, he looked with contemplative eye upon Karto.

Crowther's car was not in its usual place in front of the club. Nor was Crowther inside. The steward had this to offer:

"Sentot, well known to me, approached Tuan Crowther at the bar. I heard him ask his master for permission to visit his family. He is a man of Bandjar, I know; far beyond Maos on the main line of the railway. He suggested that there would be no work tomorrow because of the white man's New Year. Tuan Crowther replied that he, Sentot, might visit with Shaitan himself for all he cared. And Sentot departed. It was understood, I believe, he must first return the automobile to its shelter, then take the noon train north. Tuan Crowther, later, went home in a carriage."

Sentot was gone. Even if time were not lacking for pursuit, there would be no chance of finding him in the swarming kampongs of Bandjar. Johnny started swearing to himself, in the bewildered fashion of one whose plans are suddenly frustrated. He turned and hurried out of the club. In that instant it struck him that his fever had broken. Perspiration covered all his body. Frightened out of him, he grimly decided. Were they going to slip up on that Eng Bong business, after all?

"Karto, can you run our motorboat?"

"Perhaps, *tuan.* Sentot has never allowed me to try; but I dare."

Huh! Of course he dared. With equal nonchalance he would take a chance in an airplane. Our brown brothers have no nerves; once their bent is toward things mechanical they refuse to recognize limits to their skill. But Johnny knew his chauffeur like a book.

"Well, we must ask Tuan Crowther. If he says to let you try it, all right."

Crowther lived alone, in a brick-and-plaster bungalow near the Fishermen's Bridge. It was not long before Karto halted the office car and Johnny jumped out. He called as he reached the veranda, but no answer sounded. Crowther's dining-room table was set. His cook, an old Javanese woman, was squatting near a door which led out to the kitchen.

"Where is your master?"

"*Tidor, tuan.*"

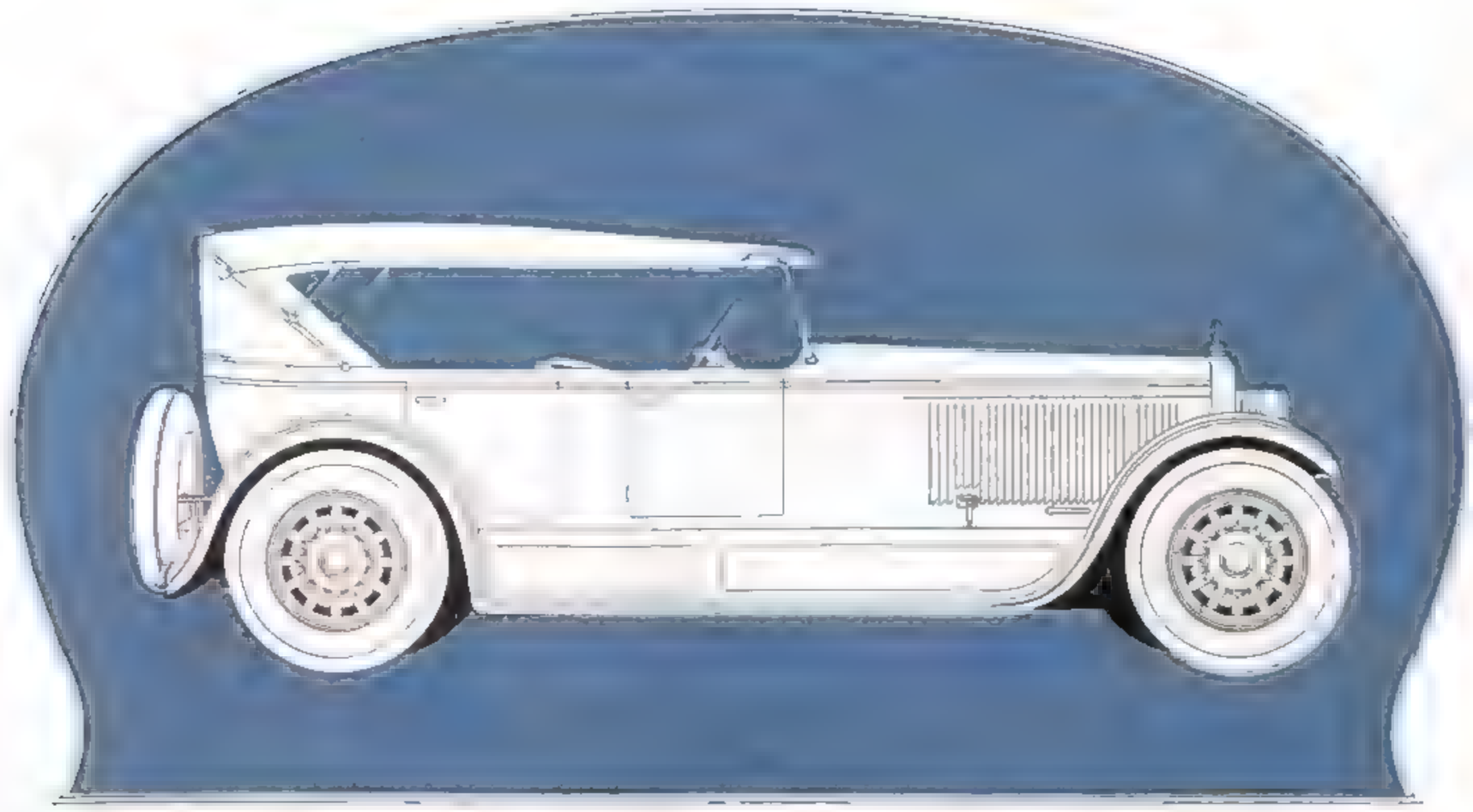
Asleep! And he had not yet eaten. Johnny knew what to expect. He kicked open Crowther's bedroom door and immediately his worst fears were realized. Fully clothed, his superior lay face down on the bed. His feet were tangled in the mosquito netting. His breathing was heavy and regular. The man was definitely out of the picture; the room reeked with the smell of Dutch gin.

Johnny did not even try to arouse him. A glance proved that hours must pass before Crowther would be capable of a coherent statement. And, like an explosion, the young fellow's wrath and disgust burst within him. Not enough that the swine had let Sentot go! Today of all days! He had to get so absolutely polluted that he could not render a yes or no on an important matter of business!

Johnny went out. Yet he hated to accept the situation as it stood. Why? Not because he had given his word to Eng Bong. In reality, he had done no such thing. He had given the company's word. It was up to the company to make good. Johnny's connection with the Pennsylvania ceased at five o'clock. He was going to take the early morning train for Batavia. Angry, undecided, and at the same time determined to be indifferent, he again considered the wisdom of sending Karto to Tambak in the motorboat.

No! Karto was a blockhead. He could not be trusted in his inexperience. The oil was not Johnny's; nor the boat. If he were going to stay, and could assume responsibility, it would be a different matter.

(Continued on Page 99)



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Dashing—daring—debonair—you can crawl along at two miles per hour or soar at seventy.

Women weary of the drab and commonplace quickly sense the fascinating charm, the sturdy masculine line—the sheer personality which makes this car a dominating, definite, daringly interesting thing.

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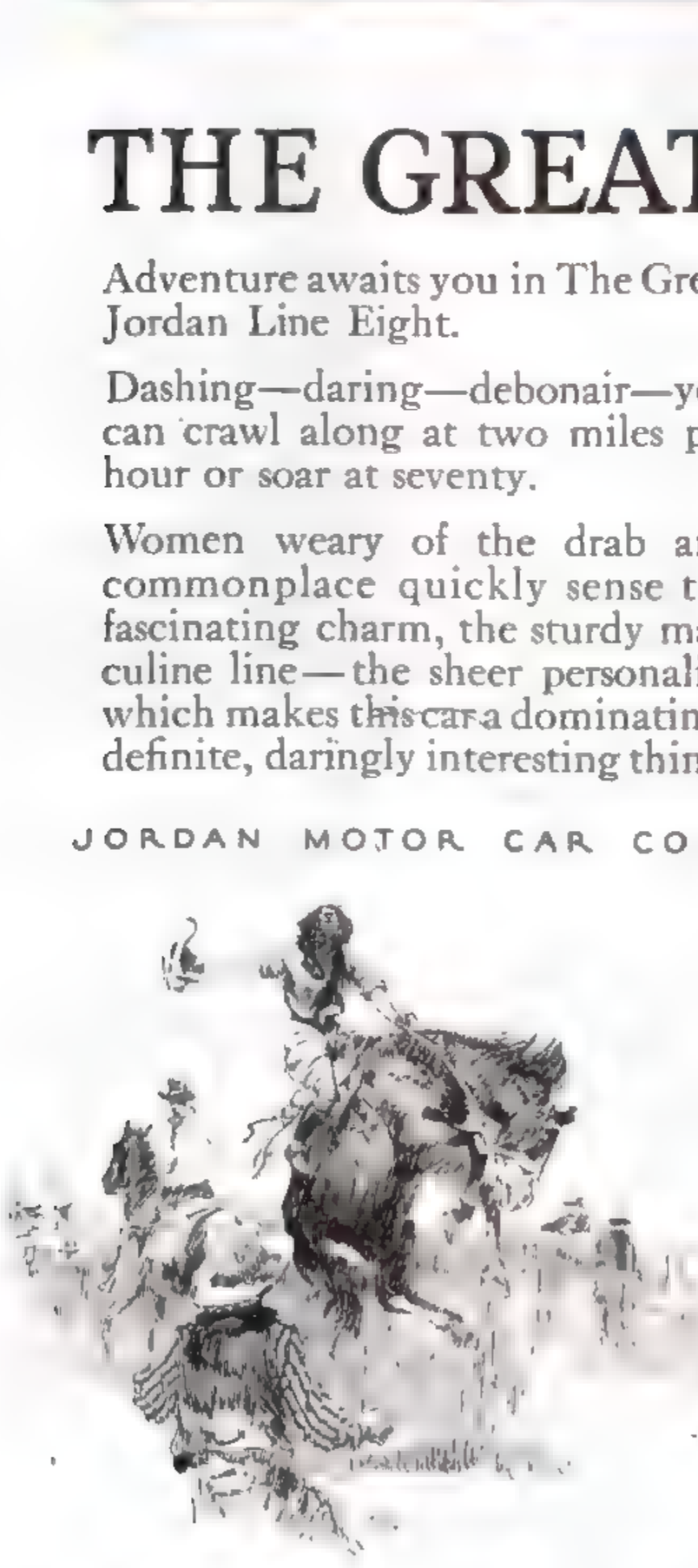

She can tell what a sassy pony, that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits, can do with eleven hundred pounds of steel and action when he's going high, wide and handsome.

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For larger homes. Already famous for its beauty and economy, the IDEAL TYPE A has been made even more efficient and attractive.

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For modern, medium-sized houses. For more than twenty years the standard boiler of its type, it is—in this new model—better, simpler and decidedly inexpensive.

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So scientifically efficient is the operation of the IDEAL TYPE A that it does, in fact, "pay for itself in the fuel it saves."

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Without sacrificing any of the features which have made this a standard in the heating industry, the new IDEAL ARCO has more direct heating surface than ever. Moreover, its simplified construction makes it even lower priced.

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The patented automatic regulator on this new boiler insures even, comfortable temperature in every room with a minimum of attention. You will be surprised when your Heating Contractor tells you how inexpensively this boiler—with an American Radiator in each room—can be installed in your home.

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The small home, with a basement, can now enjoy radiator-warmth (hot-water or steam) from this boiler. It is designed in very small sizes. It can be installed comfortably even where the ceiling is low.

Real estate men agree that the installation of steam or hot-water heating in the small home adds many times its cost to the selling value of the house.

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No wound is trifling, Mother

There is danger even in a pin-prick

How to guard against the infection that may result so seriously.
The four simple things to do—be as careful as your doctor.

IT'S so slight, "just a scratch," you may say. So maybe you blow on it, kiss it—then the child goes back to play.

Thousands of mothers do it—careful mothers whose children's lives are more precious to them than their own. And in the great hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country, cases of serious infections mount up by the score!

The mistake to avoid

Your doctor will tell you, *no wound is trifling.* No wound so slight as not to invite germ life to form and multiply. Whenever the skin is broken, there is danger—remember this always.

So be as careful as your doctor. You must dress the wound. You must use a *sterile dressing.* And that means a *germ free* dressing. A "clean handkerchief" won't do.

Remember that the cleanest of cloths, not having been scientifically sterilized, may harbor countless germs—germs that lead to serious infection.

Be as careful as your doctor—the four things to do

1 Apply iodine to the wound. Do not wash the wound.

3 Then wrap this dressing with a sterile gauze bandage.

2 Apply a sterile piece of gauze folded into a convenient pad.

4 Fasten with adhesive plaster.

That is the *safe way*, the way doctors recommend. Why take chances? Why invite danger when it is so simple to avoid it? Any druggist will supply you with the Bauer & Black products needed in this first aid. The cost of all is so trifling, no home, no vacation kit, or traveling outfit should be without them.

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(Continued from Page 94)

If he were going to stay, he could pilot the shipment himself. But he was not going to stay! And it came to Johnny that it was about time to give a little attention to his own affairs.

"Hotel!" he commanded shortly. "Afterward, you must go to the godown and wait. Tell the foreman to finish loading the proa. If Crowther can talk about four or half past," he added to himself, "you're in for a night and a day of it." At last—"Drop me in front, Karto. Hand me my bags, and be careful making that corner."

"Yes, *tuan*."

Then Johnny stood on the hotel steps and watched the maneuver. Karto, as usual, had some trouble with the gears when starting again. He stepped on it and the car whizzed at a perilous speed toward the street. Johnny shook his head. Of course a motorboat was less powerful, less difficult to manage perhaps; but there was no denying that Karto was still an awful dumbbell after four months in an automobile.

Johnny's servant came to help him with the bags.

"Everything is ready for your departure, *tuan*. I have packed both trunks, withholding only the clothes you will need tonight and tomorrow on the train. While you bathe, *tuan*, I shall put these soiled suits in your laundry bag."

"I shall not bathe directly. I have had fever since yesterday. But bring me a little something to eat. Serve it here on the table in front of my room."

The boy moved quietly to carry out instructions. Half an hour later, as Johnny was finishing a light meal, he heard a motor car skid to a sudden stop in front of the hotel. Presently heavy feet sounded. A tremendous voice boomed loud along the bare veranda.

"*Verdomme*, Yohnny Moore, you are at it again! Once more you cause me much trouble!"

"What's the matter, Dombrinck?"

"You haf stolen from me Eng Bong! Behint my back you haf stolen our goot gosturner! Dat is not ——"

"Nonsense!" said Johnny. "I didn't steal him. He quit you, and I don't blame him. You let him down. You left him for a solid month without any oil. And I caught him right. Heads up, Dombrinck, when I'm around!"

"Hets up! I am hets up; but vat gan I do? Vor more as a mont' de motorboat is *kapot*. Ve must send to Batavia vor de parts. Dis veek he is ready, en today I go to Tambak to say dat de oil vill go vorwart tomorrow—tonight. But Eng Bong tells me I am too late!"

Johnny laughed. He and Dombrinck were friendly enough. Their acknowledged rivalry had always occasioned more or less good-natured kidding. Here was one final triumph. True, it seemed inevitable to Johnny that the Maatschappy would regain Eng Bong's business. Crowther—if he awoke—would never dare to risk a valuable shipment with Karto. The Pennsylvania would default, so to speak. Dombrinck would not know about it, though, until after Johnny had got away with the last laugh.

No harm, however, in giving the big fellow an immediate scrap of consolation. He was nearly purple with his emotions; the perspiration stood out on his big soft face.

"He's the last I'll ever take from you, Dombrinck. And I'll pay you beaucoup champagne for him in the club tonight. I'm off for *Tanah Amerika* in the morning."

"No!"

Johnny nodded. "I'm through!"

"But why?"

"Think I want to stay in Chilachap all my life?"

"Ho; you vill not stay in Chilachap. Dere are better places vor goot vorkers. I know, Yohnny. My baas spoke one day wit' your Yackson in Batavia. Yackson said you are de best young man in his gompany."

"Yeh! But they don't want good men," said Johnny with unconcealed bitterness.

They wanted men like Crowther, it would seem; men who would take whatever the head office chose to hand out and be humbly grateful. Twenty-five guilders a month increase, after three years! Three years in Chilachap! And that opened a new line of thought. Crowther, with his alcoholic immunity from fever, was indispensable in a way. No one else would take the Chilachap managership.

"Poor devil!" It was four o'clock; and Johnny, in a rickety public carriage, was bouncing toward the Fisherman's Bridge. "Wonder if I'll be able to shake him out of it?"

He succeeded after a fashion.

"Eng Bong? Who's Eng Bong?" Crowther demanded, looking at Johnny between the quarter-open lids of one eye. "Oh, Tambak! Oh, sure! Send Karto. Good man, Karto; just the man for the job—any job. Who's Karto? Station? Tomorrow? Oh, yes, sure."

Johnny was gone. He was surprised to find himself anxious to be away before Crowther happened to change his mind—or his lack of mind. He wanted the Eng Bong coup to go through. Crowther would get the credit, for Johnny would have nothing to say on the subject as he passed through Batavia. Let him have it! He needed some recompense for his interminable exile. Still, it was not that, exactly, that moved the young fellow into urging his coachman to greater activity with the whip. Nor was it love for the Pennsylvania. It was Dombrinck! He wanted his last laugh on the Dutchman not to be fraudulent.

The need, perhaps, was father to the thought. Johnny began to cherish a growing confidence in Karto. The Javanese, he told himself, would manage all right. Running a motorboat was simple enough. Just hang onto the wheel and let 'er go. The big thing was to get out of Chilachap Harbor before nightfall. There were dozens of sand bars between the shore and the main channel, which lay close to Nusa Kembangan.

"There is one; and there, and there," Johnny was saying to Karto half an hour later. "You can detect them by the color of the water. Avoid them, *mengerti?*"

"Yes, *tuan*."

He had already explained the simple engine to the native, and the manipulation of the wheel. Karto seemed to understand. Johnny's final instructions were spoken after the manner of a football coach who is sending in a substitute for the last two minutes of play. He had Karto by the elbow.

"You will be well out of the harbor by nightfall. Hug the coast to the east, yet not too close lest you be caught in the surf. You cannot miss the Serayu; you will see the lights of the villages at the mouth. There is no moon, but the night will be clear. The stars will help. Your speed must be slow against the river, very slow. Nevertheless, dawn will surely see you near Tambak. Do not attempt to lay the proa against Eng Bong's landing. Throw a rope to his men, who will be waiting; and head the motorboat for the mud. That will be safest."

Karto sought safety too soon.

The Pennsylvania godown landing was in a small creek. Johnny spun the flywheel and the engine roared into life. Then the white man jumped ashore.

"*Lepas!*" he shouted to the foreman, who promptly gave a shove outward at the bow. Karto stood at the wheel, puffed up with his own importance. He turned to wave to his coolie friends, and in so doing he apparently became confused. Another fraction of a minute and the motorboat's nose was deep in the soft clay on the farther bank. Nothing but extraordinary good fortune kept the heavy-laden proa from crashing into the boat's stern, dislocating the propeller and putting a definite end to the excursion.

As it was, it took ten minutes' shoving and hauling by a dozen men to straighten the tow out for another attempt. Ten precious minutes! The sun had gone down behind the godown. The shadows were lengthening. It would soon be dark, for in the tropics night comes on with appalling suddenness. Inwardly, Johnny was seething. There was plenty he wanted to say to Karto. He wanted to wring the numskull's neck. But he did not dare.

The second start was clean. Karto steered carefully out of the creek and Johnny drew a deep breath of relief.

"There, Pennsylvania Oil Company; there's a Christmas present for you!"

Not yet, though. Not till Karto straightened into the main channel, and he never did. He hit a sand bar, of course; less than a hundred yards from where Johnny and the foreman and the coolies were standing in an anxious group. Johnny nearly burst into tears of rage and disappointment. He was aware of confusion around him. The coolies were dragging out a couple of log canoes. But all Johnny could do was color the air with vivid Malay. Then he stepped into a canoe, and his fists were opening and closing, opening and closing.

After reaching the motorboat the first thing he did was cuff Karto into the water.

"Get out there and puah, you blockhead! You are a coolie, *bangsat*, and you must remain a coolie. Push, or I'll split you with a boat hook!"

The foreman stayed with the canoes. The coolies pushed, a dozen sinewy brown men, waist-deep in the warm harbor water. In their midst was Karto with his bedraggled finery. The motorboat floated free. A cheer from the Javanese; but Johnny turned a disconsolate face toward Chilachap.

"Foreman," said he, "you will stop at the hotel and tell my boy that I shall not return before evening tomorrow."

Then he started the engine again and stepped forward to the wheel. He had to. Three thousand dollars' worth of the company's property, and an untrained Javanese in charge of it throughout the long night. The combination was out of the question. But the shipment had to go forward. Johnny's mind was made up. So Johnny would be in Tambak when the Batavia train pulled out of Chilachap in the morning. He knew what that meant. Not merely a delay of twenty-four hours, but complete capitulation to Jackson's letter. Any deviation from the schedule set in his own telegram would smack of anticlimax.

Oh, well, Jackson was a good fellow. And before many months Johnny would go on furlough. That would brighten the world considerably. A thought struck him, and the world seemed brighter already.

"It takes a Yankee to beat the Dutch," he tunefully paraphrased as he pointed the boat's nose into the darkening east. Then he chuckled.

"If old Dombrinck's wise, he'll sign my name to all his chits tonight."

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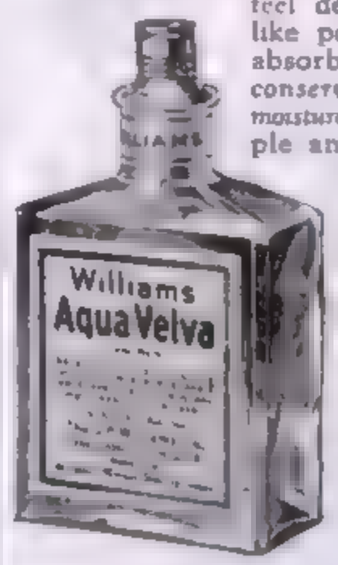

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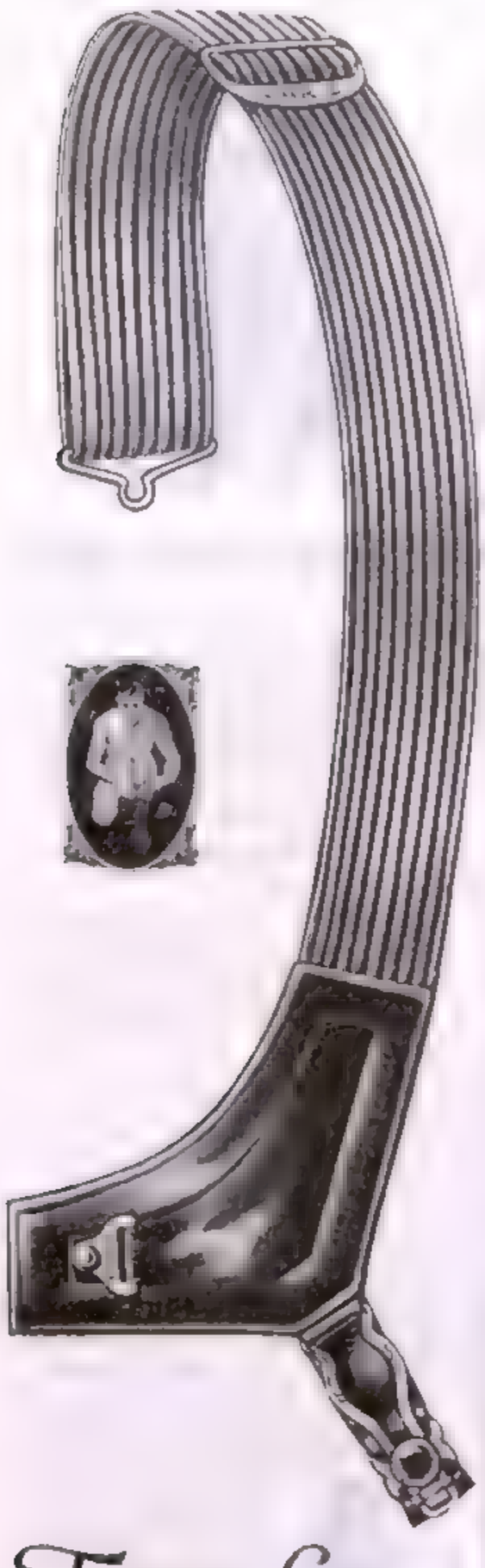

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COMMERCE IN AMENITIES

(Continued from Page 20)

a large city allow no leeway for tea dancing, and by becoming escorts girls find that they can taste the glitter which a short time before had been out of reach.

The psychology of men escorts is peculiar. In the first place they make more money out of it and get less pleasure than the women. The stimulation which girls receive from admiration, pretty clothes and music seems foreign to the men. They are willing to make a living by means of utilizing a minor talent, are not happy in it, but are usually too indolent or too ineffectual to undertake anything else. As a result they come to hate what should be the amenities of dancing, with an inverse ardor.

Few professional men escorts are sympathetic. At tea dances, for instance, their time is valued at five dollars for half an hour, and time and agility, not conversation, are what they contract to give. They are coldly uncommunicative and though you may dance like a sylph your talent is unacclaimed by them. Often they make a woman feel as if she were a chair being pushed skillfully but unemotionally in a geometric pattern. If you are lucky you are accompanied to your seat and left with a stiff little bow, otherwise you may find yourself stranded in the middle of the floor at the end of the dance. The only sure way of melting the ice around their hearts is by evincing an interest in learning new steps. This means lessons, and lessons mean much steadier revenue, for many are dancing teachers on their own, and the tea dances serve as leads to prospective pupils.

If men are obtained from a bureau the routine is cut and dried. Sometimes they are given their admission free because of the advantage of having attractive young men about; in other instances they pay their own cover charge. If the man is also a dancing teacher this sum is looked upon as an investment by him and he feels that no time can be lost in his effort to get new pupils.

It must not be thought that the demand for escorts is limited to public places, to the detached city dweller or the stranger within the gates. Men and women—more especially women—of good social position frequently find that their supply of acquaintances of the opposite sex is inadequate. The tradition that there must be a preponderance of men at parties leads hostesses to devious ways of providing stags. Although cash cannot be paid for stags at a really fashionable party, by various ways the roster of men is increased. At some of the big winter parties, although professional escorts are invited freely—being seen there is a feather in their cap—there is still a dearth of men to make fresh meat for the debutantes. In desperation several matrons have resorted to extravagant means. A season or two ago an exclusive New York hostess started the fashion of sending to a college for a load of recruits. A young relative there was asked to issue a wholesale invitation, the matron chartered a special car and brought down the boys on the hoof. Some of them were none too conscientious about their duties when they arrived in town, and it must be admitted that a number of them, delighted at the trip with all expenses paid, strayed from the herd to private pastures.

Escorts De Luxe

The man escort de luxe is the one who is engaged by the week or by the season. He is a luxury which can be afforded only by the very rich. Not only must his salary be paid by the woman employer, but all the expenses of the entertainment. That he must be fairly good-looking and well-mannered is presupposed. Endurance, too, is a requirement. Night after night one couple may be seen at a big New York hotel. The woman is a trim little gray-haired body who really dances very well. Her escort, many years her junior, conducts her through intricate steps and sits opposite her at their regular table with the same expression on his face all the time—a bored blankness. His only real enthusiasm seems to be eating. To the bystander it would appear as if he fasted all day to make the most of this after-theater supper. Roast beef, French-fried potatoes and spinach are partaken of nightly by him while his companion sips mineral water or toys with a lemon ice. She pays the check, of course, and her motor is waiting at the door. For professional escorting of this type a man gets from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The woman has the pleasure of dancing and being seen about with a presentable man far after the age when she can reasonably expect attention, and feels herself a part of the stirring night life of the city.

Last summer a society woman, a widow, engaged a professional escort for a trip to Paris. He was very useful on the steamer, supplying the proper romantic atmosphere for moonlight nights and deck dances. In Paris, where his real duties were supposed to begin, all went well for a few weeks. Mrs. Anonymous was well pleased with the arrangement and delighted to be able to go to all the fashionable night clubs where a man is essential. Suddenly Harold began to develop engagements of his own. Since their contacts were so social in nature, it made it difficult for her to demand an accounting of his whole time. But as it became increasingly hard to locate him and she found herself alone at her hotel more nights in the week than she was at the gay *bals* she made investigation, and discovered that for love of a French girl her erstwhile faithful escort had been led astray.

She didn't believe in cutting the tail off by inches. She summoned him. "Harold," she said, "here's your passage. I'm sending you back to New York tomorrow."

Even in this profession cold business methods give no quarter to romance.

Chaperonage if Desired

Another branch in the business of amenities is professional chaperoning. This type of companion in social life serves the function of protector, rather than entertainer, and is a pacifier for exclusive parents who feel that the touch of the world would turn the jasmine white of their girls into black. Chaperoning is a custom, too, in conservative circles, and customs continue for their own sakes. No matter how self-reliant a girl may be throughout the day, in the evening her chaperon must be by her side. She may be engaged in social work for the Junior League or case work for some charitable organization and go into remote and supposedly dangerous sections of the city, but at night when she goes to the play with members of her own set she must be securely guarded.

In the business of chaperonage not all the fair rewards are in cash. The fact that many duennas are paid in coin of the social realm rather than the specie of trade does not lessen the demands made upon them or the value of their job. The woman who receives a check for her labors in overseeing the social life of girls is a comparatively recent entrant in the lists of feminine professions. She is a product of compromise on the part of mothers who, though they are willing to conform to custom, are not willing to inconvenience themselves by giving a large share of their time to their offspring. Just as they have hired other women to do their spinning and weaving, they have engaged proxies to guard their tender young shoots. Even the older generation is becoming emancipated.

The paid chaperon must have a veneer of breeding at least deep enough to impress mothers and heads of schools. When she has once passed muster with her clients she is on smooth seas. The girls themselves are much easier to manage, for any laxity in her watchfulness is to them sheer gain. Chaperoning on a large scale is of course the most profitable.

One woman—typical of a typical group—is engaged by a school as its New York representative. She is the "chaperonage if desired" which you see listed so boldfacedly in the advertisements of fashionable schools. The "if desired" means if paid for, because the parents receive a neat little item of chaperonage on their bill if their daughter comes under the wing of this woman. She is of a type that would please the most exacting parent who took the trouble to meet her personally. She always wears black clothes of splendid quality, but of that saghty old cut which seems to be a symbol of respectability. The old-school influence is further accentuated by the seriousness with which she takes her duties. She comes high because she will not take more than two or three girls under her wing at one time, and once the wing has closed in upon them the protecting supervision of a mother hen would be the great open spaces in comparison with the liberty which she allows her charges.

Her commanding presence precludes the possibility of adventurous conversations with college boys. The gayety which the girls had pictured as inherent in a great city week-end is translated to a systematized tour of the shops, a visit to a museum, with a matinée at some improving play so crowded in that its tang is lost. Sunday afternoon she concludes the week-end with an early return to the school, still supervising, so that her charges may get rested before resuming their studies the next morning.

In almost violent contrast to this is the woman who chaperons on a really wholesale plan. Many such women make their headquarters at hotels and women's clubs. These are divided into two classes—those who are engaged by the schools and those who are retained by the hotels and clubs to be at the service of their guests. The first class—the women who are on the school pay roll—are supposed to give their services to the girls as part of their tuition. Naturally the schools, with an instinct for economy, present them with a large number of week-end wards at one time. One's duties begin at the station, where a flock of ten or twelve girls is turned over to her by the accompanying teacher, who is eager to see the last of them and be off on her own excursion. Since there are too many of them to make intensive chaperonage more than a theory they may scatter soon before the winds of the city. Only a limited degree of conscience is possible with such a brood, for they have many moods and plans and are loath to be thwarted.

The second of these two classes—the chaperons who are engaged by the hotels and clubs—offer the merest outline of duennaship. They establish their own contacts through correspondence or visits to the heads of the smaller schools, where they reap their richest rewards. If their services are desired the girls, of course, must stop at the place the chaperons are affiliated with, and their time is bought by the hour or day.

Eloise Beats the System

At women's clubs, where the schoolgirls frequently stop, the scale of prices for chaperons is higher because of the exclusiveness of the organization. A girl's mother must be a member or at least she must be put up by a member, and all this fastidious observation of convention costs money. The customary fee at a club is a dollar an hour, although occasionally this fixed price is reduced if services are required for several days. The arrangement at some of the hotels is different. At one the services of the chaperon are included in the price of the room. This particular hotel has chaperonage as one of its important features. It must not be thought, however, that because the chaperon is advertised and put on the bill she is necessarily omnipresent. She is often more of a spiritual comfort to the heads of schools and the parents than a guardian angel for the girls.

The girls are supposed to notify her when they wish to go out. They are asked to give alternative hours in case the chaperon is unable to arrange for the first specified time. One girl who frequents this hotel has devised a system that is especially pleasant to her. She is very punctilious in observing the rules, always engaging the chaperon, usually between the hours of nine and eleven, when she is followed meekly through the shops. She gives the appearance of dull propriety and is deposited back at the hotel by the chaperon, who feels that her duties in respect to Eloise have been beautifully discharged for the day. Eloise then announces that an aunt has asked her to dinner that evening and she urges the chaperon to join them. The chaperon hurriedly declines, and Eloise has the remainder of the day before her. It is usually nothing very desperate; a tea dance with a boy from Princeton, and theater with one from Yale, but it assumes delightful proportions as an adventure since the duenna has been dodged.

A number of chaperons are in the business so definitely for what they can get out of it that they can be maneuvered through

(Continued on Page 103)

Where should the individual's responsibility end?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

"Exposure fires"—fires that break out as a result of fire on another property—form one of the largest items in America's annual fire loss. And 60% of the total loss is caused by preventable fire—the result of carelessness of one sort or another.

The man who does not observe Fire Prevention precautions endangers not only his own life and property but the lives and property of those around him. In some countries the owner of the property on which the fire starts is held accountable for resulting damage to other properties.

Few people would knowingly harbor unnecessary fire risks. But there are risks that only a trained eye can see. The Insurance Agent has this special training. Ask him to help you fight fire before it starts.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

Price
$7.00

The Connett "Rutland"

The Connett "Rutland"—a perfectly proportioned hat of fine quality. It is the ideal conservative hat that is correct for all types of men, and its trim, well-set brim, designed to be worn, in its original shape or turned down. Try on the "Rutland."

The Connett "Rutland" is priced at $7. Other Connett styles at $5, $6, $8, and $10. (Slightly higher west of the Rockies.)

The Experience of Five Generations

THERE are few felt hats as good, and none better, than those in which the name Connett appears. The accumulated experience and skill of five generations of Connetts result in a height of quality, an excellence of design, which make instant appeal to the man of discriminating taste.

For more than one hundred years Connett Hats have enjoyed a most enviable reputation among makers and sellers of hats. Until the present, however, no sustained effort has been made to broaden the influence of that reputation—to extend it to the wearers of hats.

We realize that the just pride you derive from the possession of an article of the highest merit is increased when that merit is recognized by others, and E. V. Connett & Co. will from now on advertise Connett Hats nationally. We intend that the men who wear our hats shall appreciate their merit as well as do the hatters who sell them.

Wear a Connett felt hat this Fall. No matter how exacting your requirements, you will readily find a Connett style which will meet them at every point.

Write us today for "The Finishing Touch"—an interesting booklet about Connett Hats.

E. V. CONNETT & CO., Inc.
Since 1815 Orange, N. J.

CONNETT HATS

Since 1815

(Continued from Page 100)

their financial side. It was Harriet, from Colorado, who was having her first winter at a school near New York City. There had been so many admonitions from her family and from the school that she must be chaperoned by the woman in charge at the hotel where she was stopping on a vacation in the city that she hadn't quite the nerve to elude her altogether. She appreciated that it was the woman's profession and that appeals to her merely as girl to woman might not be successful. So she went to her and said, "I've got a young man coming to the city this week-end to see me, and I know you'd be bored just being with us together all the time. Of course," she added tactfully, "I think you'd be very charming, but Wallace—he comes from my town in Colorado," she interpolated—"is really awfully shy. Now don't tell anybody, but I think he is going to ask me to marry him if he has enough quiet to do it in. Wouldn't it be all right with you if I paid you a dollar and a half an hour not to chaperon us, and you could put it on the bill just the same?"

This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to all, and we are pleased to report that Harriet got the young man.

Constant chaperonage has a strange psychological effect on some girls. Those who have always had a certain amount of supervision take it naturally. But those who have been reared in freedom either defy the custom with a fury that is out of all proportion to its restrictions or sink under it until they become little jellyfish who are afraid to venture on a city street.

A most profitable branch of the business of chaperoning is that of being a stage mother. This, aside from bringing the occupant of the position into the alluring atmosphere of the theater and luxurious surroundings, has the advantage of permanency in most cases. Of course, there are some of the more twinkling young stars who engage a parent only for certain occasions, but for the most part this type of chaperon travels with her client, and the career of the charge becomes her own. If a woman goes in for chaperoning as a sole means of support she welcomes this kind of job with fervor, for the transitory character of chance evening or hourly guardianship may make it an insecure means of livelihood. Certain women acquire reputations as being discreet, presentable but not too exacting parents, and when one young actress has a turn of bad luck or dismisses her for other reasons, they have no difficulty in getting new jobs. In some cases such a real affection arises that the chaperon becomes a mother in everything but blood ties and will remain by her "daughter" no matter what the emergency or stringency.

A stage mother who is good at her job is much more than a social insurance. She may become a definite business asset, almost an agent, paying bills, interviewing managers and taking care that contracts are water-tight.

Chaperoning Frat Dances

In England the pinnacle of the achievement of a stage mother is to see her charge launched on the seas of nobility. If she can assist in the maneuvers of catching a lord she is pretty sure of gratitude in the form of an annuity from her erstwhile offspring.

A real social sense is most important in the success of a chaperon, even though she is a hired duenna. She must herself have an intimate knowledge of social graces; in fact one of the requirements for the chaperons of house parties at colleges is an impeccable background, at least, of training. Many women who are reduced in circumstances turn to chaperoning college events because it is most dignified, and they can surround themselves with a certain semblance of exclusiveness. It is an art in itself, this being in charge of a college house party, and, for the women who do it for cash, a remunerative one. The price paid for a house party—usually over a week-end—ranges from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars according to the size of the college, the wealth of the fraternity and the desirability of the chaperon. Sometimes she is engaged for a single dance. This is becoming increasingly popular, for if a chaperon is paid for her services she does not expect constant fluttering, flattering attention from the young people, and they are left free to enjoy themselves. For one dance the rate is between ten and twenty-five dollars. For this sum some chaperons will take the responsibility of seeing that the music is engaged and the refreshments ordered. Others will merely lend the sanction of their presence.

Of course, a large number of house-party chaperons are not paid. They may be the wives of professors or the mothers of the college boys, who give their services for diplomatic reasons. It is this type which demands a good deal of attention from the boys and which is most concerned with the propriety of the behavior of her charges. Some devote their attentions to defeating the present petting and necking problems. Their rigid rules of conduct and their obvious disapproval of modern youth is widening the breach of sympathy between the chaperons and the chaperoned. This is especially true of the older women. One woman who is starting on her second generation makes her disapproval more than verbal. She feels that duty demands that she make pointedly casual rounds of the fraternity house during a dance. Any couple which has that just-after-kissing look meets with a gaze so chilling from her that it is apt to separate them for the evening. If she weren't almost a tradition as a chaperon in this small college, she doubtless wouldn't be stood for long.

Concessions to Pride

The chaperon who feels that the morality of the party rests on her shoulders lets herself in for a very strenuous time indeed. If it is a house party she lives with the girls in the fraternity house, which has been vacated for them by the boys. If there are more than ten girls there will probably be more than one chaperon at a house party, and the competent duennas will divide their responsibility, each one taking a group of girls who will be apt to do things together, thus concentrating their energies.

As we have said before, there are chaperons who are paid, but not in cash. Their rewards come in the form of gifts, family favors and advancing social prestige. Under this head come women who, if not relatives, are at least family friends of long standing. They are women whose impecunious pride would not allow them to accept money, but who feel somehow that the offer of a room or a dress or even stray dinners from a richer relative is perfectly compatible to an independent state. Their usefulness is enhanced by an unwritten but pretty businesslike understanding that they can be called upon at very short notice, and asked to lend supervision for anything from an hour at the movies to a month at Palm Beach.

The social advantage to be gained by being seen, even in the guise of chaperon, with a young heiress whose blood is deep blue is obvious. Not only has one woman improved her social position considerably but she has also improved the financial conditions of her husband, an artist. By getting one slim pointed finger into society's pie at first she has managed to insert her whole hand and has pulled out many a plum. Her own charm and beauty have done much to smooth her path; her vivacity makes her a companion much sought by the younger debutantes, so it has been a simple matter for her to gain the confidence of mothers and girls alike and provide affluent if not interesting subjects for her husband's work.

Many a European trip has also been managed in a subtle manner. An astute member of the chaperoning profession will infect her charges with the germ of foreign travel and leave them to do the rest in persuading their fond mammas that Rome for Easter, and Paris in May, are needed to make their happiness complete. Although the chaperon may receive no pay besides the expenses of the trip, she will have a delightful spring or summer and be furnished with drawing-room small talk for years to come.

The background of a chaperoned youth is most important when one decides to turn chaperon. Such experience enables a woman to profit by the mistakes of those who accompanied her in her own girlhood days. From it, if she is clever, she may develop a constructive course of action for her charges, and make it a definite part of her business to aid in making them popular. A friend who has been a much-sought chaperon for years was good enough to outline her modus operandi for us the other day.

"One of the most helpful things a chaperon can do is to get the confidence of the

(Continued on Page 105)

Free Sprinkler Opportunity

May knock at your door and offer big earnings without a dollar's investment

President: "Forget it, my boy. Economy's the watchword now. Plant investments all can wait. Sprinklers must wait."

President's Son: "And when business picks up you'll want every dollar for working capital. Yet free fire protection is at our door."

President: "That's it exactly. We can open that door anytime."

Production Manager: "Your Dad's right, Bob. Sprinklers can wait. Do you realize that if we had those four new automatic machines, we'd earn the price of a sprinkler system in less—"

President's Son: "I've heard that over and over, Mr. Walton, one reason or another—for five years. We have lost thousands of dollars through pure procrastination—enough to buy ten new automatic machines."

President: "Oh! you exaggerate the savings. Walton knows what those new machines would make us in new profit. That's why I say sprinklers must wait till times are normal."

President's Son: "Business conditions blind you to this opportunity. Sprinklers will make the same money in good times, bad times and normal times. More than that, they won't let your machines be burned up just when you need them most."

President: "Present finances won't permit doing anything now. That settles it."

President's Son: "All right then. I'm going to finance sprinklers myself. This is an opportunity which keeps knocking at our door. No other opportunity in the world ever does that. I'm going to open the door."

President: "Where will you get the money? All you have is your job and a few liberty bonds."

President's Son: "I'll handle the financing if you will just promise to give me the insurance savings for the next 10 years."

President: "Sure, we'll give you *all* the insurance savings from any sprinkler equipment you can get installed in this plant."

President's Son (laughing): "You're a witness, Miss Lenox, and you, Walton. He'll give me *all* the insurance savings for all time from any sprinkler equipment I can get in this plant."

Production Manager: "It isn't a joking matter, raising $10,000, you will find."

President's Son: "This is rich; for me, I mean. Here's a contract I have signed with the U. S. Construction Company (a subsidiary of Grinnell Company). For five annual payments of $2,000 they will put in a Grinnell Sprinkler System. That's $300 more a year than we save. I put up $300 a year for 5 years and then I pocket $1700 a year for life. Oh, Dad, that's some opportunity for me. Thanks. You'll admit I would be a fool to pass it up. That same opportunity has been knocking at your door for years and you just got deaf to it."

For further information, address our subsidiary, U. S. Construction Co., 302 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts, the water starts

Grinnell Company, Inc. Providence, R. I.

More Facts About Free Sprinklers

The Grinnell Company advertisement above refers to our plan for installing sprinklers. In the example they used the equipment did not entirely pay for itself in five years. We could, of course, have extended the payments to six years, which would have required no payments beyond the insurance savings.

In fact our plan is elastic and can be altered to fit any conditions of working capital. Some of these plans may fit your case.

Opportunity is knocking at your door. Let us open the door before fire burns it down. You've probably been paying for a sprinkler system for a long time. Why don't you get it?

Write us how much insurance you carry and how much you pay for it. Also give us the total floor area of your building.

From that data we will submit you facts and figures you can bank on.

U. S. CONSTRUCTION CO.

302 W. Exchange Street Providence, R. I.

WHEN YOU BUILD OR REPAIR

Think Ahead to Hardware

WHEN plans are approved and excavation begins think ahead promptly to hardware. Of the last things to go into your home, many are the first to be seen. Hardware is in this group. See that it is not slighted.

The way to be certain is to make your selection early. So consult the hardware merchant now. [McKinney will furnish names if you wish.] Conferring with the hardware man will give you information about metals, finishes, designs and costs which will allow you to make wise selections.

You will benefit by his knowledge of the fine wares he carries, among which are McKinney Hinges.

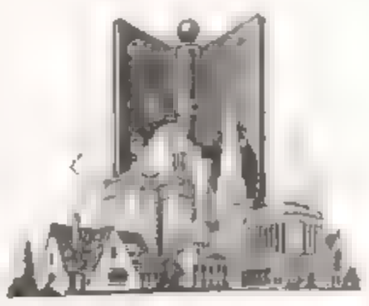
SEND FOR THESE

TO make a worthwhile contribution to the success of your new home, MCKINNEY has gone far afield. When you visit our hardware merchant you will be able to see and handle actual MCKINNEY HINGES. You will learn of their precision and beauty at first hand.

Therefore, as long as you will be taken care of in that direction, MCKINNEY has devised a set of "Forethought Plans" in a spirit of helpfulness. They consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. So you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them.

MCKINNEY will furnish a complimentary set of these "Forethought Plans" to those about to build. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIA



For a contribution to your home's success read the column to the left

McKINNEY HINGES

(Continued from Page 103)

boys. The girls are more or less forced to regard her wishes, but the boys look upon her as an unwelcome appendage to a party and think it's well within the rules to get the girls off out of her jurisdiction if they can. The young people are pretty short-sighted where their budding emotions are involved. Twosing is all very well for the moment, but it doesn't help a girl to meet the large number of men that are necessary for popularity. It is always my plan to talk to the boys about things they are interested in and keep a pretty impressive number of stags in my vicinity during the evening. My girls must come to me after every dance, and with all the boys about there is a gay atmosphere and a constant interchange of partners. If I am especially interested in the way a girl is getting along I can arrange things for her in a way she couldn't possibly do herself. On the other hand, I try to steer the boys and men who have been drinking too much away from my girls."

Society is a game, like any other business, and no one realizes this more forcibly than the expert chaperon. She can appraise at once the qualifications of a new tender shoot, and can with almost uncanny perception predict what her fate in social circles may be. Many discriminating chaperons declare that they will never undertake to steer the bark of a young girl who has no social aptitude. She must not only be eager but competent to take up the various forms of entertainment which a season demands. The coming-out parties, Palm Beach, Santa Barbara, Europe and intervening house parties, are strenuous and must be met with finesse as well as enthusiasm. If a girl is not attractive or can't keep up the pace a real expert in the business of chaperoning will advise her to give it all up and find some other interest in life.

With the passing of the old-type restaurateur the chaperon at large functions must be very active if she wishes to keep her charges in sight. In the old Sherry days in New York there was a nice feeling of security in the knowledge that Mr. Sherry kept a watchful eye over all the parties that were held there. He would have none of the sneaking off of young couples to drive in the glamorous night of Central Park a practice that was then just coming into vogue. He could not prevent their going, he said, but any couple that had once left the party could not return that evening.

O Tempora! O Mores!

Dodging the duenna is, of course, a very frequent game, one that is getting easier all the time. Twenty years ago it was no easy matter to escape the eagle eye of the chaperon. In Boston, for instance, where chaperonage was and is observed to the *n*th degree, smart parties were often held at Pipanti's. The great bright ballroom was carefully contrived with no alcoves; the young people, who were selected by the patronesses of the dance, were virtually held prisoners in the room during the evening. Even the refreshments of ices and fruit punch were served in one corner of the same room. The chaperons sat on a dais, never for a moment relaxing their vigilance. The girls sat on one side of the room, the boys on another, and after each waltz or two-step returned to their stiff little gold chairs on their respective sides, with permission to cast no more than a furtive glance at the object of their affections. Even the glances were supervised during the dance, for a girl was never allowed to gaze into the eyes of her partner, but instead must keep the mischief-making orbs directed at the floor in an angle of forty-five degrees.

Since this rigid rule of supervision has relaxed with the progressing years the chaperon nowadays finds that her charges are apt to dash off thoughtlessly on their own pursuits and leave her stranded, perhaps sitting alone at a table at a café. At a football game or the races practically the whole energy of the chaperon is taken up in simply keeping within sight of her wards, particularly if they are young couples tenderly inclined. If she is engaged for the occasion and paid in money she must accept this merely as a disagreeable feature of her job. If, however, she is one of the cream of the chaperoning tribe—the woman who does it as a favor to a friend or to oblige young relatives—she is apt to make certain stipulations for herself. This class feels that age does not necessarily make them wallflowers and is coming to insist that an extra man be provided as personal escort. This may be an older man or just an additional youth in the party. A most successful chaperon insists that she originated this custom after the following sorry experience:

She was chaperoning three couples to one of the big football games at New Haven. Their seats were in different parts of the Bowl, two pairs and one group of three. The boys, eager to be masterful, had charge of the tickets and the girls, and rushed ahead through the swirling crowds, each couple confident that someone else was looking after the rather slim little chaperon. She found herself struggling along alone, trying to keep at least one couple in sight all the time, not so much to keep them out of mischief but in a mere battle for self-preservation. "The most nerve-racking thing was," she said, "that I didn't know which couple had the three tickets, and I could see myself, the only unattached female at the game, wandering wistfully up and down the aisles, looking for my seat after the ball was in play. I decided then and there that hereafter I would have to have my own escort."

Professional Hostessing

There is one more class of chaperons, and this one needs no solution to the escort problem. In it belong the young married women who are persuaded to lend propriety to the parties of their still unmarried friends. Having once furnished the letter of the law, they feel no hesitancy about abandoning the spirit of it. Quite as gay as they were before their marriage, they welcome the opportunities chaperoning affords them, and it is the girls who try to keep their mentor in sight rather than the chaperon who trails in the rear. When the men cut for the job of taking care of the chaperon it is for the pleasure of her society rather than the customary duty.

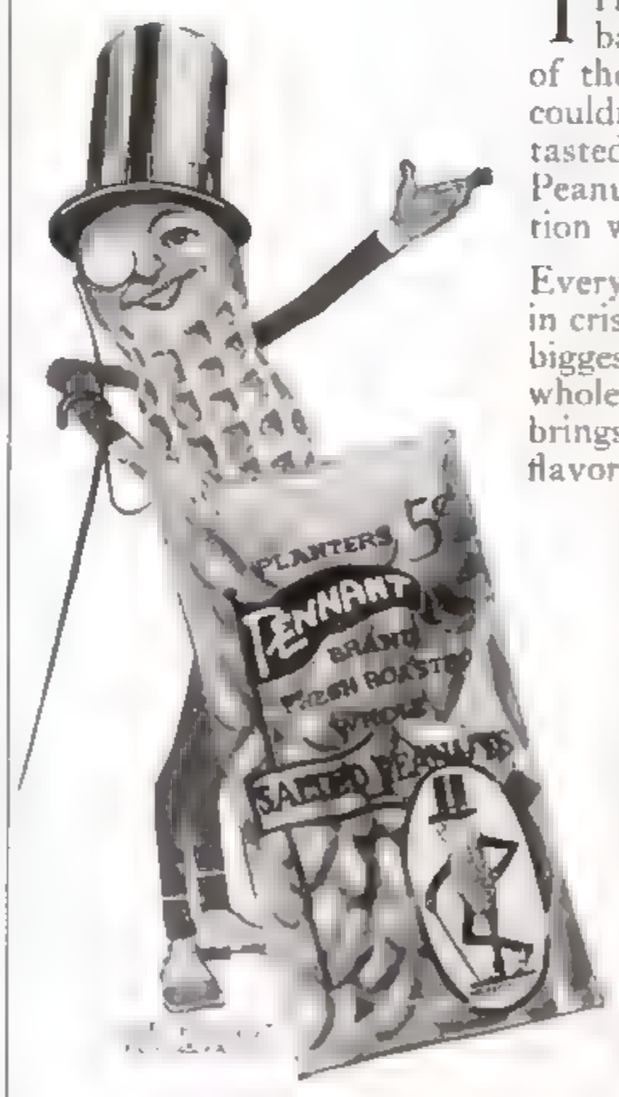
It is women of this restless type who drift naturally into the allied occupation of being a professional hostess. Rather unwilling to accept the more serious responsibilities of chaperoning, yet eager to continue in the direct ray of the social limelight, they make a business of hospitality as they grow older. The obvious reason of money, though important, is not dominant. Far more striking is the wish for power and control—the desire to gratify the Jehovah complex. The lust for molding, whether it be a tea party or a destiny, is strong within them. They have as a rule a good social standing, and with this as their tool they are sought by hotels and by individuals who are looking for a rung on the social ladder.

There is one attractive and prominent New York matron who issues forth frequently from her exquisite house in the East Seventies to advance the social position of some visiting Westerner. Money can be no consideration to her, for both she and her husband have enormous incomes. Not, however, that this keeps her from accepting money. Fifty dollars to sponsor a luncheon at a smart Park Avenue restaurant, twenty-five to be seen at tea with a hopeful debutante, are quite acceptable to her. No matter how comparatively insignificant the sum, she glories in the feeling of power and likes to boast, "Today I made twenty-five dollars!"

Love of preening themselves in public and a never-wearying joy in parties make them susceptible to the flattering attentions the hotels give them. It is a matter of course when a hotel opens a new room or roof garden for the manager to invite women whose names have a carrying power in the society columns to arrange parties of fashionables for the occasion. Both manager and guest assume there will be no check.

Girls who are just past the blush of budhood and very young matrons are more sincerely interested in the sharper outlines of cash. They chafe perceptibly under the restrictions of limited allowances from father or husband, and find anything from ten to fifty dollars most welcome. Being seen with girls of less secure standing in no way impairs their own position and lends a camaraderie to social climbing. The freedom in modern society makes little enterprises like this quite practicable. The glamour which has surrounded so-called social life is becoming dimmed, the barriers between business and pleasure are being lowered, and to the list of commodities which can be bought and sold have been added the amenities of life.

"The Nickel Lunch"



THE only excuse offered by the bandits in lower left-hand corner of the picture was that they "just couldn't help it." Anyone who has tasted Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts will agree that the temptation was irresistible.

Every golden kernel is a revelation in crisp deliciousness. They are the biggest, plumpest peanuts in the whole crop. Roasted in a way that brings out every atom of wonderful flavor and salted just right. Always crisp and hunger-provoking. So full of wholesome nutrition that they're called "The Nickel Lunch."

But, remember, even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

BLACK BULL OF AHOWHE

(Continued from Page 11)

Long-Haired and laid him at the girl's feet. Thus he had become Ahowhe's pet and had so continued through his babyhood. Later he was known as Black Bull of Ahowhe; and later still, when he had attained his full astonishing bulk, there were some—Keenta among them—who called him Yanasa, the Very Great Bull, though in truth that name belonged rightfully to the buffalo. Yet there was warrant for the title, for very soon it became evident that the black calf's sire had been a bison—some lone wanderer from the herds of the upper country who in his loneliness had found a mate among the wild black cattle of the Low Country swamps.

Black Bull showed plainly his buffalo blood. His great size, his splendid frontlet and beard, his high-humped shoulders, the shaggy coat of hair on neck and hump—all these came from his sire. But he was jet-black instead of brown; his tail was long; his horns, of much greater length and curving forward, were far more serviceable weapons than a buffalo's horns. From his mother's race he had inherited also something even more valuable than those long forward-pointing pikes—a brain alert instead of sluggish. The wild black cattle of the swamps, originating as strays from the vast herds of the rich white planters near the coast, had deteriorated in size but increased enormously in numbers despite the preying beasts with which the great swamps teemed. With each generation they had grown sharper of wit, keener of scent and of hearing, until in these respects they rivaled even the deer. In bulk and in form, in massive head and shaggy coat, Black Bull was his father's son. But the brain in that head was not the brain of a buffalo.

All this Keenta had pointed out to Ahowhe long before Black Bull was full grown and while he still grazed with tame cattle about the outskirts of the Indian village. Ahowhe, lover of all young things, had loved the little black calf which she had reared from infancy, providing it with a foster mother and caring for it herself; but when it had become a yearling bull her affection for it had cooled.

Not only was the bull of great stature for its age but it was also of a proud and dangerous temper. Ahowhe, comely as ever, but still childless, transferred her affections to other young things—fawns which Keenta brought her from the forest, a baby bear, two young ring-tailed raccoons; and Black Bull, grown more and more arrogant as his bulk increased, would have been dealt with as a menace to the village had not Keenta's influence protected him until the time came, as Keenta knew it would, when Black Bull bade the village farewell.

Even then, so far as was possible, Keenta continued to watch over him. All the tribesmen knew why. Kanakaw the conjurer had read in the writhing entrails of a slaughtered kid that Keenta's fate was bound up with the fate of the black bull calf which he had taken from under the eyes of the great Cat of God; that a day would come when Keenta, in peril of death, must perish unless Black Bull chose to save him; that not until then would Ahowhe bear him the son that he desired.

It was a great prophecy and all the village approved it. Black Bull, as wild and wary now as the deer, ranged far and wide. Keenta could not follow him on all his journeyings, and for weeks at a time never saw him. Yet the young warrior knew the wild bull's favorite ranges, trailed him when opportunity offered, and viewed him from the thickets to make sure that no bullet had harmed him, that no snake had struck him and that his health was good.

A white hunter's bullet, a rattlesnake's venom, disease—these were the dangers which Keenta feared for Black Bull. The red hunters, aware of the prophecy, would not shoot him. His strength and his cunning would keep him safe from puma and bear and wolf pack, and from the huge alligators lurking in ambush in the lagoons and rivers where the deer and the wild black cattle drank. Most of all, Keenta feared the white hunters. These seldom came into Black Bull's range, because the region on that side of the great cypress swamp was recognized as an Indian hunting ground. But sometimes small parties of them passed through, and their long heavy rifles shot straight and far.

Black Bull, cropping the grasses languidly and often lifting his massive shaggy head to look about him, saw a herd of ten deer, far away up the prairie, suddenly scatter in all directions. He shook his head and snorted. He knew what that lively commotion of the whitetails meant. Some hunting beast—puma or bear or wolf—had made a foray from the forest's edge. Black Bull had no dread of any of these, but the thought of them angered him. Again he snorted and flourished his horns, then turned to look at his herd of fifteen black cows lying in the wild pea vines a hundred yards behind him.

A half mile away grazed a much larger herd, including many bulls; but Black Bull was not interested in these. Overawing all rivals, he had taken his pick of the cows and he concerned himself only with these favorites. A glance showed him that they were well out on the prairie, safe from any marauder that might be lurking in the cover of the woods. For himself, he feared nothing. He resumed his feeding, moving closer and closer to the forest's edge.

Presently he saw a buck run at full speed out of the woods near the spot where the other whitetails had taken fright. A few minutes later three wild turkeys flew out; then, nearer at hand, another deer emerged, and another still nearer. Soon a large flock of green-and-yellow parrakeets appeared, screeching shrilly. Plainly the marauder, whatever it was, was moving along the edge of the forest just within the outermost ranks of the trees, its progress marked by the deer, turkeys and parrakeets which its advance drove out into the open.

Black Bull made up his mind that the unseen enemy steadily drawing nearer within the forest margin was a puma. He tossed his huge head and blew loudly through his nose. Another deer dashed out of the woods not more than a hundred yards away. Lashing his tail, Black Bull marched majestically across the narrow strip of prairie and into the woods, his arrogant eyes searching the long sun-spotted vistas for the big tawny cat that had dared approach the feeding ground of his wives.

He saw no puma, nor any other foeman worthy of his attention. Only the smaller folk of the forest were visible—a troop of fox squirrels, a grizzled opossum nosing about amid the leaves, a flock of flickers searching the ground for insects, a scarlet-crested ivory-billed woodpecker, as big as a duck, scaling the bark from a rotting log.

Black Bull waited and watched, snorting at intervals and pawing the ground. There was no undergrowth to impede his view; but the sun rays, slanting down through the high roof of dense foliage, dazzled his vision somewhat and made a deceptive ever-changing mosaic of light and shadow on the forest carpet amid the huge upstanding pillars of gray hickory and mottled sycamore. Black Bull, facing into the light, failed to distinguish the buckskin-clad form of the white hunter sitting still as a graven image on his sorrel pony, which, at a whispered word, had frozen into statuelike immobility.

Burliegh gazed at the great bull before him with narrowed eyes which plainly betrayed his astonishment. Having the sun behind him, he could distinguish every detail, and he knew at once that this huge coal-black creature was of a kind which he had never met with before and which no other hunter had ever described to him. Probably because of the bull's great size and because he had never heard of an instance of the sort, Burliegh did not suspect a cross of buffalo and wild black cattle. Here, he concluded naturally enough, was a new species of buffalo the like of which no other white man had ever seen—a buffalo black instead of brown, longer horned than the common sort, lower humped, yet longer limbed, a little less shaggy, yet royally clad in a thick sable coat which would bring a high price in the fur market.

Burliegh, confident of his own invisibility and thankful that he was to leeward of his quarry, studied the bull with the most minute care to impress indelibly upon his memory every detail of the animal's appearance in life. Years might pass before he saw another of its kind. He wanted to learn all that he could about this one before he shot it.

Black Bull, unconscious of the scrutiny, impatiently awaiting the puma whose coming he still expected, stood in an open sunny spot midway between two giant white oaks whose boughs interlaced forty feet above him. For a space of minutes he stood thus, tossing his head and stamping, a superb picture of massively proportioned strength and defiant fearlessness. Then, as no enemy answered his challenge, he turned broadside to the hunter and walked slowly toward the larger white oak.

Burliegh moved not a muscle. His practiced eye told him that the bull was going to lie down; and he would probably lie with his back to the sun, thus facing away from the hunter and making possible a closer approach.

It was as Burliegh expected, but even better. The great bull moved deliberately across the glade, chose a shady place close to the oak, lowered his massive body to the ground with a sinuous writhing of bulging muscles under the sleek hide of his hind quarters. Not only was his head turned away from the hunter but the latter knew that the vital spot behind the bull's shoulder was widely exposed for a fatal shot.

Burliegh touched the Chickasaw pony's flank with his heel, tightened and twitched the bridle. The pony, ears pricked, moved forward very slowly, his small hoofs delicately pressing the ground. Burliegh dropped the bridle rein, raised his long rifle halfway to his shoulder. The pony would halt at a whisper. The hunter hoped to get yards closer to his prey but would shoot the instant the bull took alarm.

Ten feet to the left of the white oak a long reddish-brown snake, flowing silently across the leaves, stopped suddenly. Black Bull had flicked an ear to dislodge a fly and the snake's beady eyes had caught the motion. Four inches of the serpent's slender tail quivered rapidly, making a slight but distinctly audible rattling noise amid the dead leaves. Black Bull's shaggy head swung quickly toward the sound.

The Chickasaw pony stopped. Burliegh's rifle went to his shoulder. The long barrel wavered a fraction of a second, then steadied. Burliegh, peering along the rifle barrel, his finger caressing the trigger, saw a small white object flash downward. Twenty feet in front of him a white-feathered arrow stood quivering, its head buried in the ground.

The Chickasaw pony bounded forward as heels dug into his flanks, wheeled to the right as the iron bit wrenched his mouth, steadied and stiffened as the bridle rein tightened. Already Burliegh, crouching low in his saddle behind the horse's neck, had the Indian covered.

The hunter's square-jawed, sun-tanned face glowed a dark red with excitement or anger; his gray eyes, narrow and sparkling, not only scanned the approaching red man but searched also the forest vistas behind him and the tree trunks to right and left.

The Indian, very tall and straight, naked save for a single deerskin garment about his waist, walked calmly forward, carrying his bow in his left hand. As he came on, he made with his right hand the gesture of peace. Burliegh, gazing grimly along his rifle barrel, made no sign or movement in reply. Fifteen paces from the rifle muzzle the red man halted.

"It is Keenta the Beaver who speaks," he said in the Yemassee tongue, "and Keenta is alone. The white hunter need not shoot. The arrow was not meant to do harm."

Burliegh's narrowed eyes searched the other's face. His frown darkened.

"Arrows are not sent as tokens of peace," he said in the same language. "Why did Keenta the Beaver drop an arrow at Burliegh's feet if he comes as a friend? Let him speak quickly and plainly, for Burliegh's trigger finger itches and his eyes long to see daylight through Keenta's head."

The tall Indian's face remained utterly impassive.

"Keenta has heard of Burliegh of Wadboo," he said, his voice a little deeper than before, "and has learned that his words are strong. It pleases him now to threaten. Yet Keenta will do the white warrior's bidding. Let Burliegh listen.

"The black bull which Burliegh saw on the prairie is the bull of Ahowhe, Keenta's woman. When Burliegh rose in his stirrups and viewed the bull, Keenta was watching from the canebrake. When Burliegh turned and rode through the forest, Keenta knew that he sought the black bull. Keenta followed, but was almost too late. Burliegh's rifle was at his shoulder. Keenta winged a slow arrow over Burliegh's head. He could as easily have sent that arrow into Burliegh's back. Now that he has spoken, he asks that Burliegh spare Ahowhe's bull."

The white hunter's frown had become a scowl. Burliegh was of that school which ruled the red men by overawing them. It was his boast among his fellows that he could read in any Indian's countenance the quality of his courage and that there was not one red man in ten whom he could not bend to his will. Largely, he was right; for from Santee to Edisto, from Kiawah to Unaka Kanoos, Burliegh of Wadboo was respected and feared. He ripped out an oath.

"Keenta the Beaver is a liar," he said in a voice as hard as steel. "He is a liar like all his race. And he is a serpent, hiding in canebrakes and spying on honest men. The black bull is a wild bull. Burliegh will shoot him from this spot while Keenta looks on."

The Indian started to speak. Burliegh cut him short.

"Let Keenta listen," he said. "With Burliegh are five Englishmen, great warriors and hunters, including Almayne himself. By now they have broken camp beside the cane thicket and are following Burliegh's trail to this place. Keenta is a liar, but no fool."

Contemptuously he turned his back upon the Indian and wheeled the pony around. Black Bull, hearing the sound of voices, had risen. The red hunters had never harmed him; the white hunters he had never chanced to meet; hence he had little or no fear of man. He stood tossing his head defiantly, more inclined to charge than to retreat.

Burliegh, a little surprised at the bull's boldness, nevertheless recalled the proverbial stupidity of many buffalo. Evidently these black buffalo were sometimes as slow-witted as the brown. He leveled his weapon, aiming at the brain. It was a long shot, but so much the better. The Indian would be the more impressed.

The pony moved a fraction of an inch. Burliegh growled a reprimand and readjusted his aim. Keenta must not see him miss. He took plenty of time, drawing a fine and careful bead.

Burliegh, his shoulder turned to the Indian, saw nothing of the latter's movements. They were few, but marvelously swift. It was because Keenta excelled with the bow that he still hunted with the weapons of his fathers, though many of his tribesmen now used the white man's powder and shot.

Burliegh never knew whether Keenta threw the arrow with his hand or shot it from his bow. It must have been the latter, for the arrow pierced Burliegh's throat and made a deep dent in the hard wood of the rifle stock pressed against his chin.

The rifle dropped from the white hunter's hand. Turning slowly in his saddle, he stared dully at the Indian while blood jetted over his chest. Then, as the Chickasaw pony reared, he fell forward, clasping the horse's neck. The pony wheeled and galloped wildly along the back trail. Just before it vanished amid the tree trunks, Keenta saw Burliegh fall from the horse's back.

Keenta the Beaver turned and faced Black Bull. A strange light shone in his eyes, a light born of the thoughts and the hopes racing through his brain. Somehow he knew suddenly that the time had come, the time for the testing of the prophecy, the hour which would determine his fate and, if he lived, perhaps bring promise of the son for whom he yearned. He had waited long for that hour and he was weary of waiting. In a sudden burst of light, knowledge had come to him that, if he had courage for the test, he could bring it to pass now.

Burliegh's comrades had already broken camp. This Keenta knew, for before he took up the hunter's trail he had seen them stirring. They, too, would follow Burliegh's tracks. Any moment might bring them, their coming hastened by the riderless horse. If they found Keenta, there would be drama in the forest—and Keenta knew the methods of Almayne.

His vengeance would not be swift, but slow and torturing. Once, borrowing a custom of the Tuscaroras, who had murdered his brother, Almayne had killed a chief of that tribe by driving pine splinters into him and setting these on fire one by one. That, or something worse, would be Keenta's fate if he awaited the coming of

(Continued on Page 111)

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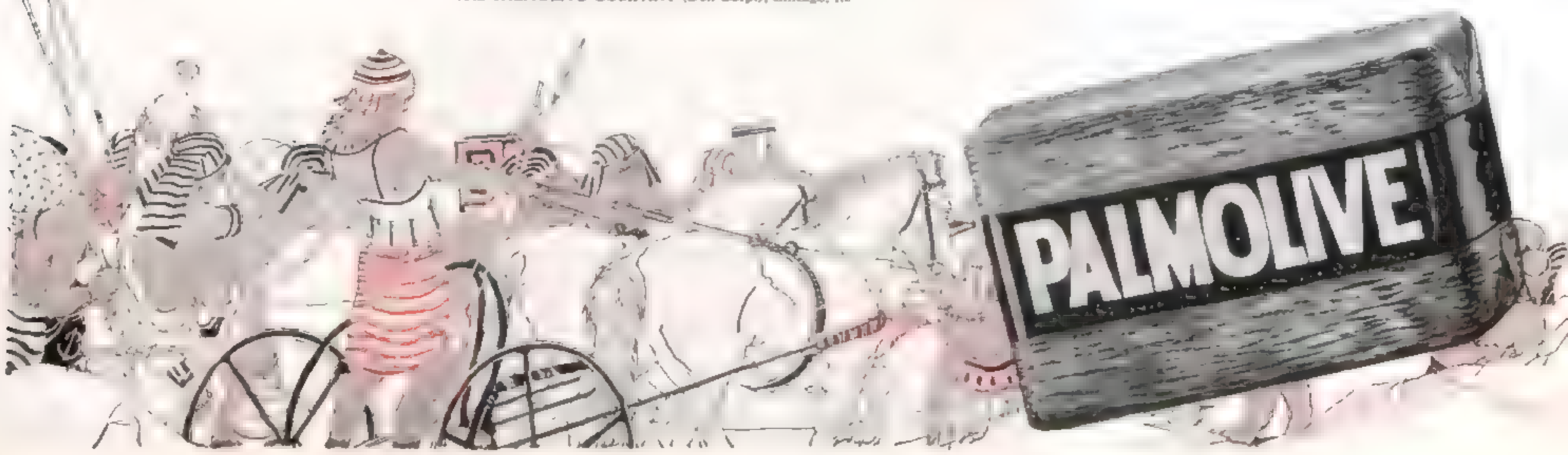

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Burliegh's friends and if Black Bull, on whom his fate depended, chose to let him die

Keenta the Beaver, after the manner of his race, addressed to Black Bull, standing in the middle distance, a long and solemn speech. Then, as the Indian's quick eye caught a movement amid the trees near the spot where Burliegh had fallen, he crouched low, ran swiftly to a sycamore and stood behind its stout trunk. There he fitted another arrow to his bow.

Almayne, stooping beside Burliegh's body, wasted little time there. The dying man had whispered half a dozen words: "Keenta the Beaver—alone on foot." In an instant Almayne was on his horse again, giving his orders. The five horsemen spread out in a wide arc and moved on, Almayne himself in the center, following the tracks of Burliegh's pony. They rode forward silently but swiftly, their grim eyes searching the woods ahead, their rifles ready.

Suddenly, straight in front of Almayne, Keenta the Beaver stepped into view from behind a sycamore. His long bow was in his hand, an arrow fitted to the string; but his back was turned to the white hunter, as though he were unaware of the latter's approach.

Slowly he lifted the bow and drew the shaft to the head. Almayne, looking where the arrow pointed, saw for the first time a great black bull standing motionless a long bow shot away.

Carefully Keenta aimed, seemingly unaware of his peril, his back still turned to the white hunter; and swiftly Almayne slipped from his horse and ran forward, his moccasined feet making no sound.

The long bow twanged. Keenta bent forward, his eyes following the arrow's flight. The shaft sped true. It entered Black Bull's right shoulder a half second before Almayne leaped upon Keenta's back and bore him to the ground.

What happened then happened quickly. Keenta, writhing and heaving under Almayne's weight, heard the noise of hurrying hoofs as the other horsemen dashed up from both sides—heard and saw them fling themselves from their saddles and rush to their leader's aid. In that same instant, too, he heard another sound—Black Bull's thunderous bellow as red rage surged up in him after the first shock of pain. It was then that Keenta prayed to his gods, for there was one chance that he had overlooked—the chance that Black Bull would charge the horses instead of the struggling mass of men.

Keenta heard Almayne's hoarse cry, "Take him alive," felt the ground shake under a mightier tread than the tread of any horse, heard a white hunter's shout of amazement and alarm. Next moment Black Bull was upon them. Two men leaped clear in time. A third, who saved himself from death by clinging to Black Bull's horns as the irresistible sable avalanche rushed past, was tossed and broke his leg as he struck ground. A fourth lay on his back, groaning; and a fifth, Almayne himself, sprawled on his face utterly still, stunned by the impact of a flying hoof.

Keenta the Beaver, uninjured save for a long gash on his left arm, leaped to his feet and in an instant reached the nearest horse, rearing with terror, but too well trained to bolt. Lithe as a lynx, he bounded upon the horse's back. The light of triumph, the joy of fulfillment in his eyes, he gave the long war whoop of his tribe. Then, as two white hunters dashed for their horses and their guns, he dug his heels into the pony's flanks and raced for the canebrake and the swamp where ten thousand hunters could not track or find him.

The chuck-will's-widows, those strange night fowls which are like the whippoorwills, but much larger, do not understand the nature of moonlight. Ordinarily they sing chiefly at dusk and toward dawn; but when the moon shines in spring they think that the whole night is one long dusk or one long dawn, and they sing unceasingly from sunset to sunrise.

All night, in a sparkleberry thicket near Ahowhe's round hut in the village, a chuck-will's-widow had been singing. It was only one of many, for these birds were plentiful about the Yemassee town. Ahowhe, wakeful because of the trouble that had befallen, had listened to the bird for hours, scarcely aware that she heard it, her mind being full of other things.

She knew that Sinnawa, the aged chief, must bow to Almayne's demand. At dusk the famous white warrior and four others, one of them groaning with a broken rib, another nursing a smashed leg, had ridden into the village and brought word that Keenta the Beaver had killed the English hunter, Burliegh of Wadboo. Almayne's order was that Keenta the Beaver, the moment he returned, be sent a captive to Charles Town to pay the death penalty. Failing this, Almayne had said, the white troopers would come and burn the town.

Two hours before dawn, when clouds had obscured the moon, Ahowhe realized suddenly that the chuck-will's-widow sang with a new note. No one saw her when she went out into the darkness. No one saw her when she returned. No one saw her when she went out a second time.

Nor was Ahowhe ever seen in that village again; and Keenta the Beaver, Ahowhe's warrior, was seen there no more. Years afterwards, a young man of that village, returning from a mission to Moytoy of Tellequo, Emperor of the Nations, said that he had met Keenta and Ahowhe in a town of the Cherokees beyond the mountains, and that with them was a young boy, their son. His mother called the boy Black Bull of Ahowhe; but Keenta called him Yanasa, the Very Great Bull, the Master of the Herds.

RUSTY MEETS A TRICKY ONE

(Continued from Page 17)

warned by cops to get a move on, but I just gives 'em a mean look and sticks to fifteen an hour.

"Coming on all right, Mrs. Gowdy?" I asks.

"Fine, Gillan," says she. "See, I'm not even holding on to the seat cushions now. But I don't see how you ever get through such messes. You must be a wonderful driver."

"Well, I ain't the world's worst," I admits. "From here on, though, I'm gonna speed up a bit, but if you don't like it, just say the word. They'll be expectin' you for lunch, eh?"

"I don't know," says she. "I didn't answer Mamie's telegram at all. I don't like sending telegrams, or getting 'em, and Mamie never wires me or writes unless she wants more money or is in some kind of trouble. This time it's trouble. I don't understand just what, and probably I shan't after I get there."

"You'll straighten things out though, I expect," says I.

"I don't expect to do anything of the kind," says she. "I never was much of a hand to manage other people's affairs for them. Never thought I was wise enough, specially with my own young folks. Of course a lot of the things they do might seem foolish and worse to me; but then, maybe they ain't at all. There's lots of ways of livin', and perhaps Mamie's is as right for her as mine is for me. If her way is wrong she's got to find it out for herself. Anyway, I'm not going to try to tell Philip Trimble anything."

"I've seen 'em like that," says I. "They do the tellin' first. Generally they pick the World's Series winners in June and find out their mistake in October, when they pay their bets. Is that his specialty?"

"No," says she. "That would be too slow for Philip. He can lose his money faster on race horses. I believe that's where it goes."

Later on I gets another slant on her. She says when she made up her mind she ought to visit Mamie and find out what all the panic was about, she decided it would be a good thing to have a car and shuffer of her own, so she could leave in a hurry if she wanted to and perhaps look up some of her other married sons or daughters.

"Besides," she adds, "I might as well be spending some of my money myself."

"Sounds reasonable," says I. "Here's where we turn off for Capooset."

Another half hour and we're rollin' through some stone gateposts and up to the front of one of these classy stucco houses with a green tiled roof and a lot of fancy awnin's. And of course there's a frozen-faced butler who answers Ma Gowdy's ring. He inspects her haughty, almost shiverin' at the antique bonnet with the purple flowers, and sticks out a silver plate.

"Mrs. Trimble is not receiving today, madam," says he, "but you may leave cards if you like."

"Thank you," says the old girl, amilin' easy, "but I guess I'll go right in and see Mamie myself. I'm her ma, you know. Wait here, Gillan, until I see whether we're going to stay or not."

And she gets towed in prompt. For while she never insists that she must have things, somehow she always seems to get what she's after. People start out by tellin' her no mighty positive, and the first they know they're doin' just as she says. Same as the way she hired me. I expect that tricky smile has something to do with it. But whether or not she could use it to work Daughter Mamie out of her trouble I wasn't to discover for some time.

It was near an hour that I sat there behind the steerin' wheel waitin' for some word, and the only break to the monotony was when a perky-mouthed maid comes to one of the side windows and pretends to be manicurin' the flower box. I gets her eye and holds up eight fingers. She shakes her head. Then I holds up nine. She runs out her tongue at me. Then I points to the inside of the coupé, waves toward the nearest village, and makes my shoulders do a jazz motion. At that she looks around cautious and bobs her head. I blows her a kiss and she blows one back. Then she ducks out of sight, but I know that if we stay I've dated a skirt for a dance, so the time ain't altogether been wasted.

And finally Ma Gowdy comes out with the butler trailin'. "All right, Gillan," says she. "Give Hunter my bag and they'll show you your quarters at the garage."

Well, from then on it's the usual country-house stuff—razzin' and bein' razzed by the local help, swappin' lies about long runs with the fam'ly shuffer, and samplin' the chow they deal out in the service wing. That's always a test of whether you're visitin' at a reg'lar place or not—how they feed the force. If it's good plain grub, bought special for the help, then you're visitin' quality; if it's left-overs from the front dinin' room, you're in with second-raters. At the Trimbles' it was left-overs, with Hunter havin' first pick.

It ain't long, either, before I'm well posted on the whole outfit. I get it from Gladys, the perky-mouthed maid, between dances that night. "They're ice-breakers," says she. "You know, tryin' to crash in; and I could tell 'em they've tackled some job, for there's a lot of real swells livin' in the big places around here—old fam'lies that's summered here since the spring after Columbus discovered Coney Island—and the Trimbles have got no more chance of gettin' thick with them than cabbage soup would of passin' for roast pheasant."

"Ain't makin' the grade, eh?" says I.

"Oh, they ain't exactly washouts," says Gladys. "There's a bunch of newcomers in the country-club set that they run with. Fringers. And kind of a speedy lot, if you ask me. Uh-huh! They've staged some wild parties since I been here. I'll say so. Honest, Hunter and me have started in servin' cocktails at eight P.M. and ended at seven next mornin' passin' highballs with the bacon and eggs. Leaves the house a wreck, them affairs do. Us too."

Which gives me a slant as to where most of the clay-pi. profits are goin'. I remarks that I'd only got a glimpse of Mrs. Trimble and that she didn't look like such a high roller.

"She wouldn't be either," says Gladys, "if it wan't for Flashy Phil."

"Trimble, eh?" says I. "He's the gay one of the sket.h, is he?"

"Gay is right," says Gladys, "and a bad egg, at that. If it wasn't for the missus he'd be over in Paris or Monte Carlo goin' the limit, but sh- holds him down on account of the children."

It seems there's two youngsters—a boy of eight, and Estelle, who's nearly seventeen. "It's Miss Stella that's got 'em worried now," goes on Gladys, "but what else they can expect of a girl brought up like she's been is past me."

"Got all the flapper tricks, has she?" I asks.

"And then some," says Gladys. "Say, if I should smoke half the cigarettes she does

(Continued on Page 113)

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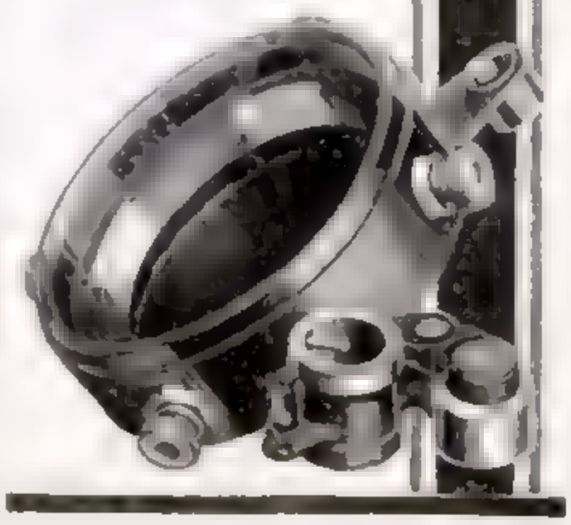

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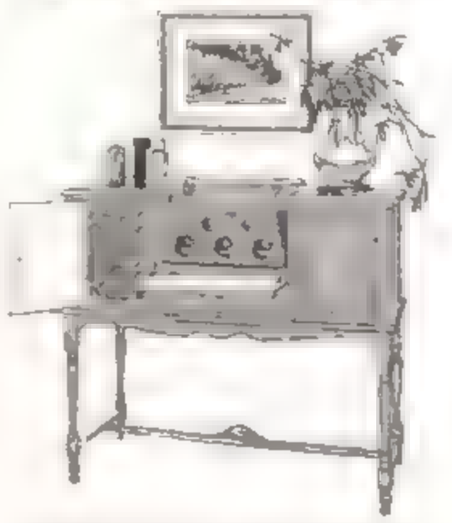

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WORKRITE
SUPER NEUTRODYNE RADIO SETS

(Continued from Page 111)

every day I'd be minus both lungs. And drinks! Why, she can carry more'n most of them old soaks that come here. Ain't prohibition grand, Rusty? Gee! If I'd known you was comin' I'd sneaked a quart of Scotch at the last party while Hunter was gettin' his."

"Just as well," says I. "I'm no antibooze fanatic, but my tummy is. What about Miss Stella? Broke loose in a new act, has she?"

"Faded out," says Gladys. "Skipped, without word or warnin'. She's been gone four days now, and her folks have near gone to pieces over it. Mrs. Trimble ain't been out of her room for the last forty-eight hours, and even Flashy Phil has been cold sober since Tuesday night. He goes cursin' around the house with a gun in his pocket swearin' he's gonna shoot some guy or other."

"Gone with a man, has she?" I asks.

Gladys hunches her shoulders. "That's what they think," says she. "If you ask me, I shouldn't be surprised. She's a pert little piece, and she had enough of 'em trailin' around; some of them middle-aged sports that I wouldn't put anything past. Still, they've checked up on most of 'em."

"Might be stayin' with some flapper friend or off with relations," I suggests.

"They've phoned and wired all over the lot," says Gladys. "Even had you bring up this freak grandmother."

"Easy on Ma Gowdy, girlie," says I. "She's the real thing, in spite of the back-number costume."

"Oh, anybody with an eye can guess that," says Gladys, "but what use is an antique like her in a case like this? I ask you. Might show 'em how to start a piece quilt or pick up a dropped stitch; but when it comes to dopin' out what a speed demon like Miss Stella might do, I can't feature her as bein' helpful. She don't strike me as the right kind of grandmother for that work."

"Yes, there's something in that," I agrees, "and she'd be the first one to admit it. Ma Gowdy don't pose as any general manager or Mrs. Fixit. She wouldn't have come up here at all if Daughter Mamie hadn't wired so frantic, and she knows less about the habits of the new-model flapper than I do of what a catfish does with his whiskers. Shall we have one more fox trot before we quit?"

So next day, when Ma Gowdy opens up the subject to me, I'm more or less primed. She'd called for the car soon after breakfast and told me to take her for a drive.

"On some quiet back roads, if you can find 'em, Rusty," says she, usin' my pet name for the first time. "I've been considerably upset, talking with Mamie so long last night."

"Yessum," says I.

"You—you have heard something about Stella, I suppose?" she goes on.

I nods.

"Of course," says she, "the servants know the whole story, although Mamie thinks she's kept it quiet. How much did they tell you, Rusty?"

"I expect they didn't skip many points," says I. "Any word from her last night?"

"Yes," says Ma Gowdy. "She was afraid they would notify the police, so about eleven o'clock she phoned. She's in New York."

"With some—anybody with her?" I asks.

"They don't know," says Ma Gowdy. "She didn't tell 'em much, only that she was all right and meant to stay there. Said if either her pa or ma came after her and took her home again she'd run away so far the next time that they'd never find her."

"Didn't say where in New York?" I puts in.

"No," says Ma Gowdy. "Just that she'd hired a studio, whatever that means."

"Huh!" says I. "Listens like another recruit for Greenwich Village."

She mulls that over for some time and at last she breaks out with, "What makes you think she may have gone to that Village place, Rusty?"

"Oh, it's just a hunch," says I. "That's where studios are thickest."

"Is it such an awful place, Rusty?" she asks.

"Depends on who's describin' it," says I. "I expect it would hand you a few jolts, Mrs. Gowdy, but the few trips I've made to them so-called joints down there only got me yawny. Full of long-haired ginks and short-haired girls. It's where the bobbin' craze started, I guess. And the way I understand it this Village district is kind of a seventh heaven for girls that go queer in the head and get sore on their fam'lies or get restless from livin' in some hick burg."

"But what do they do after they get there?" she asks.

"Oh, just live arty," says I. "You know: They paint pitchers daytimes, and wear weird clothes, and eat their meals in cellars, and raise Cain all night. It's what they call expressin' themselves. I guess that's about right. Anyway, I take it none of 'em travels on any freight schedule. 'Course, all I know about this Miss Stella I got secondhand, but if I was out scoutin' for her that's where I'd look first."

"That's the first suggestion I've heard that sounded sensible," says she. "True, I know Stella not much better than you do. Haven't seen her since she was six, and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself. But I never did care for Philip Trimble, nor him for me. But Mamie's my own daughter and I'm the girl's grandmother. I've told 'em I wouldn't mix in this affair, too; that I couldn't do anything if I did. But if anything happens to her I'd have it on my conscience. Suppose we try it, Rusty?"

"Eh?" says I.

"To find Stella," she goes on. "I don't promise to make her over or anything like that, even if we should locate her. I'm sure she wouldn't let me. She'd probably be ashamed to own such a silly, old-fashioned person as a relation. But it would be some satisfaction if I could know just where she was and what she was doing. And if there was a man —well, we'll trust there isn't. The point is, will you help me find her, Rusty?"

"I knew there was some catch to this job," says I. "But I'm game. I'll do my best, Mrs. Gowdy."

"Thank you, Rusty," says she, with one of her winnin' smiles. "We will drive back to town right after luncheon."

And that's how I come to be let in on this sleuthin' campaign that sends us cruisin' around Sheridan Square and that neighborhood in a shiny new coupé with a freaky-dressed old girl as a passenger. No wonder we was stared at by the natives.

"'Course there's no use askin' questions, for more'n half that section is full of Dago tenements, and the studio crowd is a shiftin' one that only gets acquainted in little groups. The Village is just as much city as Harlem is. My scheme is to hang around until we spots somebody that looks like Stella, and then trail her until we find out if we're right or wrong. We had a couple of photos to go by, but at that it looked like a long shot. Ma Gowdy was keen for it though.

The first day we saw more'n a dozen girls that one or the other of us thought might be Stella, and we'd squint first at them and then at the photos, and sometimes chase 'em for blocks. Two I trailed clear to where they was goin' and did some shifty gum-shoe work findin' out their names. But one was a Miss McGuire who was jugglin' dishes in a quick lunch, and the other was Rosa Saprollo, cashier in a corner drug store. And Rosa's boss caught me givin' the soda jerker the third degree and promised to knock my block off if he saw me around there again. So after that I was a bit cagy.

We had no better luck and fewer clews the second day. But on the third we struck something. I saw a bob-haired girl in a jumper dodge into a delicatessen store, and when she came out we both had a good view of her. This one looked a lot like the pitchers, too, especially around the mouth and eyes.

"But Stella wouldn't be dressed like that," objects Ma Gowdy.

"Why not?" says I. "It's what most of these arty skirts wear, and if she was gonna camp down here she'd want to dress the part. We gotta move quick or we'll lose her."

"Then move," says Ma Gowdy, edgin' forward on the seat with her keen eyes followin' this slim young thing that's glidin' graceful through the noonday crowd on Sixth Avenue. "There! She's turned into that side street."

I jumps the bus from first into third, cuts in ahead of a taxi, misses a squad of jabberin' buttonhole makers by an inch, and keeps her in sight. Two minutes later she gave us the slip, for the next we knew she'd disappeared.

"Must have swung into Macdougal Alley," says I.

It was a good guess, but only by leavin' the car and dashin' on afoot did I catch her

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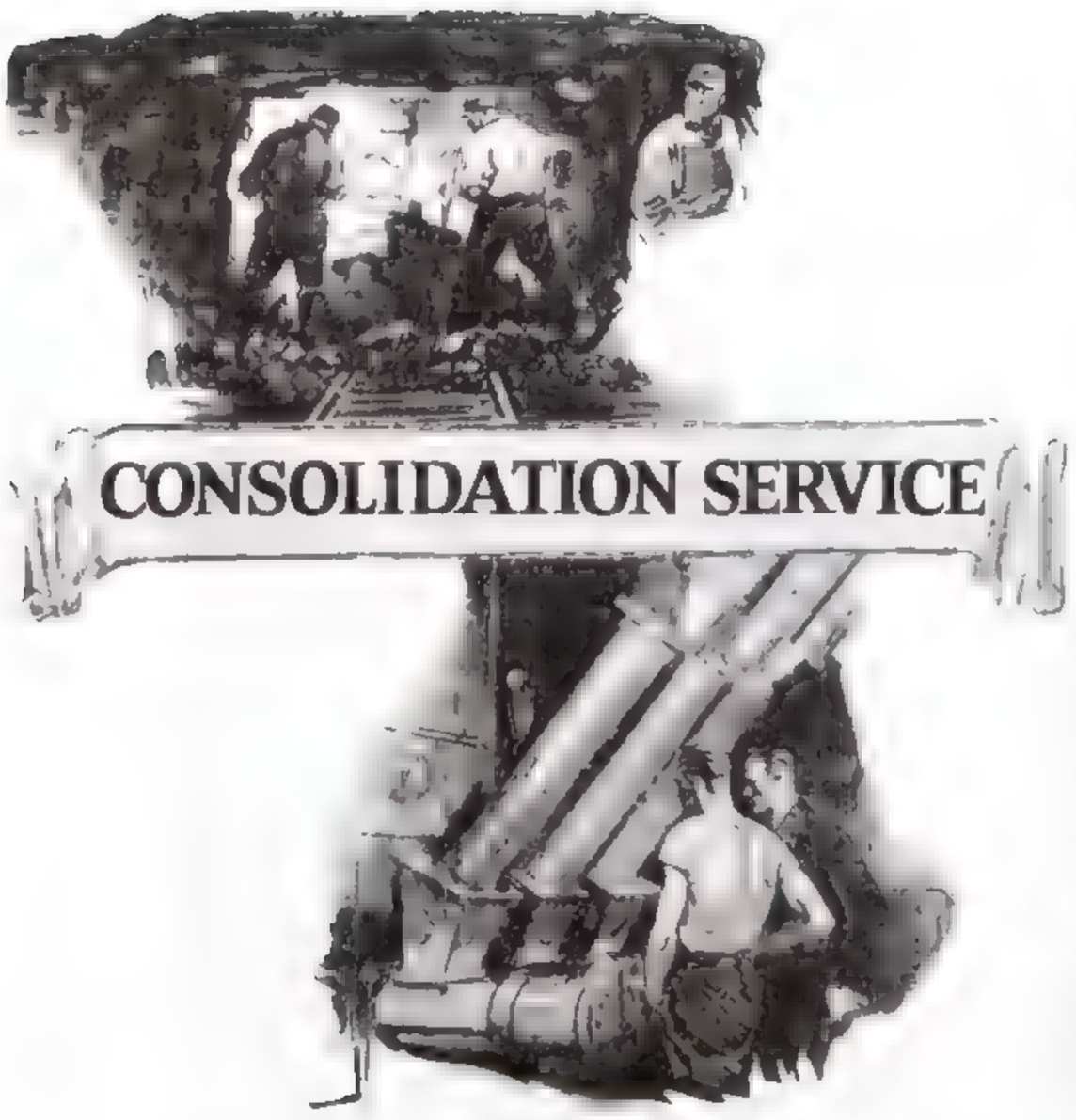

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again, gettin' there just in time to see her make another turn and step into a doorway. After she'd shut the door behind her I walks up and took the number, and as I'm doin' that I notices some card plates along the side of the jamb. In one was a new card that had "Estelle Gowdy" written on it.

When I reports to Ma Gowdy she pats me on the shoulder enthusiastic. "I knew you had a lot of sense, Rusty," says she. "Of course it's her. Gowdy's her middle name, and she's simply dropped the Trimble. I don't know as I blame her. Now you're sure you can find the house again?"

"Couldn't miss it," says I. "There's a sign out of a furnished studio to let just over the door."

"There is?" says she. "Let me think a moment. No, I'll do my thinking later. Hunt up the agent, or whoever has charge, and rent that studio for me."

That does get a gasp out of me. "But listen, Mrs. Gowdy," says I, "it ain't in a reg'lar house, you know—just one of a row of two-story shacks that must have been stables once. You—you wouldn't think of livin' there, would you?"

"If Stella can stand it I guess I can," says she. "For a while, at least. It's the only way I can be near her."

Well, I knew there was no use arguin' with her, and inside of an hour she'd signed a lease for something she'd never seen. Then she says she must go back to the hotel after some of her things, and phone Mamie that we'd found Stella.

"I'm not going to tell her where, either," says she. "If I am to help the girl in any way she mustn't be interfered with, and she mustn't know who I am. That means I shall have to invent another name. Do you mind if I borrow yours, Rusty, and call myself Mrs. Gillan?"

"Help yourself," says I. "I ain't any too sure how it came to be wished on me anyway. But what if she should remember how you looked, and guess?"

"That's so," says Ma Gowdy. "She might. Mamie did bring her to see me quite often at one time, when Stella was five or so, and I don't suppose I've changed so much."

"There's another thing, too," says I. "What you gonna give out that you're doin', down in one of them studio joints?"

"Why can't I be doing what the others are?" says she. "I used to like to daub around with paints. I did some pansies on a plaque once. I'll do some more."

"There's no law to stop you," says I, and we each grins.

When I unloads her she says she'll be ready to go down to her studio about ten next mornin'. I was right on the dot, but the doorman says she ain't showed up yet. He kinda shakes his head over it too.

"Never knew the old girl to go gaddin' about like this before," says he. "And now she's had a hairdresser up in her room all the mornin'."

"Maybe she's havin' a permanent put in," I suggests.

"Her!" says Larry. "Just as like I'd wear rings in my ears."

So he was no more braced than me for what was handed us half an hour later. I'm the first one to spot her, though not until I heard her speak was I sure. For what comes followin' the bellhop out with the new suitcase is a slender female in one of these tight one-piece dresses cut short at the bottom, openwork slippers, sunburn-shade silk socks, and a sugar-scoop lid that all but covers her eyes. And if it hadn't been for the merry twinkle and the russet-apple cheeks I'd have taken her for one of the usual type that floats in and out of such hotels.

"Land sakes, Rusty, don't let your eyes pop clear out of your head," says she. "You, too, Larry. It's only me."

And it was Ma Gowdy! Neither of us could do anything but gawp.

"Well," she goes on, "if I'm to live in Greenwich Village I got to dress the part, haven't I? I thought it all out last night, and this morning I called in M'selle Quinn, and she fixed me up with these things. Now quit staring, will you? I feel as if I had hardly anything on—and I haven't much. But she said I was right up to date."

"I'll say so," says I. "You're most crowdin' day after tomorrow."

"Honest, Mrs. Gowdy," says Larry, "I thought it was some young girl."

"Blarney!" says she. "But whisper. You don't know the worst. Look!"

With that she lifts off the hat, and there's her gray hair cut in a boyish bob that curls around her ears as cute as any flapper's you ever saw. 'Course it's kind of a shock seein' her that way, but I can't help gazin' admirin'.

"You're a knock-out, Mrs. Gowdy," says I. "Blamed if you don't look younger'n your daughter."

"Go on with you!" says she. "I'm the silliest old woman in seven states, but I'm not sure that I'm not enjoying it. Now let's start."

On the way down she sketches out her plans, the main object being to get friendly with Stella and keep her out of as much mischief as possible. She don't know quite how she can manage the act, but she thinks that being in the same building will give her a chance to get acquainted, and she'll trust to luck for the rest.

"I suppose I'll really have to mess around with paints some," says she, "but what I'm aching for is to do some cooking. Pa used to think I was a bang-up cook, Rusty, and so did the children; and I've been eating hotel food for so long that my fingers just itch to get hold of a frying pan and a bake-oven door once more. I'll let you sample one of my apple pies some day."

But when we'd climbed a flight of rickety stairs and she got a view of this low-posted loft with the two dingy windows and a skylight, and she'd looked around at the junky furniture and the dusty plaster casts and the fishnet draperies and the bed couch in one corner, she hunched her shoulders and dropped into a creaky Roman chair.

"So this is a studio!" says she. "Huh! With a few roosts nailed up it wouldn't make such a bad chicken house." Then she chuckles. "Where's the kitchen, Rusty?"

I points to a dark corner where there's an iron sink and a shelf with a one-burner gas-plate on it.

"Oh, well!" says she. "I can have a small gas range put in, and maybe a plumber can find room for a bathtub and washbowl somewhere."

"It ain't arty to have 'em," says I.

"I'll hide 'em with screens and not let on," says she. "Now which is Stella's studio?"

"Sh-h-h!" says I. "Just across the hall."

Well, I spent the best part of the day chasin' up plumbers and doin' errands for her, and when I left she'd gotten herself into a blue-and-yellow affair that she calls a smock, set up an easel she'd found under the couch, spread around some oil paints and brushes, and was startin' to scramble some eggs. Her bright old eyes are beamin' too.

"Whether I'm any help to Stella or not," says she, "this is going to be a lark. Come around about two o'clock tomorrow, Rusty, and take me for a drive somewhere."

"You're gonna need it, Mrs. Gowdy," says I.

"Mrs. Gillan, down here, Rusty," says she, shakin' a finger.

"It ought to be Miss from the way you look tonight," says I.

"That's what I feel like, anyway," says she.

Well, inside of three or four days she was all settled as comfy as anybody could expect to be in such quarters. She'd had a scrubwoman in and cleaned up most of the dirt, she'd hung some flowered stuff at the windows, set a few bloomin' plants on the ledge, and got the gas range workin'. Also she'd made a stab at paintin' a pitcher.

"What do you think of it, Rusty?" she asks.

"Why," says I, steppin' up close, "it looks like real hand paintin', all right. A guy with three arms settin' off fireworks, ain't it?"

She has kind of a chokin' spell just then, but after she gets her breath she pushes me into a chair. "Listen, Rusty," says she. "When we lived up on the farm next to the brickyards we had, out in the back yard, a crab-apple tree. Every spring it was full of blossoms. It stood up like—like a pink fountain. This is a picture of that tree as I remember it."

"Gosh!" says I, lookin' foolish. "I'm a poor guesser, ain't I?"

"Perhaps I'm a poor painter," says she.

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "I've had a peek or two into the joints on the first floor, and them birds has done worse than that. You ain't had Stella in for a guess yet, have you?"

She shakes her head. "I'm not getting on very well there," says she. "She has passed me in the hallway or on the stairs several times, and I've tried to nod pleasantly to her, but she always hurries by."

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Any sounds of wild parties in her place?" I asks.

"No," says Ma Gowdy. "She keeps very quiet. I believe she is painting, too, and taking lessons. But that dark girl downstairs has a lot of noisy friends who get to carrying on at times. I suppose Stella will take up with her first, if she does with anyone. I think I should like Stella though. She isn't exactly a beauty, but she has an interesting face. I'm sure there's a lot of Gowdy in her. But there must be more or less Trimble also. I wish I knew how to make her like me. Mamie has sent several messages to the hotel asking when I was going to bring Stella home, and here I haven't even spoken to her. Perhaps my plan was all wrong."

It looked that way, for even in the Village people don't seem to be chummy with their next-door neighbors, any more'n they do in flats. And Ma Gowdy begun to act like she was gettin' discouraged.

Then, about the end of the week, when I showed up one afternoon to take her for a drive, she pulls me into the studio and shuts the door.

"What do you think, Rusty?" says she, all excited. "I've done it!"

"Got somebody to say it does look like an apple tree?" says I.

"No, no!" says she. "Stella! I've made friends with her. You couldn't guess how."

I made two wide ones.

"With doughnuts!" says she. "I remembered that she used to like them as a little girl—hot ones. And I hadn't finished frying the first batch before she came knocking at the door. Said she just couldn't stand it. Made her think of her Grandmother Gowdy's doughnuts. Well, you can guess how hard it was for me to keep my face straight with her tellin' me that. But I made her sit right down while I boiled some tea water and got out some cheese, and we had a real feast. And Sunday morning she's coming in for hot waffles and fish cakes. Perhaps she'll go for a drive with us Sunday, out in New Jersey somewhere."

Well, she did. And it was while we was rollin' along easy over back roads up beyond Tenafly that she starts tellin' Ma Gowdy all about how she happened to be in the Village. I got most of it, although I did have to stretch my ear a bit. She opens by sayin' that she simply couldn't stand it at home any longer.

"It seemed such a silly stupid way to spend one's life," says she, "just going from one rackety party to another and doing nothing but dance and gamble and drink. And men are such beasts. There were two who—well, never mind them. They were friends of dad; at least, they passed as such. But some of the women weren't much better. And a few of the girls. How sick I got of the lot. But I didn't know how to keep away from them, or where to go, until I met a girl who had lived down here and who told me about this studio. I hated to run away, and to come alone; but what else was there for me to do? I suppose mother's throwing a fit. Well, she'll have to stand it. I'm not going back—ever."

"There were no relatives?" asked Ma Gowdy.

"None that I cared about living with," says Stella. "Uncle Sam is all right, but Aunt Mary has five children and her house is little more than a nursery. And Aunt Christie is a bridge and mah-jongg fiend. Of course there's Grandmother Gowdy, living somewhere in town, but I don't know much about her except that dad's always saying she dresses like a scarecrow. Anyway, she'd be a back number."

"Of course," says Ma Gowdy. "And you like painting?"

"I'm crazy over it," says Stella. "I took a few lessons one winter while we were in Rome. But I'm afraid I'm no genius. It's great fun trying, though, isn't it? How are you getting on? I think it's perfectly bully of you to keep at it. How long ago did you start, Mrs. Gillan?"

"Oh, years!" says she. "But I dropped it. I'm not much more than a beginner now."

"You must show me some of your things," says Stella. "I hope we're going to be great friends."

And out of the tail of my eye I could see Ma Gowdy's face light up. For sixteen and sixty-odd they'd made a good start at bein' chums.

As the days go by they kept gettin' thicker and thicker, and most of the time that Stella wasn't takin' art lessons or paintin' she was with her new friend across the hall; droppin' in for a chat, stayin' for a meal of real food, or out drivin' with us. Ma Gowdy tells me how they often go out at night for dinner together in one of them nutty places like The Pink Pup or The Pirates' Cave where they can eat spaghetti Espagnol and be gawped at by ten-day trippers from Beloit, Wisconsin, and Terre Haute.

"You ain't ever spilled the news about who you really are?" I asks Ma Gowdy once.

"No," says she. "I'm afraid that would spoil it all."

"How you ever gonna coax her out of this, then?" says I.

There's a merry twinkle in the old girl's eye as she shakes her head. "I don't know, Rusty," says she. "I haven't tried as yet. I'm beginning to wonder if I ever will. For I am having such a good time."

"Huh!" says I. "Listens like you'd swallowed the bug yourself."

And say, whaddye think? Next time I reports at the studio I finds the door open, and when I looks in, there's Ma Gowdy lettin' Stella light a cigarette for her.

"It helps keep the moths out of my bobbed hair," says she, chucklin'.

Then, only the other day, as I'm waitin' on a side street uptown while the two of 'em do some shoppin', who should I see parked in front of a show window but Mr. Buell, my old boss. The one that got hooked by the widow, you remember. And the two kids are with him. Very much so. He's busy keepin' 'em out of trouble while mamma buys herself some new gloves, I expect. As soon as he spots me I gives him the grin.

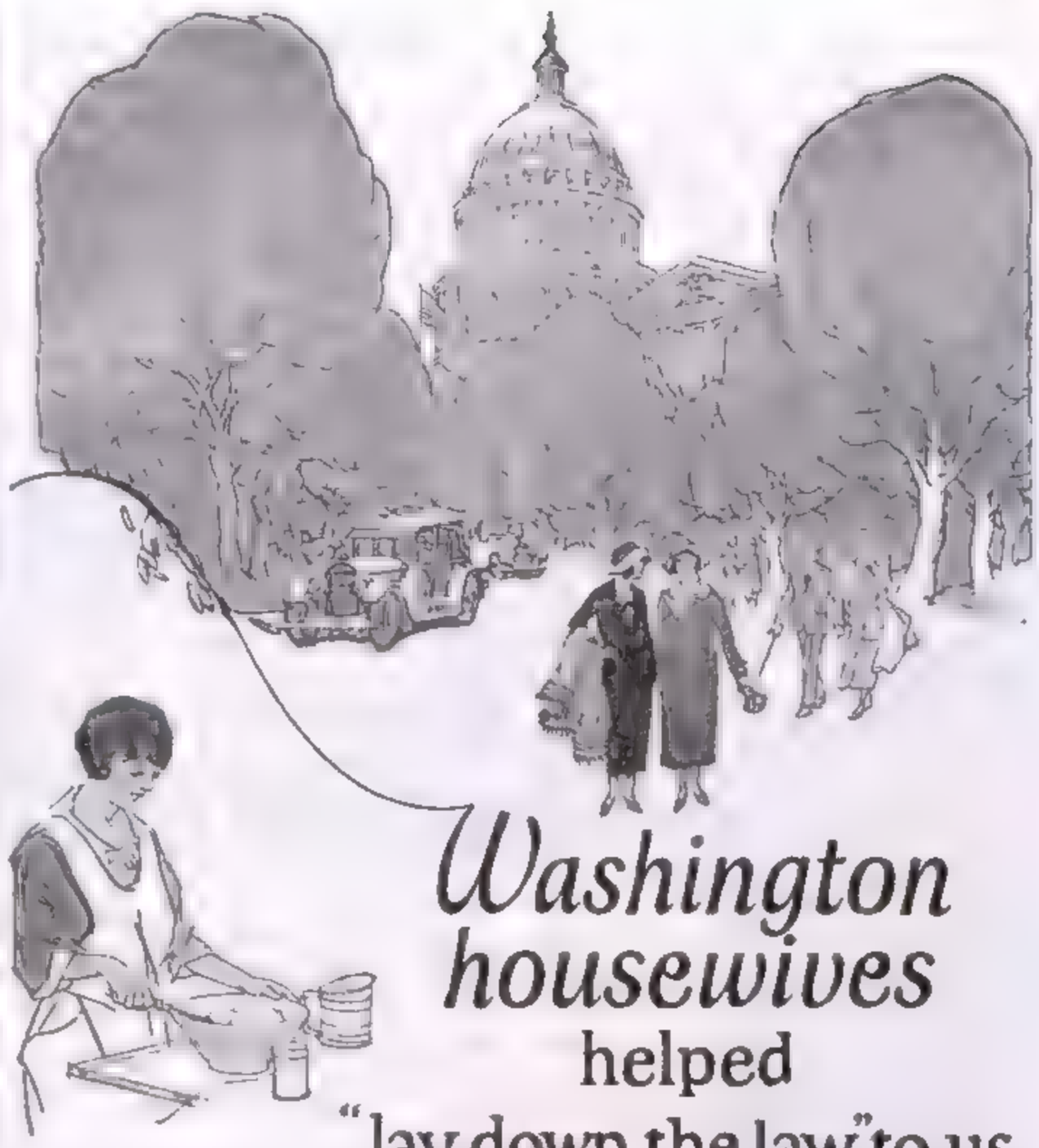
"Got you subbin' in for the nursemaid, have they, Mr. Buell?" I asks.

He pinks up and looks foolish. "Oh, yes," says he. "We are without one just now. They seldom stay more than two weeks, blast 'em. But what are you doing, Rusty?"

Then it's my turn to work an ear flush. "Me?" says I. "Why, I'm tryin' to keep up with a trick grandmother."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

Mrs. Jonah: "So! A Whale Swallowed You, Did He? I Suppose You Expect Me to Believe That!!!"



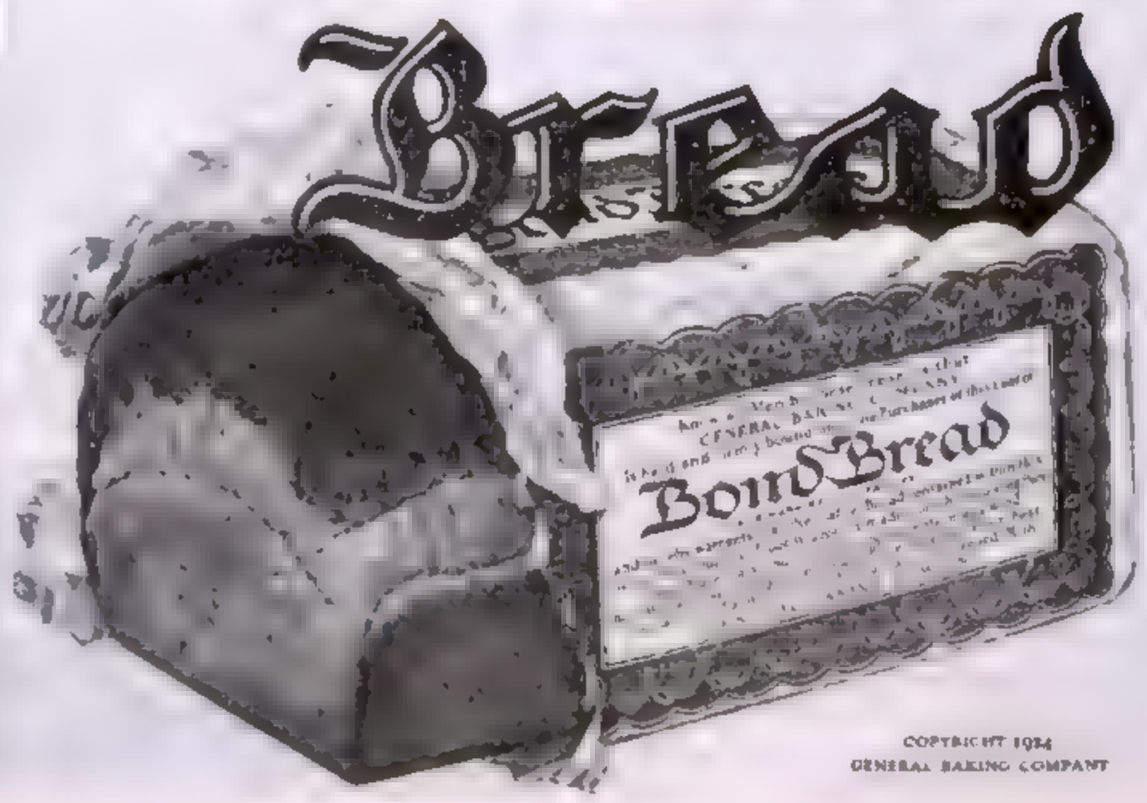
Washington housewives helped "lay down the law" to us

AT THE Y.W.C.A. in Washington, in the Fall of 1919, thousands of the Capital's housewives "laid down the law" to us—dictated the kind of bread they wanted us to make for them.

Wives of cabinet members were among the judges who reviewed the army of home-made loaves submitted as models for us to follow in making Bond Bread.

It is fitting that America's leading loaf should also stand first in the Nation's Capital. It is fitting that, of all the 43,040 housewives who showed us how to make Bond Bread, so many should have come from Washington, D. C.

Bond Bread



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EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 40)

"Only last week, sir, near the town of Ganlook, six Bolshevik agitators from Axphain were seized by an angry crowd of peasants and hanged to telegraph poles. In cutting them down later on, the citizens, realizing that they probably would have further use for good stout ropes, simply slashed off the heads and let the bodies drop to the ground; and the heads, too, for that matter." He hesitated and then went on dryly, "That is the kind of headway they are making, sir."

Yorke was too wise to question him further about government affairs or to seek information concerning the royal household. He would have gained nothing by pursuing such a course. On the contrary, it is quite probable that he would have inspired distrust and suspicion in the mind of the man. Graustark, he reflected, was constantly on the lookout for spies and mischief-makers, and this man was a government employe.

The train pounded noisily and laboriously over a serpentine track, along the bank of a turbulent ice-strewn river, charging down through the gaps in the mountains. The range over which it was creeping in such a tortuous, snail-like way was made up of a series of lofty, rugged peaks whose crests were bare of vegetation and capped with snow. The railway, following the course of the river, clung precariously to the rocky base of towering eminences on one side of the sinister defile. Scarce a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, stupendous heights reared themselves with unbelievable abruptness, reflecting in a sense the invisible peaks the train was skirting.

Yorke was impressed by the invulnerable nature of this gigantic barricade protecting the snug little principality of Graustark. What a stronghold it was! What an impregnable barrier God had thrown up about the mysterious, delectable bowl of plenty that lay so safely out of reach of the ravenous world!

The afternoon was well spent before the train began to slip out from among the monster hills, revealing occasional views of the uneven plains and woodland of Graustark. Presently small farms and fields took their place in the picture; then the spires and towers of hidden villages far off the railway line; then quarries gleaming white in the March sunshine, and the gaunt black chimneys and shafts of mines on the slopes. Wagon roads scarred the open spaces, thin white threads stretching off to the north—always to the north. For in the north, forty miles away, lay Edelweiss, the capital, cradled among the foothills of the encircling range. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, ox-drawn carts on the distant knolls and highways; later human figures in fields and dooryards—women in bright-colored dresses; men in faded green coats or capes, with dirty white leggings and peaked leathern hats; children in belted smocks of various hues.

The woodlands were of hardy mountain fir and pines, dull green masses under a turquoise sky. There was no snow on the brown, winter-stripped earth; but the ever-narrowing river was filled with swift-moving cakes and floes of ice.

There were but few passengers on the train. Yorke had a compartment all to himself. He was not lonely, however, nor bored. He had his thoughts, his imagination to keep him company. The latter, at least, was sprightly. It had saved him many a lonely hour in far lonelier places than this. Besides, the friendly guard paid him frequent visits.

They were slowing down for a small mountainside station when the guard came in and closed the corridor door behind him.

"I regret to inform you, sir, that all passengers traveling to the capital must be discharged at Haddak, a station on this side of the river, eight kilometers from Edelweiss. The bridge is unsafe. We dare not cross. It has been so for more than a fortnight. The floods and the ice have weakened it dangerously. Up to last week travelers crossed on the ice, but now that is impossible. A footpath of timber has been placed across the bridge between the rails. Passengers are expected to cross the bridge afoot. It is quite safe. Diligences meet them at the other end and transfer them to the city. In your case, sir, a motor car will be in waiting."

Yorke's dismay gave way to surprise.

"A motor car for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pendennis Yorke, a motor car."

"You know my name?"

"Most certainly, sir. Is it not revealed on your passport?"

"Of course—to be sure. But why a motor for me? Why this distinction?"

"That question, sir, I cannot answer. I only know that you are to be met at the bridge and driven speedily to the Hotel Regengetz, where suitable accommodations await you."

"But how the devil did anyone know I was coming by this train? I did not telegraph ahead."

"I can only say, sir, that we were advised you would arrive in Klodso today. Our instructions were to be on the lookout for you and to see that you had every comfort within our means to provide."

"Oho! That accounts for the very excellent luncheon I had after leaving Selnak—for which I was to settle at the end of the journey, I think you said. And also that astonishingly fine bottle of wine that came with it."

The guard smiled.

"Yes, sir; and also for this electric heater, without which you would have found the journey most disagreeable."

"Well, I'm blessed! And I dare say we may also include your own polite and friendly company in the list of comforts?"

"If you are pleased so to describe my duties, sir," said the guard modestly. "I may be pardoned for adding, Mr. Yorke, that I happen to be the only guard in the service who speaks English."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Yorke, surprised into a distinctly American ejaculation. "Gad, you can't beat that for attention, can you?"

"There are two ways of looking at it, sir," said the guard, and Yorke gave him a sharp look.

"I see. They wanted to know what I had to say for myself, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir; you misunderstand me. What I meant was that my efforts to make the journey less lonely may have proved a burden to you. One never can tell, sir. I trust I have not disturbed you with my —"

"Bless you, no! You've been a life-saver."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I mean to say, a great comfort to me. I have enjoyed our little chats. By the way, if you will let me have the bill for my lunch I will settle it now. We must be nearly at the end of the journey."

The guard shook his head.

"I am afraid it cannot be done, Mr. Yorke. My orders were plain. At the end of the journey I was instructed to inform you."

"Well then, would you mind informing me who it is I am to settle with at the end of the journey?"

"My orders are not so elastic as that, sir," replied the guard, something like finality in his tone.

"Far be it from me to complain," exclaimed Yorke. "I partake of a surpassingly fine luncheon—better than anything I've ever seen on a train even in America—and my credit is so good that —— By gracious! Now that I think of it, it's a long sight better than it is even in my own country. I'd like to see the dining-car conductor over there who would let me out of his sight till after I'd paid up and tipped the waiter besides."

"You may not have observed, sir, that we carry no restaurant car on this train," said the man quietly.

Yorke started.

"I can't remember rubbing a lamp as Aladdin did, and presto! a magic feast is served. If you haven't a dining car, where the deuce did my luncheon come from?"

"I am at liberty to state that it came down with us from Edelweiss this morning in charge of a special chef and the waiter who served you. The third compartment back of this was turned into a temporary kitchen for the day, a small campaign stove being installed. I hope you did not notice the smell of cooking, sir."

The American was dumfounded.

"See here," he began seriously, "what does all this mean? Who is back of all this?"

"I am only a servant, Mr. Yorke," replied the guard with dignity.

"I understand," said Yorke after a moment. "Meaning, I take it, that you are simply obeying orders?"

"Yes, sir; obeying orders."

"No use asking any more questions, I suppose?"

"May I be pardoned for saying that it would be a waste of breath?"

"You don't look like the Sphinx," said Yorke whimsically. Suddenly he sat up very straight. "By George, I've got it! It's a case of mistaken identity. They've got me confused with some royal nibs traveling incog. Good Lord! What a situation! Wonderful idea for a farce—if I were only a comedian. See here, my friend, who do they really think I am?"

"There is no mistake," said the guard quietly. "You are Mr. Pendennis Yorke, plain American citizen. Your name, sir, is very well known in Graustark, and has been for quite a long time."

"Great Scott! You don't mean to tell me they read my stuff out here in Graustark?"

"I cannot say as to that. Nevertheless, it is a very well-known name. And now, sir, it is my privilege to instruct you as to how you are to proceed after leaving the train at Haddak. You will confer a favor on the railway officials and accommodate the rest of the passengers if you will be ready to disembark the instant the train stops. There will be persons on hand to take immediate charge of your luggage. You will follow these bearers without delay across the bridge. Not until you are safely over and the motor car is under way will the rest of the passengers be permitted to cross. These are our orders, sir. I trust you will be good enough to assist us in carrying them out."

"Pinch me," was all that Yorke could say.

It was not a dream, as he found out the instant the train came to a standstill at Haddak. His bags were snatched up by two uniformed men and whisked forward in the wake of a bobbing lantern.

Night had fallen swiftly, suddenly. Yorke did not hesitate. He promptly fell in behind the two men, keeping close to their heels as they strode off alongside the forward carriages. He was thrilled; he was excited and eager. It was all so very mysterious, so very puzzling, this extraordinary interest that was being taken in his welfare. Who was he that a whole trainload of people should be commanded to sit still while he crossed the trestle without fear of being jostled? Who was he that he should have a special kitchen, a special guard, special porters and a private automobile? Surely he could not be that inconsequential person he had always suspected himself of being—Pendennis Yorke! No indeed! He must be a person of considerable importance; and such being the case, he couldn't possibly be Pendennis Yorke. That explained everything. He wasn't himself.

They passed the panting locomotive and then took to the center of the track. A short distance ahead of the luggage carriers walked two men, one of whom carried the lantern. Yorke blinked rapidly. His pace slackened. The headlight of the engine revealed them to be soldiers!

A voice behind him called out in English, "Do not be alarmed. The bridge is quite safe for foot passengers."

He whirled and beheld a tall man in the uniform of an army officer stalking along not ten feet behind him. A swift scrutiny disclosed the somewhat consoling absence of sword or sidearms.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the American, coming to a halt.

The officer favored him with a quick, jerky salute as he drew up beside him. Yorke took in the uniform at a glance. It recalled the smart, splendid garb of the Austrian officer of the olden days before the war. A red cap trimmed with silver; a short, snug-fitting green overcoat glistening with braid and bedecked with orders; a red belt with a gold scabbard chain; white trousers and high black cavalry boots. The wearer of this showy raiment was a dark-faced, dashing young man of about his own age. He had a peculiarly engaging smile.

"I am Captain Sambo, Mr. Yorke, of the Graustark Patrol," he announced, extending his hand.

"Sambo?" Yorke repeated, uncertain whether to laugh or not. He grasped the captain's hand.

"Rodovic Franz Joseph Sambo, at your service. I trust you had a comfortable trip up, sir."

"Very," said Yorke briefly. "Sambo? The name is very familiar, captain."

They were walking rapidly toward the bridge now.

"I am of the fourteenth generation," said the other, not without a trace of pride in his voice.

Yorke saw that he was not expected to laugh. He decided that it was better not to remark that there were a great many Sambos in America.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "You certainly do go back a long way over here, captain. That ought to take the Sambo family back to the flood."

"The first Sambo of record, Mr. Yorke, was a bowman in the service of Black Queen Yanzi, who reigned at the beginning of the fifteenth century. She was called the Black Queen, as you may already know, because the whole world turned black for a short time on her coronation day. A total eclipse of the sun, as we would perfectly well understand in these days. But in those days a terrifying revelation of God's displeasure. The poor lady was beheaded in the third year of her reign, the people holding her accountable for the pestilence that swept over the country that year. There were Sambos before the bowman no doubt," he went on smilingly, "but we are afraid to dig them up. He appears to have been an honest fellow. His father—it is only natural that he should have had one—may have been a rascal. . . . Here we are at the bridge. It is quite a long one. Just keep to the center of the footway and you will be in no danger. Or if you prefer to take my arm in case the rush of water below should cause you to become nervous or giddy, please do not hesitate to ——"

"I will be all right, thanks. Awfully kind of you, captain, but I'm used to walking the strait-and-narrow path."

The captain chuckled softly as he dropped behind.

"A mighty decent, attractive chap," thought Yorke, considerably gratified over that responsive chuckle.

They came in due time to the far end of the long bridge. After proceeding several hundred yards ahead on the permanent way, the soldiers and the carriers turned off the embankment and ran down to the highway below. By the time Yorke and the officer came up with them, the former's bags and belongings had been stowed inside the waiting automobile, the soldiers were standing at attention and a liveried footman was holding open the door of the big limousine.

On ahead were a number of smaller cars and several cumbersome-looking horse-drawn diligences, relics of a bygone, turtle-paced era.

"After you, Mr. Yorke," said the captain, as the American hesitated.

Yorke had noticed a little group of uniformed motorcyclists at the roadside a few rods farther on.

"Is this really intended for me?" he inquired, still incredulous and undecided.

"Most certainly, sir," replied the officer, and Yorke was positive that he caught a note of surprise in the man's voice, as if to say, "For whom else, pray?"

(Continued on Page 123)

Crossing the Mountain Wall

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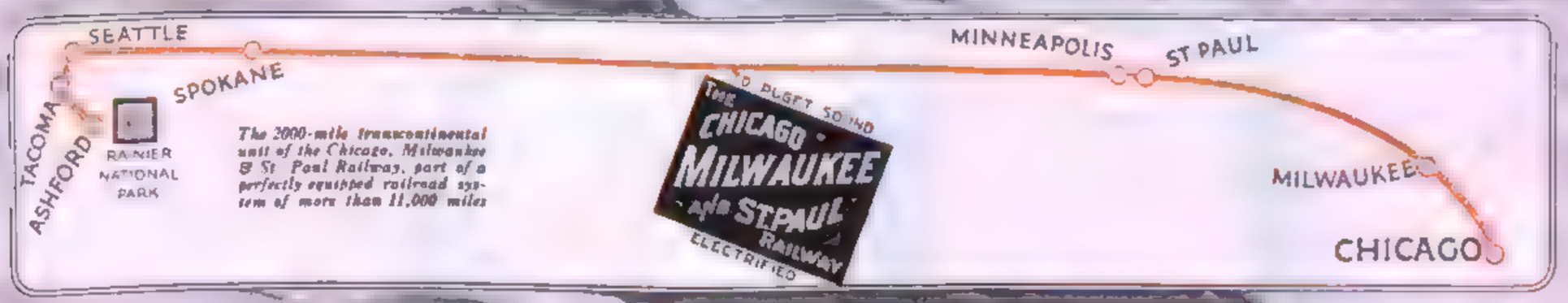

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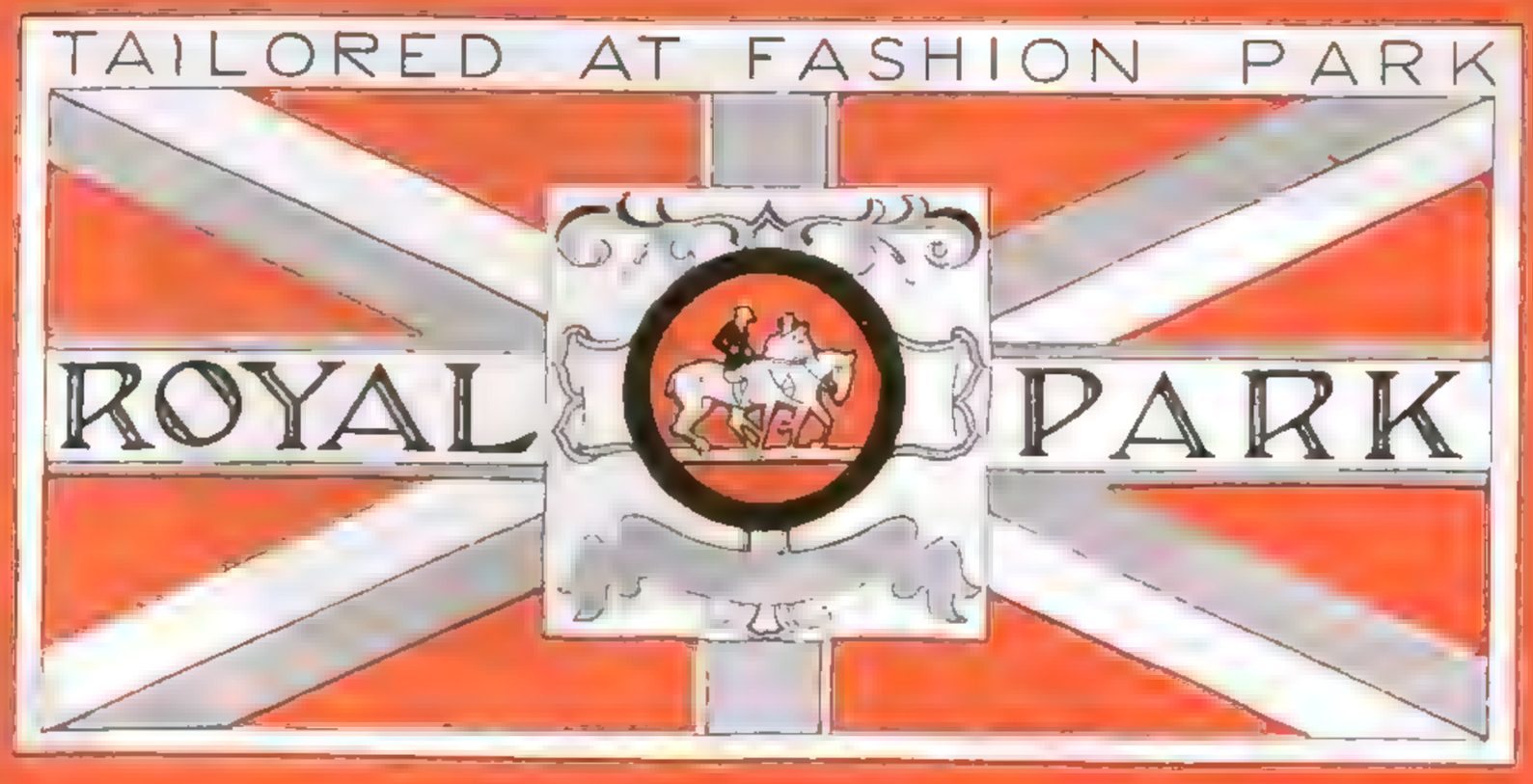

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Well, I'll take your word for it, captain," said the bewildered American, putting his foot on the running board. "Remember, it's your mistake, not mine, if anything comes of this."

"I fear I do not quite grasp you ——"

"I mean to say, if we're yanked up and court-martialed for this."

"Oh?" This was uttered with a coldly rising inflection that left no doubt as to the captain's disapproval of so flippant a jest.

Yorke entered the car and was followed by Captain Sambo. A moment later the footman sprang up beside the man at the wheel and the car was off. It glided through the lane of cars and diligences and was soon tearing along through the night at a smart clip. Near at hand, but invisible to the occupants of the car, raced the motorcycle squad, the roar of their machines rising above the muffled thunder of the limousine.

"I don't mind saying, captain, that this has got me guessing," ventured Yorke, almost pleadingly, when they had gone a mile or so without speaking.

Captain Sambo relaxed a little. He had stiffened noticeably after Yorke's unintentional reflection upon his official integrity.

"Even so, Mr. Yorke, I cannot see wherein we are laying ourselves open to court-martial or ——"

"Oh, my dear fellow," cried his companion heartily, "you must never take an American seriously on such short acquaintance. If you should come to know me better—and I hope you may—you'll learn to pay absolutely no attention to half the things I say."

"I see. Then you were not actually intimating that ——"

"Not at all, not at all. I was merely exercising what is commonly known as our American humor. Sorry it didn't make a hit with you. You see, we Americans are not supposed to take anything very seriously except our humor, and when that fails us—well, we're lost, that's all."

"Ah, now I am beginning to realize how very quaint your famous American humor can be, Mr. Yorke. We of Graustark should be thoroughly familiar with it by this time, however. His Serene Highness, Prince Robin, is half American by birth. More than half by nature, I should say. His father, the late prince consort, was an American. The present princess is half American. She is, as you may already know, the daughter of Prince Dantan of Dawsbergen and his American spouse, the Princess Beverly. So, you see, we are rather firmly attached to America—connected, as you might say, by marriage."

"Would it be *lèse majesté*, captain, if I were to ask you a few questions concerning the royal family?"

"That, of course, would depend," replied the captain guardedly.

"I've been reading up on Graustark this past week or ten days, preparatory to the trip out here. By the way, I suppose you know why I have come to Graustark?"

"Your credentials explain the nature of your visit to our country, Mr. Yorke."

"Well, as I was saying, I've read everything I could find concerning your country, and I'm bound to admit I am still considerably in the dark. Hazy, vague, befogged, as it were. You are pretty much out of things over here in your mountain fastness, Captain Sambo. Prince Robin is still on the throne, I take it?"

Captain Sambo was startled into a quick, searching glance at the indistinct face of his companion.

"Of a certainty, sir," he answered stiffly. "He is our hereditary ruler. There has been no attempt to overthrow the crown since he was a very small boy. The Marlanx conspiracy, twenty-five years ago, which you will find upon studying our history, was foiled. I was a lad myself at the time, but I well remember the riots, the pitched battles in the streets and the long siege of the castle. . . . Yes, Mr. Yorke," he concluded dryly, "Prince Robin is still on the throne, as you put it."

"I put it badly, of course," apologized the American. "I am glad that he still rules, Captain Sambo, and I hope he may continue to reign till he dies of old age."

"Thank you, Mr. Yorke," said the other simply.

"He became ruler when very young, I understand."

"He was a mere babe when his mother, the Princess Yetive, and the Prince Consort were killed in a railway disaster. The affairs of the country were in charge of the regents until Prince Robin reached the age of fifteen, when he was crowned."

"I trust you will not consider me too inquisitive, but I should like to get this matter of the royal family straightened out in my mind. Prince Robin married the Crown Princess of Dawsbergen some years ago. Have they any children?"

"The marriage of Prince Robin and Princess Bevra took place on New Year's Day, 1914, at Shenzarm Castle in Serros, the capital of Dawsbergen. They have two children, Prince Dantan and the Princess Yetive, aged eight and three respectively. His Serene Highness was with the army on the Galician front when the heir to the throne was born."

"Are they in Edelweiss at present?"

"Yes; except for an occasional visit to Dawsbergen, Prince Robin and Princess Bevra have not left Edelweiss since the war. They are now in residence. In these days, Mr. Yorke, no monarch, great or small, can afford to jeopardize his throne by wandering too far away from it. There is grave unrest everywhere. Even in our own land the seeds of revolution are being sown—red seeds that would grow into poisonous weeds in a day if left unwatched."

"The prince is popular with the people?"

"He is idolized. And yet sometimes we slay the thing we love best," said the soldier bitterly. "It is the way with the world."

"I know the kind of seeds you mean. They are being sown abundantly in my own country, captain, and I'm not so sure but that they are left unwatched."

"So we hear, Mr. Yorke," said Captain Sambo slowly. "You are strengthening the hands that one day will throttle you. Here in Graustark we have a way of stifling these noxious growths. The instant the sprout shows itself it is destroyed—not by the crown, as you might suspect, but by the people themselves. It is the wiser way. No longer than a month ago a group of traitors, together with several alien agitators, were hanged by their neighbors. The crown had no hand in these executions. No malcontent may charge the crown with oppression or injustice. The government in Graustark very shrewdly contends that our people will protect themselves against ruin; it depends upon them to stamp out the fire ere the wind blows it into a raging conflagration, sweeping everything before it."

"A very sensible idea," said Yorke thoughtfully, "to kill the snake before it can strike."

"Precisely. It is the only way."

"You have this advantage of us, captain: You are all Graustarkians. In my country we are not all Americans. They call America the melting pot. But, God help us, we mix a deadly brew. All that goes into the caldron does not melt. It merely seethes. It is a foul, deadly mess we serve to ourselves. We make a wry face, but we still go on adding poison to our gruel."

"We have a saying, sir, that young cabbage can only be transformed into a rosebud by one who is without sight, taste, smell and touch."

"Why not the sense of hearing?"

"Because, even though he be able to hear the opinions of others on the subject, he will not believe."

Yorke was silent for a long time.

"By the way, captain, is it because I am an American that these most extraordinary courtesies are extended to me?"

The Graustarkian hesitated.

"Not exactly, sir," he replied. "By command of His Serene Highness, special favors have been accorded you, Mr. Yorke."

"What?" gasped Pendennis Yorke.

"Upon being apprised of the imminence of your arrival, Prince Robin himself issued certain instructions to Baron Gourou"

"The prince? Why, my dear fellow, Prince Robin has never even heard of me! I'm just—I'm just nobody at all!"

"The name of Pendennis Yorke, U. S. A., is very well known in Graustark," declared Captain Sambo. "I may even say, without meaning to give offense, that it is somewhat of a household word at the castle."

"The—the devil you say!"

The captain cleared his throat. When he spoke again it was in a more ceremonious manner.

"Upon me, sir, has been conferred the honor of being chosen to act as your personal escort and interpreter during your sojourn in our country. I am henceforth at your command, Mr. Yorke."

"Pinch me!" commanded Pendennis Yorke for the second time that day.

V

PRESENTLY the car, with its escort, swept out upon the crest of a long steep hill. Far ahead, in the valley below, gleamed the city of Edelweiss, a jumbled mass of lights that seemed to mount skyward in the effort to mingle with the stars. The effect was startling.

Captain Sambo, sensing his companion's astonishment, volunteered:

"Edelweiss is the flower of the mountainside, Mr. Yorke. The greater part of the city is built upon the slope of Mount Ganlook. The castle lies yonder at the extreme left. You can see its lights quite plainly. It stands at the foot of the mountain. Beyond it there are no houses. The whole city lies before the castle. In the foreground, in the lowlands along the river, is the business section of Edelweiss. The residential quarter lies upon the mountainside, extending upward for several thousand feet. Indeed, the topmost houses are fully half a mile above the heart of the city. Those lights you see far above all the others are the windows of the Monastery of Saint Valentine at the top of the mountain. Off to the right, in a bend of the river, you see the lights of the fortress. But tomorrow, if you so desire, we will undertake a short tour of the city. I shall be pleased to point out all the places of interest."

"Thanks so much," was all that Yorke could say. He was beginning to experience the strange, the ineffable thrill of romance. His blood was tingling, his imagination was stirred. Mystery had greeted him at the border, mystery had attended him on the road and mystery still awaited him.

Soon they were jostling over a rough cobblestone street, between quaint little houses from which lights peeped through recessed casement windows under visorlike thatched roofs. Captain Sambo had lapsed into an alert silence, his gaze fixed steadily on the road ahead. Suddenly the car shot out from the narrow street into a wide, smooth avenue which ended apparently a short distance farther on in an impassable barrier. Not a forbidding obstruction, however, for it was gay with many rows of lighted windows.

"The Hotel Regengetz," said the captain briefly.

A few moments later the car swung around the broad circle of the plaza and came to a stop under the porte-cochère of the famous hostelry. Sprightly attendants dashed down the steps, saluting. In a jiffy Yorke's belongings were removed from the car. The captain stepped out and turned with a ceremonious bow.

"It will not be necessary for you to stop at the office to register, Mr. Yorke. You will be conducted to your suite immediately."

By this time Yorke had joined him on the steps. He experienced a sudden fear that he was about to be deserted.

"I say, captain," he began hurriedly, "won't you join me at dinner? It would give me great pleasure—the greatest pleasure."

The captain bowed again.

"It is quite impossible, Mr. Yorke." He coughed discreetly. They were following the attendants up the steps. "Unless I am mistaken, other arrangements have been made."

"Other arrangements?"

"It is now seven o'clock. You are to dine here at eight o'clock, sir, with a lady."

Yorke stopped short.

"With a lady? Ye gods, man, is there no limit to Graustark's hospitality?"

"The situation may prove embarrassing, Mr. Yorke," said the officer, with a smile; "but I dare say you will survive it."

"Just a moment, please," insisted Yorke, laying a hand on the other's arm. "I don't want to appear ungracious or finicky or anything of the sort, but I came to Graustark on business—strictly business. I ——"

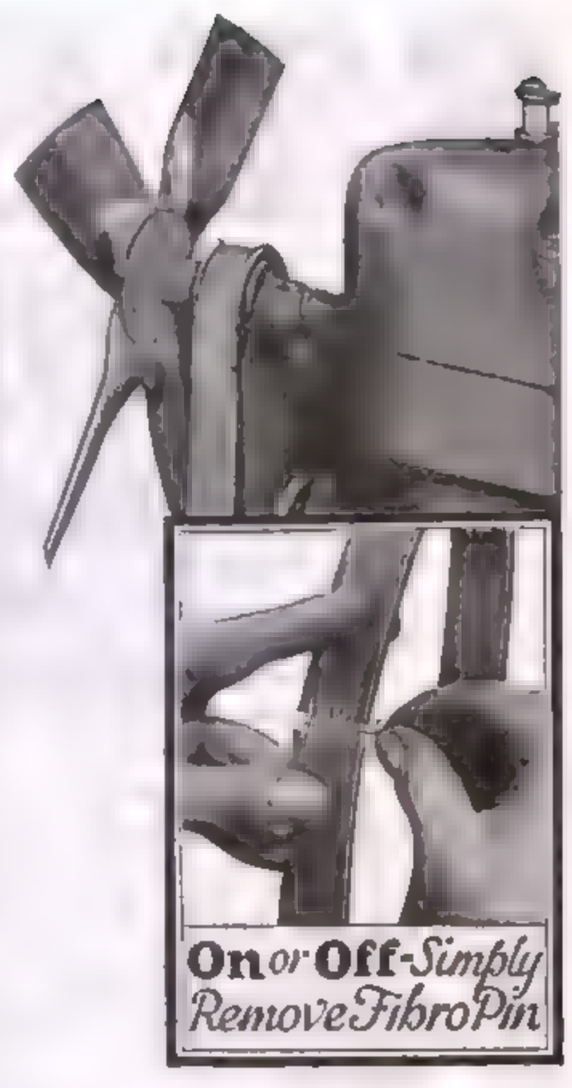
"In that case, Mr. Yorke, I should advise you not to offend the crown by declining to dine with a lady of the royal household."

"Holy ——" began Pendennis Yorke, and gulped down the "mackerel" that ordinarily completed the ejaculation.

"Come, sir; you have but an hour to spare. It is not wise to keep a princess waiting." He was chuckling softly.

They passed through the lobby and mounted a broad staircase, pursued by a number of interested eyes. At the top of the steps they were met by the manager, who, with many bows and polite exclamations, conducted them down the corridor

(Continued on Page 125)



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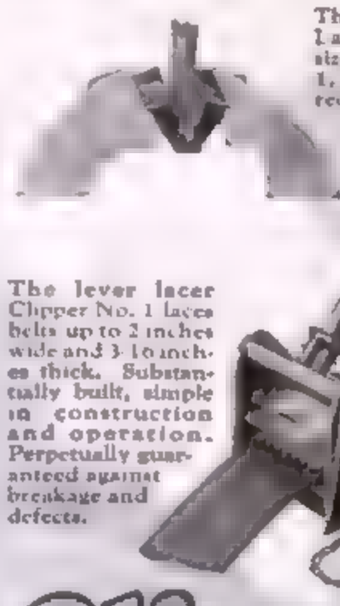

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STEELCRAFT *Juvenile Automobiles*

The Finest Gift in the World for Your Child

Now—for the first time your boy or girl may have a quality juvenile automobile just like Dad's big one.

These new juvenile cars are little beauties. Snappy—racy—smart—hung low—as sturdy as the biggest car ever built—what boy or girl would not glow with pride in their ownership?

These new Steelcraft motor cars attractively finished and beautifully designed are replicas of many of the most famous cars of the day.

You have a wide choice, for the line of Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles includes

Packard Eight	Jewett Roadster
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And you will be astounded at the manner in which these Steelcraft cars stand abuse. Your child can run them over curbs—jump on the running board—or bounce to his heart's delight in the comfortable little seat, without a particle of damage to the car.

This is the first time the principles of automobile design have been applied to a juvenile motor car.

For Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles are made with regular automobile steel—real automobile construction—real automobile stamped fenders—real automobile steering wheel—real automobile disc wheels—real automobile color enamel—real automobile front axle—real high carbon tempered automobile steel springs.

Even the littlest tots can easily propel these roller-bearinged cars as readily as you can run a sewing machine.

The company building and marketing the line are the largest makers of sheet metal parts in the country.

For sale at all leading toy stores, department stores and hardware stores throughout the country. Write us if your dealer can't supply you.

PRICES *from* $15.00 up

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Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles are going to be one of the fastest selling lines of the year. If you have not already ordered your samples, we suggest you do so at once.

Catalog, prices and discounts upon request.

Suggest you get in touch with us immediately.

THE MURRAY PRODUCTS CO
Cleveland, Ohio

THE MURRAY PRODUCTS COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 123

and ushered them into a commodious, luxuriously appointed sitting room. Mr. Yorke's bags were already there, waiting to be disposed of as he saw fit by the valet who stood guard over them. The bell hops had vanished. Afterward, Yorke remembered that they had gone away without their tips—proof positive that it was all a dream.

"The royal suite," announced Captain Sambo with a wave of his hand as the manager bowed himself out.

"Say, does this chap understand English?" demanded the American abruptly, indicating the valet.

"He does," replied the captain.

"Then go into the bedroom with these things and—and close the door," ordered Yorke, tossing his keys to the man.

When they were alone he turned upon Captain Sambo.

"Did you say a princess?"

"I did, Mr. Yorke."

"Do—do you mean to say I'm to dine with a—with a royal princess—here in this hotel—all alone?"

"Not quite alone," said the captain, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, albeit he smiled good-naturedly. "You are to have dinner in the *salle à manger*. At a near-by table you will, if you deign to look in that direction, behold your humble servant seated with several other officers. At another table close by will be several ladies and gentlemen of the court. Should your curiosity prompt you to peer out of the windows overlooking the Platz, you will discover an escort of six castle guardsmen. But I must detain you no longer. At five minutes before eight I shall be here to conduct you downstairs. Now—how is it you say in America?—get busy."

With that the elegant Captain Sambo departed, leaving his charge in a deeper state of perplexity than ever before in all his eventful life. Vastly excited and not a little perturbed, he dashed into the bedchamber.

There he found the humble valet already in the act of pressing his full-dress trousers. He stopped in amazement. Never had he known such celerity as this.

"Your bath is drawn, sir," announced the man, barely looking up from the ironing board that reposed upon the arms of two regal-looking chairs. "We anticipated your arrival, sir. If the temperature is not just to your liking ——"

"It will be all right," interrupted Yorke, gazing about him with interest. "I shan't notice whether it is hot or cold."

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"I mean to say, I don't mind which it is. I take 'em both ways."

"When you are ready, sir, I shall fetch your shaving things. Beg pardon, sir; shall I find your studs in this little black case?"

Yorke nodded as he sat down on the edge of the great canopied bed.

"I don't see how I'm ever going to live up to this," he murmured weakly.

"I think, sir, I have found everything else. Will you wear the black studs, sir, or the white?"

"I—I leave it entirely to you—er—ah ——"

"My name is Sharpe, sir."

"English?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

"I suppose I ought to be manicured," ventured Yorke, dubiously regarding his nails. "And a haircut wouldn't ——"

"There will hardly be time, sir," suggested the valet, scrutinizing him with a critical, appraising eye. "I dare say both your nails and your hair will do quite well as they are, if I may be permitted to so decide, sir. The black studs, then. Thank you, sir."

Sharpe resumed the interrupted process of pressing. After a moment of indecision, Yorke nervously began to divest himself of his travel-creased garments.

"Is she young or old?" he inquired, his voice muffled by the undervest he was at the moment pulling over his head.

"If you refer to the hotel, sir," said the valet, very distinctly, "she is. Very old, sir."

At a quarter before eight, Yorke surveyed himself in the tall, gold-framed cheval glass over in a corner of the bedchamber. He could not recall that he had ever before taken such a keen, critical interest in his personal appearance. He was surprised and gratified by the inspection. In that short period of contemplation he came to a decision—henceforth he would see to it that his dress suit was properly pressed before he put it on. He rubbed his clean-shaven cheek and chin, readjusted his white tie, gave his waistcoat a needless hitch or two.

"Well, Sharpe, do you think I'll—er—do?" he inquired.

"Quite, sir"—coming forward to flick a particle of dust from the shoulder of his creation. "And now the boutonnière, sir."

He forthwith produced a fragrant gardenia, astoundingly after the manner of the prestidigitator who garners posies and bunnies and silver coins at will out of the supposedly empty air. This he proceeded deftly to insert in Yorke's buttonhole.

"You are a bright chap, Sharpe. I'll give you one chance to guess who I remind myself of at this moment?"

"I couldn't possibly guess, sir."

"Cinderella," said the stalwart Mr. Yorke.

"I shouldn't have guessed it, sir, if you'd given me a thousand chances," said Sharpe, with a twitch—a very slight twitch—of the lips. He strode over and opened the door for Yorke to pass into the sitting room. As the American sauntered through, the valet's practiced eye traversed his long, well-set-up figure.

"Very good, sir," he said; but whether in the nature of comment or merely because it was his way of temporarily dismissing himself it would be useless to discuss.

On the wall opposite the door hung a half-length portrait of a very good-looking young man in the vivid full-dress uniform of a high army official. Yorke paused to study the patrician features of this handsome young man, whose painted eyes seemed, singularly, to regard him with an interest as keen as his own.

"The prince," decided Yorke, and forthwith straightened himself to his full height. On second thought, he crossed over to peer closely at the date in the lower corner of the canvas, and was relieved to find that it was 1920. "He looks noble enough to be an ancestor," was his silent, admiring comment, as he turned away for a hasty inspection of the regally appointed room.

Almost the first object his gaze fell upon brought forth a sharp exclamation of dismay and caused him to glance hurriedly and somewhat agitatedly about the room. This object was a large black portmanteau—a disreputable-looking bag it was, scuffed and scarred by many a vicious buffeting and seamed with the cracks of decrepitude. It lay upon the floor just inside the corridor door.

His searching glance revealed no other occupant of the room—but whose bag was it? An uneasy thought shot through his brain. Were they planning to have someone else share the suite with him? Someone to spy upon his every —— The flash of annoyance that leaped into his eyes gave way to one of sheer astonishment as he made out the name crudely painted in white letters on the end of the bag. His own name! Pendennis Yorke! No! He clapped his hand to his forehead and stared incredulously:

MRS. PENDENNIS YORKE, U. S. A.

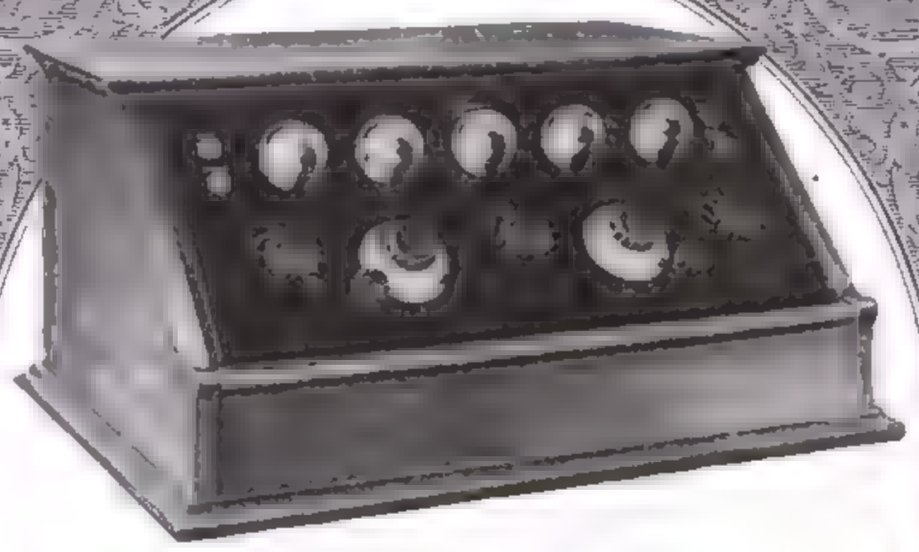
He gaped for a moment or two as if stupefied, doubting his senses. Good Lord! Were these cordial Graustarkians actually providing him with a wife? That would be the quintessence of —— And then, with the force of a sharp blow, came the staggering solution.

He recognized that clumsy, middle-class valise. He remembered the lettering; he recalled his own emotions when for the first—and only—time he beheld the name of "Mrs. Pendennis Yorke" in print; his memory sped back to an unforgettable scene in the railway station at Budapest—Rosa Schmitz's bag! But what was the meaning ——

"By gosh!" he gasped, dropping limply into a chair, comprehension smiting him with such force that his brain reeled. With all the startling swiftness of a lightning flash the truth was revealed to him. Rosa Schmitz and the princess! One and the same!

Now he knew why his name was so familiar to the court of Graustark. Now he knew why it was a household word! A princess of the realm had taken it as her own. Good heavens, was Rosa Schmitz going to turn out to be no other than the royal princess herself, the wife of Graustark's ruler? Or was she —— Thunder! Why hadn't he asked if the prince had a sister—or a cousin?

There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that the princess with whom he was



ULTRA-SELECTIVE, long-range 5-tube receiver. Non-radiating Logs accurately for tuning in any desired station at fixed settings on the dials. A special selectivity control is set to suit local conditions and need not afterward be touched. Sloping front panel for easier tuning—originated by Kennedy, now widely copied.

The new Kennedy Model XV

for cutting through powerful local stations and bringing in distance with volume—or operating on an indoor loop.

HERE is the ideal set for the city dweller. An addition to the Kennedy line, specially designed to tune out big town broadcasting stations and reach the ones you cannot hear now. Suburbanites will like it too—especially where nearby stations blanket out all chance of selecting other programs at a distance. A DX set supreme.

Highly selective—with remarkable simplicity of tuning. The number of tuning controls is reduced to two—you only have two hands! Accomplishes results with tuned radio frequency that were thought impossible until the Kennedy research laboratories created this new circuit. The volume of amplification is under perfect control.

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If you have any difficulty in locating a store where this set is being demonstrated, write for the address of a Kennedy dealer near you.

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In addition to Model XV, there are Kennedy 3-tube and 4-tube models at lower prices. Kennedy receivers are noted for purity of tone.

THE COLIN B. KENNEDY COMPANY · *Saint Louis*

KENNEDY

The Royalty of Radio

to have dinner would prove to be Rosa Schmitz. It was she who had planned everything—even to the shock he was bound to experience on finding the historic bag in his apartment.

A royal jest! A royal bit of comedy! A royal prank over which they both would be laughing in—he glanced at his watch—in less than seven minutes. But, he wondered uneasily, would this royal princess and simple Rosa Schmitz be the same after all? This was not Budapest in the grim days of Bela Kun; no more was this princess the timorous, harassed young girl of that bygone day when he was the prince and she the grateful mendicant. Would she laugh and make merry? Wouldn't she, on the contrary, be stiff and imperious and composedly superior, as befitted her station?

No! He banged his fist on the arm of his chair. No, she wouldn't! She could not have sent that bag up to the apartment except in a spirit of mischief; and that being the case, she most certainly was not looking forward to a dull and formal evening.

His speculations were running riot when Captain Sambo entered the room.

"Whose bag is that?" he demanded, springing to his feet, determined to straighten out at least one thread of the tangle.

The captain inserted a monocle in his right eye and calmly inspected the object on the floor.

"That, I should say, Mr. Yorke," said he, "is the property of your wife."

"Come now, captain, the truth, if you please."

"Perhaps I should have said your divorced wife," said Sambo dryly. "You may recall my saying that the situation might prove embarrassing to you. It is possible that you do not care to meet your former wife."

"The Mrs. Pendennis Yorke whose name you see on that bag was a Miss Rosa Schmitz before I married her. I'll be obliged to you if you will tell me what it is now."

The captain drew himself up.

"It is my privilege, sir, to acquaint you with the fact you are dining tonight with Princess Virginia Louise, second daughter of His Highness Prince Dantan of Dawsbergen, and Princess Beverly. She is the sister of our own most gracious sovereign, the Princess Bevra, with whom she has been spending the winter at the castle.

"It is my further privilege to inform you that for a period of some six or seven hours the Princess Virginia was the wife of one Pendennis Yorke, an American gentleman, from whom by mutual consent she was divorced on a Budapest railway platform in the year of our Lord, 1919, but toward whom she harbors no ill will notwithstanding the fact that he cruelly, brutally and maliciously attempted to kill her on at least two occasions—once at luncheon and once at dinner, when he cunningly induced her to eat more than was good for her.

"But come, Mr. Yorke, we must not tarry. I trust that my carefully rehearsed speech has prepared you for what is about to follow. I do not mind confessing," he went on guiltily, as they stepped out into the corridor, "that I had some difficulty in memorizing it. I was compelled to repeat it several times before the princess was satisfied with my manner of delivery. She wrote it out for me herself on the typewriter."

They had reached the top of the great staircase before Yorke felt confident of controlling his voice. His heart was pounding so furiously and he was so lightheaded from the shock of these revelations that his voice seemed muffled and far away when he finally succeeded in saying to his companion, "You might at least tell me whether—whether my wife ever married again."

"The Princess Virginia is a spinster, Mr. Yorke," said the captain. Then hastily he added, "At least, she is a divorced spinster, if you see what I mean."

Yorke pulled himself together as he caught sight of a small group of army officers in the lobby. An invisible orchestra was playing The Star-Spangled Banner in some remote musician's gallery. His heart swelled. The officers saluted. He had himself in hand now. He did not return the salute. That would have been the most grotesque exhibition of conceit on his part. He merely threw back his shoulders and inserted his thumb into the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat, thereby indicating to all beholders that he was perfectly at ease and quite accustomed to this sort of thing!

His guide conducted him through the practically empty lounge, past the open doors of the main dining hall, and into a narrow passage beyond. Here, in front of a door opening off to the left, stood a liveried flunky, who, as they approached, bowed stiffly and stepped to one side.

"I leave you here," said Captain Sambo, in a low tone, signifying by a gesture that Yorke was to pass within.

Yorke clutched his arm, detaining him in order to whisper in some agitation, "Good heaven! I almost forgot! How am I to address my ex-wife? Has she resumed her maiden name?"

"I have had no instructions, Mr. Yorke, but I fancy you will be on the safe side if you address her as princess."

With that, he turned on his heel and walked rapidly away. Yorke took a full breath, as one about to dive off into deep water, and passed through the door. He found himself in a small, daintily furnished antechamber. On the opposite side of this room was an open door through which the crowded dining room was partly visible. He took in his surroundings at a glance and found that he was quite alone. Just as he was beginning to wonder what he was to do next, a mirrored panel in the wall to his right swung slowly outward and—into the room stepped a slender young woman, whose graceful figure was enveloped in a long, closely held chinchilla wrap. She paused just inside the door to regard the tall young man with frank, undisguised eagerness.

Then her lips parted in a faint smile, a warm glow crept into her cheeks, her dark, inquiring eyes softened. She held out a slim gloved hand as she advanced.

"It is really you, Mr. Yorke," she said, a little tremor of excitement in her voice.

He lifted her hand to his lips.

"I cannot be sure, princess," he said, shaking his head doubtfully. "I have a strange feeling that I am not Pendennis Yorke."

"Ah, but you are!" she cried. "I should have known you anywhere."

"I myself have a staunch, abiding memory for faces," said he, risking a smile. "I have never for one instant forgotten the face of Rosa Schmitz."

"You don't expect me to believe that, Mr. Yorke."

She was looking up into his eyes, a challenging light in her own.

"You haven't the slightest idea, princess, how unforgettably lovely Rosa was on the day she married me," he went on, growing bolder under the challenge. "You will forgive me for saying that I shall always be haunted by the fear in her dark eyes, by the wanness of her cheek, the courage of her smile. Yet, after all, why should I expect the Princess Virginia to believe me?"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"We speak lightly tonight of a day that poor Rosa Schmitz will not permit the princess to forget. Your memory harbors a frightened, half-starved, helpless girl, Mr. Yorke. I remember a strong, generous, gallant gentleman to whom Rosa Schmitz owes a debt that the princess never can repay."

"Rosa Schmitz owes me nothing that the princess has not already paid by graciously remembering me."

Her eyes suddenly sparkled with mirth. Never, never had he dreamed—and he had dreamed many a time of Rosa Schmitz—never had he dreamed of anything so lovely as this radiant upturned face, nestling like a flower in a soft gray bed of fur.

"And you will forgive me for the trick I played tonight?" she cried. "It was most unseemly, most unmaidenly, most undignified, but I simply couldn't help it."

"Bless my soul, I can't see anything unseemly about it—or unmaidenly, for that matter. I should say it was perfect," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, I am not referring to all this," she said, with a toss of her head. "Nor to the things Prince Robin so gladly did for me when I took him into my little conspiracy. I mean the—that dreadful old bag with my name printed on it." She flushed. "I mean with your name on it."

He liked the curve of her smooth round chin as it was fashioned against the warm chinchilla, and the red of her smiling lips.

"It came very near to being the death of me," he confessed. "How I managed to keep from dropping dead I'll never understand. And now that I think of it, it was your name at one time, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was," she said promptly. "Even to this day my sister and my mother—they are frightful teases—sometimes call me Mrs. Yorke."

And the way her wavy brown hair grew about her temples, and the carefree lock that seemed on the point of stealing down onto her forehead!

"For five long years I've called you Rosa Schmitz," said he. "And for that many years I've wondered whether you were alive or dead, happy or miserable, married or single. I am not surprised to find that you are a princess. Somehow I sensed it five years ago. I never expected to see you again, however. I can't believe it, even now."

"I could hardly believe my ears when they told me you were coming to Edelweiss. It seemed incredible. And I wondered—yes, I wondered a great deal."

"You wondered?"

"Yes—whether you had found out who Rosa Schmitz really was and were coming here to ——"

She checked the words, noting the expression in his eyes.

"I should not have dared to presume upon so slight an acquaintance," said he stiffly, after a moment.

"Forgive me," she said, flushing again. "But," she went on defensively, "it wouldn't have been surprising if you had found out, would it?"

"I suppose not," he admitted, smiling. "I have a peculiar gift for unearthing things."

"If I were Pharaoh's daughter, dead and buried for thousands of years, I am sure you would have gone to no end of trouble to unearth me."

He was surprised.

"You don't mean to say you have read what I wrote about the bottomless pit of old King Tut?"

"Why not? Wasn't it intended for general circulation?" she replied coolly.

"Permit me," he said, as she partly turned her back to him in order that he might relieve her of the wrap.

It slipped from her shoulders, revealing a slender, erect figure, smartly arrayed in what he would have been pardoned for describing as a gown direct from the most fashionable modiste's in all Paris, but which she afterwards took pains to inform him was two seasons old, ready to fall to pieces, horribly out of date, and conceived by a little seamstress in Serros instead of by the mighty Poiret in Paris. He marveled at the smooth, white shoulders, the proud, graceful neck—aye, marveled despite the fact that he had seen hundreds no less beautiful. He marveled because of the pinched, drooping shoulders and the flat, sunken chest of the half-starved girl who was Rosa Schmitz. Here was the perfection of full blown, glorious womanhood; there, far back in his memory, the vision of a slim, haggard young girl whose eyes were as blue as these, and far more wistful; whose cheeks were wan, but as smooth as these; whose chin quivered, yet was held as high as this one. The princess was lovely, but his heart was constant to Rosa Schmitz. The princess could never drive the appealing vision of Rosa out of his mind's eye. It was there to stay forever.

"Thank you," said the princess. "Shall we go in now? Throw it on a chair—anywhere, Mr. Yorke. It will be safe here. No one is permitted to enter this room, you see. I hope you are hungry. You ought to be. I suppose I should have consulted you before ordering dinner, but turn about is fair play. You did not consult me that day in Budapest. You just ordered everything on the menu. And, I am not ashamed to say, I ate it. I was nearly starved, Mr. Yorke."

The presence of a bowing, obsequious maitre d'hôtel, who confronted them just inside the private entrance to the dining room, alone saved Yorke from uttering the fatuous though obvious rejoinder that she certainly had looked it.

His gaze swept the room as he followed her toward a plant-guarded recess a short distance to the left of the door. If he expected all the diners to arise with the entrance of royalty he was disappointed—or rather, he was relieved. There was a discreet craning of necks and testimony of polite whisperings; other than that, the appearance in the crowded restaurant of so noble a lady as the sister-in-law of the Prince of Graustark created no appreciable flutter.

She nodded to acquaintances at near-by tables; the men got to their feet and made profound obeisance. Yorke's attention was held for a fleeting moment by a party of six seated almost directly in front of the green bower to which he was being conducted. There was no mistaking the character of this little group. The princess turned to wave a jaunty hand to them as she passed through the screen of potted plants.

"My chaperons," she remarked to Yorke, with a faint grimace. "It is dreadfully shocking of me to be dining in a public restaurant with a young man," she went on gayly. "Do you know what my venerable cousin, the Dowager Duchess of Halfont, said to me when I reminded her that I had dined quite alone with you before I was eighteen? The dear old thing declared that it was entirely proper at the time, because you were my husband. She is the one who shook her fan at me, Mr. Yorke. She's loads of fun. I am sure she is more thrilled and excited over all this than I am myself."

As she sat down at the daintily appointed table in this bower of enchantment, she smiled up at him, shyly, diffidently—and suddenly he realized that after all it was Rosa Schmitz into whose eyes he was looking. Time, environment and the plumage of a princess had wrought many changes in her; but her eyes were those of Rosa Schmitz, and always would be.

"The worst of this wonderful dream, princess, is that I've still got to wake up in that awful bed at Klodso," said he, shaking his head mournfully as he sat down opposite her.

"Have you tried pinching yourself?" she asked, her smile deepening.

"Have I?" he exclaimed. "I've done nothing else for hours."

"I've never seen anyone who appeared to be more wide-awake than you are at this moment," she declared, breaking into a laugh of sheer enjoyment. Then her eyes sobered and the smile gave way to a rueful expression. "Oh, dear! How difficult it is to be a princess sometimes, Mr. Yorke!" she complained. "I am not behaving at all like a princess, am I?"

"You are!" he exclaimed, and with conviction. "You are behaving just as I've always imagined a fairy princess ought to behave."

"You see," she went on to explain in self-defense, "I am half American. That should cover a multitude of my sins, shouldn't it?"

"Far be it from me to find fault with the half of you that is not American," said he, with his most engaging smile. "It would seem too much like boasting."

"I suppose you are wondering why I planned all this, Mr. Yorke," she began seriously. "First, because you were my friend in a time of great trouble. Second, because I owe you more than you would ever suspect. Third, I wanted to be the one to welcome you here. Graustark is not my own country. I, too, am what you might call an alien. If we were in Dawsbergen, instead of here in Graustark, you would have been received and entertained at the castle by my father, Prince Dantan. But we are not in Dawsbergen, so I have insisted that I, of all people, should be the one to greet you. No doubt I have taken a theatric way to do it, Mr. Yorke, but, alas for convention, it is my way. I shall never forget the dinner we had together in Budapest. We were alone. You were what you now are and I was no less a princess, even then." Abruptly her manner changed. The seriousness dropped from her as a discarded mantle falls from the shoulders. "So here is poor Rosa Schmitz," she cried, her eyes dancing, "playing hob with the serenity of ages, upsetting tradition and getting the Princess Virginia into hot water, all for the sake of a madcap whim!"

"Hot water?" he ejaculated. "Do you mean to say you—er—you will be criticized for this?"

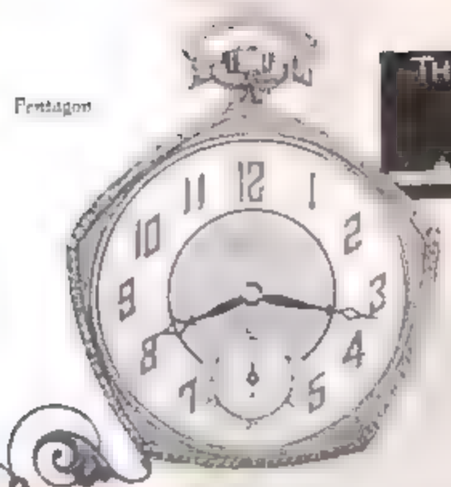
She leaned forward to direct his attention to the party of six just outside the sylvan retreat.

"Can you see the man sitting at the right of the Duchess of Halfont?" she inquired, lowering her voice.

"The dark, rather ——" He was about to say "sullen-looking chap," but fortunately stopped in time.

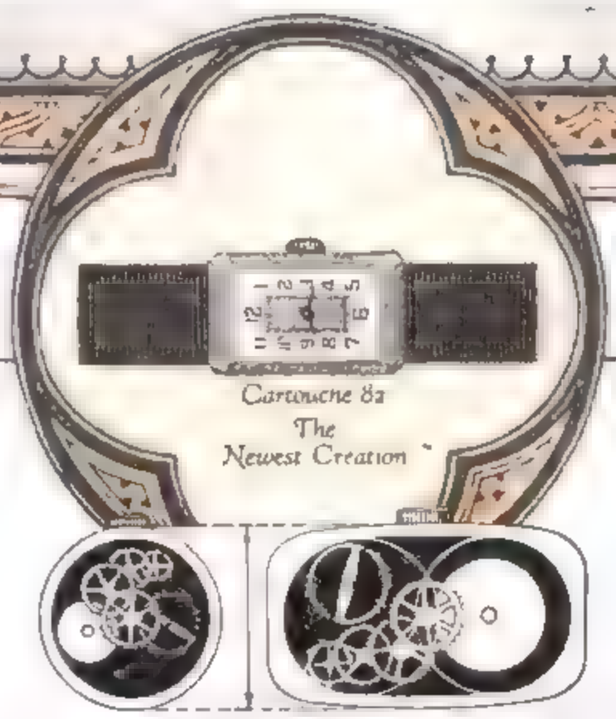
"Yes," she said, as he hesitated. "The dark, rather unpleasant-looking man. Well, he is the heir apparent to the throne of Axphain—if Axphain ever has a throne again. Prince Hubert. He is a refugee here in Edelweiss. The Bolsheviki have driven the royal family out of Axphain. Prince Hubert, you will be interested to learn, Mr. Yorke, is a suitor for the hand of your divorced wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Pentagon

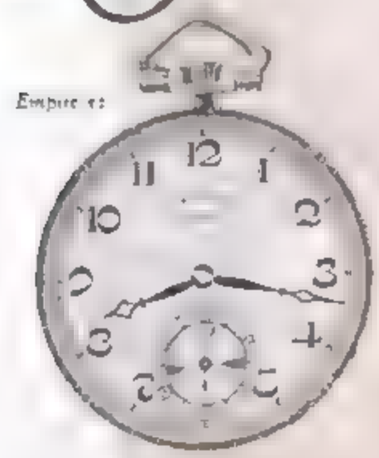
Wheel train diagram, showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra-VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss of accuracy or durability of parts



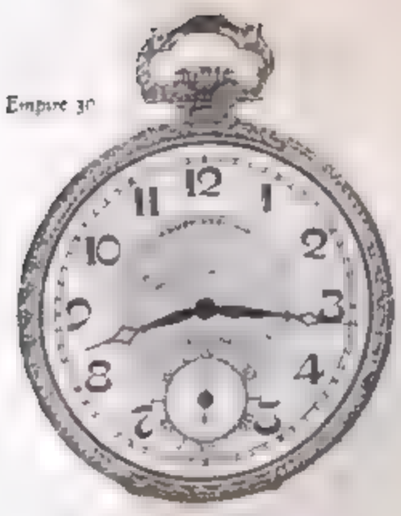
Cartouche 82
The Newest Creation

How the Gruen Cartouche makes possible greater strength and accuracy by providing double the movement space

Three notable advances by Gruen
in the science of watch construction



Empire 52



Empire 30

An eighteenth-century watchmaker once made a watch so wonderful that the Empress of Russia offered him a thousand English guineas for another exactly like it.

The watchmaker refused. True to the spirit of his guild, he would not halt his art to make a duplicate. Of the nine hundred creations from his hand, each was an improvement over the one before, each the product of a finer skill.

The demand for watches now is many times as great as it was then. Expensive standardized machinery is required for their manufacture. No modern watchmaker can afford to produce but a single watch of a kind.

But that same spirit, the spirit of a craftsmanship that grows ever finer from year to year, still lives in the Gruen Watch Makers Guild of today.

Naturally, such a spirit has led the Guild to notable advances in the science of watch construction.

Best-known among these advances is the principle embodied in the Gruen VeriThin, a principle which made possible, for the first time at moderate prices, a thin watch of the highest accuracy and durability.

In the recently announced Ultra-VeriThin, however, still greater thinness has been secured by technical improvements which permit entirely new beauty of line combined with mechanical excellence, at prices hitherto unknown for a watch of this character.

Meanwhile, not content with introducing the wrist watch to American women, the Gruen Guild has worked constantly to improve it. The Gruen Cartouche, brought out a few years ago, is a wrist watch of truly logical construction, providing double the movement space, yet remaining compact and beautiful in form.

Recognition of the advances represented in the VeriThin and in the Cartouche came rapidly and grew wide-spread. The demand for both has constantly exceeded the supply. The Ultra-VeriThin, of course, is yet quite young, but its popularity has already begun.

In nearly every community, the better jewelers can show you the watches pictured here, as well as a variety of other Guild models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

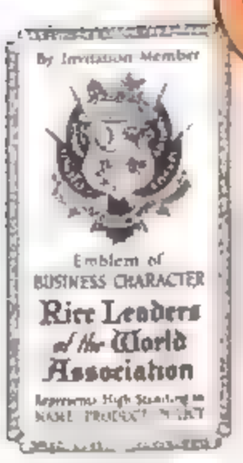
In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch, these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at a very moderate cost.

Cartouche 82—White gold reinforced, $40.00; solid white gold, $60.00

Pentagon, VeriThin—White or green gold reinforced, engraved, "Precision" movement, $75; 14kt solid green gold, $135; 18kt solid white gold, $165. Can also be had in plain case

Empire 52, Ultra-VeriThin—Solid white gold with fine enamel, "Precision" movement, $110; solid white or green gold, plain case, $100

Empire 30, VeriThin—White gold reinforced, engraved, $60; with "Precision" movement, $70



GRUEN Guild Watches

1874—Fiftieth Anniversary Year—1924

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Canadian Branch, Toronto

Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

KROEHLER

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

KROEHLER MADE — CHICAGO NEW YORK — STRATFORD CAN.

Davenport

HOUSEHOLDER

She *bought a million dollars' worth of* KROEHLERS *last month*

She is just a home woman like you—with just the same housekeeping problems to solve.

She lives in a charming home—like yours. It may be a quaint, little vine-covered cottage in a quiet village—it may be a very modern apartment in a crowded city—possibly it is a rambling farmhouse or a great old mansion.

But, wherever she lives, she loves beautiful things. She wants her home to be as charming a place as her good taste and her income will permit.

She has found her sleeping space, for one reason or another, inadequate. Perhaps the home that was large enough for two now must house several lusty youngsters. Perhaps high rentals in the region in which she lives make a seldom-used guest room an extravagance. Perhaps her children, who have married, come home with their families for the holidays.

Whatever the reason that has made it necessary to add sleeping space to her home, she has found a way to do it gracefully.

It was she who bought, last month, a million dollars' worth of Kroehler Davenport Beds.

In her charming living room is a luxurious davenport—low and easy of line, soft-cushioned, richly upholstered. It is just like any other fine davenport in appearance. Nothing suggests that it serves another purpose.

Yet, when bedtime comes, it opens, with a single, easy motion, into a wonderfully comfortable, full-width bed, with deep, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress. Covers are all in place; the bed ready for occupancy.

The Kroehler Davenport Bed has given her all the beauty that a fine piece of living room furniture can offer, and all the convenience that a luxuriously comfortable bed can afford.

Where can you buy a Kroehler?

In a furniture or department store in your town, you can see the beautiful Kroehler Davenport Beds. They are made in period and overstuffed designs, with rich upholstery of silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, of leather or Chase Leatherwove. The prices, you will discover, are amazingly low; for when women buy a million dollars' worth of Kroehlers a month, the great volume cuts the production cost surprisingly.

You can buy matching chairs, too, to complete these handsome suites. Be sure the Kroehler name plate is on the back. If you do not know the nearest dealer, who sells Kroehlers either for cash or on easy payments, fill out the coupon below for our booklet and the dealer's name.

Five great Kroehler factories are working at top speed to supply the demand for Kroehler Davenport Beds.

The popularity of Kroehler products is such that its manufacturers have become not only the largest makers of davenport beds, but very nearly the largest manufacturers in the whole furniture industry.

Thousands of dealers, in great cities and small towns throughout the country, sell Kroehler Davenport Beds.

A million dollars' worth of Kroehlers every month are bought by the women of the country. And every year the figures grow greater.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK and STRATFORD, ONT.

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., BRADLEY, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONT.

Bed

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet and the name of the nearest Kroehler dealer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

266

This $15,000 Electrical Home —free

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—
$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

TWO SECOND PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

TWO THIRD PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FOURTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

REMEMBER: To compete successfully in the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from your local electrical people.

Have your child go to the local electrical club or league or to the office where you pay your electric light bills and get free, the "Home Lighting Primer."

—It tells how to win this $15,000 electrical home or a college scholarship, contains a complete illustrated series of simple lessons on better home lighting and fully explains both the local and the international phases of the Home Lighting Contest activity.

Watch for the announcement of the essay contest in your town. —Any school child, ten years of age or older, may compete.

Better Light—Better Sight

The Home Lighting Contest is designed to teach the public, particularly the young generation, more about electric light, and how in their daily lives to properly use it so that in future years there shall be less eye trouble and better general health. This activity has the support of our leading educational and health authorities.

Your Local Electric People Will Help

The Electrical League or Club, or the Electric Light Company serving you, will gladly enter your children in the Home Lighting Contest, supply them with the "Home Lighting Primer" and tell them what to do. There will be local prizes, and the winning children will be contestants for the international prizes—the $15,000 electrical home and the university scholarships.

Be sure that your children enroll for the essay contest as soon as it is announced in your city or town. Watch your home paper.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.

THE RIGHT VOICE

(Continued from Page 5

friendship as much as I do myself. But put yourself in my place, Philip, my boy! If Hallie were your wife, would you want to share her with anyone—even with the world at large?"

"If Hallie were my wife," said Conway quietly—he hung fire the barest perceptible instant on the word—"I should want her to know the most that life had to offer. I should want her to have the highest experience within her reach; and I don't consider that I myself alone can be all that—to any other human being! Love isn't the whole show, colonel; and you put a woman's soul in blinders when love is all you give her!"

The colonel chuckled richly. "It's all they want; you may take my word for it! I've known a good many of 'em."

"Oh, I don't pretend to question your data on the subject," said Conway a trifle wearily. He had always a certain amount of distaste for the colonel's thinly veiled and by no means remorseful references to Lotharian junketings in the past. "I'm no authority on the sex."

"And y' see, I am," retorted the colonel cheerfully.

"So I've always understood," said Conway.

The colonel pulled out his watch and looked at it, started unaffectedly.

"After one o'clock. Well, well; I didn't suppose it was as late as that!"

"We had supper sometime ago," Conway reminded him.

"So we did. People'll be leaving presently. Where's Hallie? Still in there dancing?"

"I've had a glimpse of her once or twice."

"Who was she with?"

"Meade, I think."

"What, still?"

"Why, I'm not at all sure," said Conway quickly. "May have been someone else. I didn't really notice."

Across his high-bridged nose the colonel's eyebrows drew together.

"I don't like the way that youngster hangs about; he's got the impudence of the devil."

"Oh, he's a decent sort!" Conway offered soothingly. "Bit young, of course. Only twenty two or three, isn't he? In any case, I understand he goes back to law school next week."

"High time!" retorted the colonel, tugging at his mustache with nervous fingers.

Conway inwardly berated himself for not having sooner realized the significance of his companion's irascibility.

"Have you seen a good deal of the boy?" he asked pleasantly.

The colonel returned with some force that they had seen a good deal more than he personally considered necessary.

"Forever dashing up in his tin-pot roadster to bring Hallie flowers or some tomfool book of poetry."

"I hadn't noticed it," said Conway. "After all, flowers and tomfool books of poetry don't mean a great deal, colonel, at his age."

"It isn't dignified," fumed the colonel, "for Hallie to accept them from him. As my wife she has a certain position to maintain."

Conway stifled a wry grin. The colonel's conception of his own part wore thin sometimes to the eyes of a disinterested observer.

He offered lazily, "Like me to find Hallie and bring her here? I see one or two women putting on their wraps. Might be just as well."

"I wish you would, Philip. God bless my soul, this is awkward!"

"Oh, not in the least," said Conway. "Nothing to it! She's somewhere in there. I'll have her out, directly."

He went swiftly through the long open window and crossed the wide floor where dancers were still circling absorbedly—with a certain amount of uneasiness at the back of his mind.

Hallie had been still with young Meade, in the last glimpse he had of her; more, it occurred to Conway now, that he had fancied, in a moment of her passing the window, an unaccustomed radiance in the face she was lifting to Kerry's eyes; a possibly unusual tension in the butterfly pose of her fingers upon his shoulder; something—or nothing?

If Kerry was only twenty two or three—Hallie was not so old. If Kerry's smooth blond head held the mischief of youth—why, so did Hallie's satiny dark one. Being the colonel's wife—having been the colonel's wife for five long sheltered years—didn't render Hallie immune to life and love and the sort of heavenly folly that life and love can weave on a moonlight night with music and flower scent on the air.

She wasn't dancing, she was nowhere on the floor, and nowhere in the high-ceilinged, dark-paneled dining room, where people yet clustered, though in thinner groups, about the big silver punch bowl on the table. She wasn't in the hall, and she wasn't on the wide shallow stairs. Conway went through the house swiftly but quietly, with a casual word here and a jest or a smile there, so it shouldn't appear he was looking for someone.

His uneasiness grew as he went. If Hallie wasn't in the house, no telling how long it might take him to find her, foolish child! Poor lovely ardent foolish Hallie, with an elderly husband cooling his heels and nursing his knowledgeable jealousy as he waited. Nursing his wounded pride, as well, while politely protesting guests made their good-bys and departed with no hostess to speed them.

"I've got to find her or there'll be the devil to pay," groaned Conway to himself, and slipped through a window at the farther side of the dining room on to the shadowy coolness and hush of the lawn at the side of the house.

He had remembered a vine-hung pergola, Hallie's dearest retreat, where creamy roses shed their petals all day long upon the grass, where a wide bench stood, and a rustic table; just the place to sit and read some tomfool book of poetry—with more poetry than was ever sung or spoken waiting to be read in a pair of laughing eyes at one's shoulder! Waiting to be heard—through sudden exquisite silences—in the whisper of one's own hurried heartbeats.

Just the place to slip back to—out of an older, wiser, stupider world, when the moon was high and the fiddles were crying.

"Ten to one, she's in the pergola!" muttered Conway, striding across a flower bed, with a slightly twisted smile for his own intuitions.

He was sure as he neared the pergola of two shadowy figures between the garlanded pillars, rather close together; terribly close together. Damn young Meade for daring to trade on Hallie's adorable tenderness, her inexperience, her blind hunger for living! Conway's fingers tensed with a swift blind desire of his own for young Meade's throat. He crossed the remaining space with a vein throbbing hard in one temple.

"Steady, steady!" he said to himself as he went. "Get her out of this before it goes any further, that's all. Get her away, before the colonel ——"

The two in the pergola did not hear his footsteps on the grass. He stood close beside them, called Hallie by name before she lifted her head from young Meade's shoulder, before young Meade's arms, relaxing somewhat at the grim command in Conway's voice, allowed her to free herself.

"Hallie," said Conway, "your—husband—is looking for you."

He heard Hallie catch her breath in a little cry. He heard young Meade say sharply, "Oh, my God!"

He thought, till he swung on his heel at an odd throaty sound coming out of the shadows behind him, that it was his presence and his voice alone which had startled the two apart. Glowing out of the dark like a red malignant eye the colonel's cigar tip undeceived him. Close on Conway's heels the colonel must have followed from the house, and very silently.

"Yes," said the colonel with a kind of snarling quietude, "your husband is looking for you, madam!"

The stately absurdity of such a title, applied to the slim trembling creature slipping out of the circle of that blond boy's arm, took Conway by the throat. He mastered a wild impulse toward laughter. He moved quietly nearer Hallie and laid his fingers on her arm. He felt her shiver—a long uncontrollable ripple running through her body from head to foot. He said gently, urging her as much as he dared with the tips of his fingers, away from young Meade, nearer the colonel and himself, "Come along, Hallie. The party's going home, child. Mustn't forget your social obligations!"

But he saw instantly and with a queer sick feeling that he wasn't going to be allowed to save anybody's face in any such simple fashion.

"Going home!" said the colonel savagely. "A number of your guests, I may observe, have already gone!"

"I'm—I'm sorry," said Hallie in a breathless whisper. She half put out her hand, and caught it back against her breast.

"Oh, now, colonel," suggested Conway quickly, "only a few have left. If we go back to the house at once Hallie's absence will hardly have been noticed."

The colonel's laugh was an ugly if not a very loud one. "Her absence!" he said. "Quite so. Her absence will hardly have been noticed. It's not always the husband whose eyes are opened last, then! You expect me to help her deceive ——"

"Howard!" cried Hallie, as if he had struck her in the face. "What do you mean? There isn't anything—I give you my word ——"

"And what's that worth?" sneered her husband. "Your word, eh? With that puppy at your elbow!"

It was a shot that told. Young Meade till then had been dumb. He had not spoken and he had not moved.

He said now hurriedly, "I—lost my head. It wasn't Hallie's fault, Colonel Summers," and removed himself with imperceptible anxiety to a discreeter distance.

Hallie looked at him, turned her head and stared at him through the moony dark, in silence.

"Lost your head, did you!" The colonel flung away his cigar with a violent and sudden gesture, so that it described a small fiery arc in the air and lay smoldering thereafter in a drift of petals on the grass. "By gad! And you dare to tell me so—to my face! That you lost your head—over my wife!"

"Come, colonel," put in Conway coolly, "the lad's made a fool of himself, and he admits it. Isn't that enough? He's just told you it wasn't Hallie's fault. You don't want a scandal, do you? Cut along, Meade. You've done mischief enough for one night, I should say!"

"One night!" said the colonel with an unspeakably vicious inflection. "Am I to take anybody's word for that—as well?"

"Colonel!" said Conway sharply.

"You will admit," returned the colonel with an unpleasant semblance of courtesy, "that things like this have usually a beginning, not to say an end."

"I tell you," Kerry Meade said again, "I lost my head. I'm sorry; it wasn't her fault."

He sounded rather young, rather sullen, and undeniably rather frightened. The colonel, lowering blackly over folded arms, gnawing his mustache and breathing hard, might well have shaken the nerve of an older philanderer than Kerry.

"Not her fault!" said the colonel, and laughed abominably.

Conway started, and rammed one hand deep in his pocket, clenching it tight, when Hallie's voice came out of the stillness.

She said clearly, "Don't be silly, Kerry! Of course it was my fault—as much as yours."

"Oh, you're willing to say so, are you?" inquired her husband furiously.

"Hallie, child ——" said Conway imploringly.

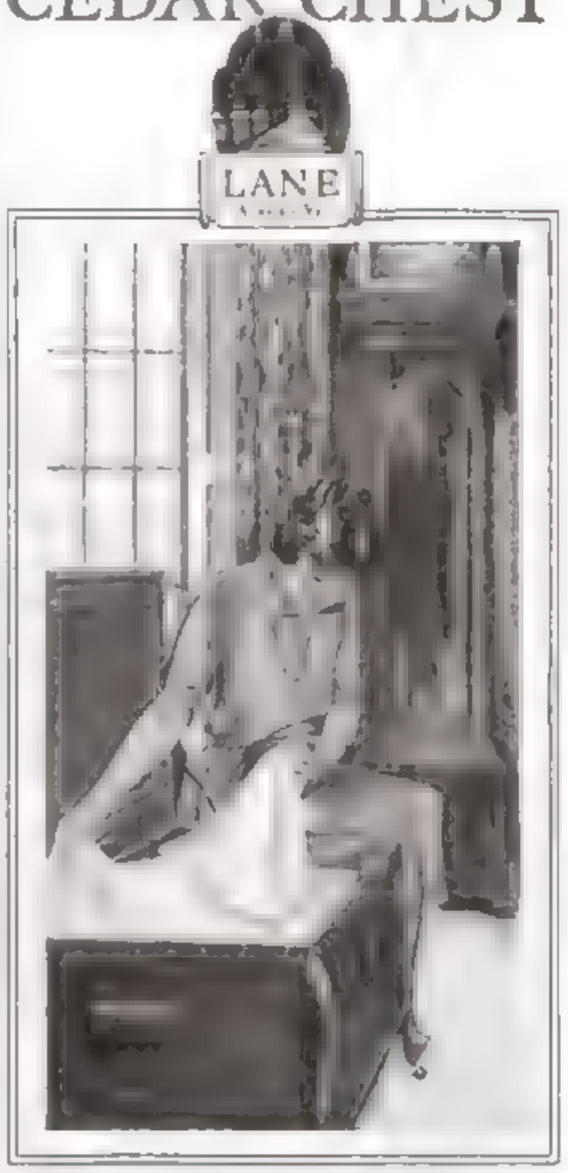
"Don't worry, Phil," said Hallie. "I know what I'm doing." She faced the colonel proudly, head well up, hands linked tight before her. She explained to him simply, "He couldn't have kissed me if I hadn't let him, of course. I'm sorry. I knew it wasn't—I knew you wouldn't like it, but—something—I can't explain —— It wasn't that I meant to, and he'd never kissed me before, but just tonight something ——" She struggled and gave up, sobbed once, and opened both hands, palms out, in a gesture poignant in its surrender, heartbreaking in its absolute honesty. "I wanted him to—and he did!" she said. "I could have stopped him. I didn't try. I wanted him to, but ——"

"Brazen!" said the colonel. He got the word out chokingly.

"Hallie," cried the boy, and took a step toward her, just one.

(Continued on Page 133)

LANE
CEDAR CHEST



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LANE Red Cedar Chests are built for permanence in every single detail. The rich color and full fragrance so noticeable in the LANE will last for years. The natural cedar oil—that all-important preservative which kills moths—is permanently kept in the wood by treating the freshly cut cedar in specially designed kilns. Only full ¾" cedar heartwood is used. All panels are inseparably joined; corners are doubly interlocked; lids are airtight and Yale locked.

Be sure you get the LANE (the name is inside the lid) and your clothes and fabrics will be absolutely safe from moths, dust and dampness. Any one of the many styles and sizes, in all-cedar or cedar finished with mahogany or walnut, is a lasting piece of furniture that will add to the beauty and convenience of your home.

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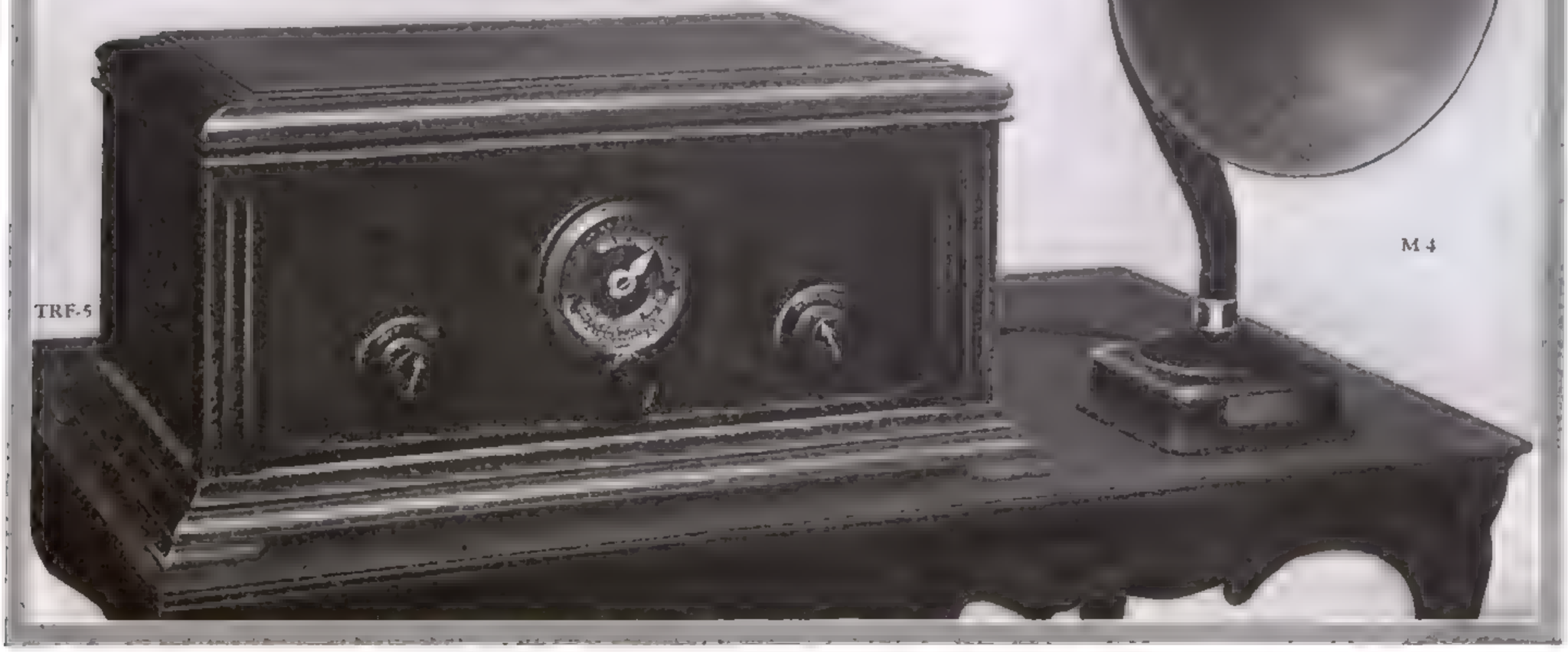
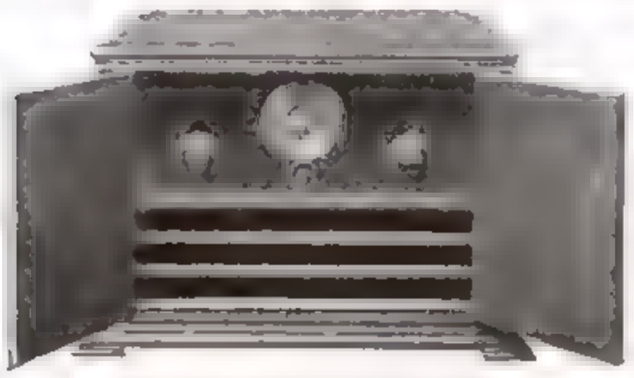
combining supreme efficiency, convenience and beauty, produced at a low cost which brings it within reach of all





MAGNAVOX RADIO TRF-50

This is a 5-tube tuned radio frequency receiver consisting of two stages of tuned radio frequency of special design, detector, and two stages of audio frequency.

The handsomely carved period cabinet contains built-in Magnavox Reproducer unit and space for "B" batteries: height, 14¾ in.; length, 20½ in.; depth, 18¾ in.

Any standard storage battery or dry cell tubes can be used—preferably Magnavox storage battery tubes Type A.

Without tubes or batteries . $150.00

MAGNAVOX RADIO TRF-5

This instrument, illustrated large at top of page, is identical with the TRF-50 but is encased in a smaller cabinet without built-in Reproducer: height 9⅜ in.; length 20½ in.; depth 14¾ in. Without tubes, batteries or Reproducer . . . $125.00

A most desirable accessory is the Magnavox M4 Reproducer . . . $25.00

HERE at last is the perfected instrument permitting you to enjoy *simultaneously* the most desirable elements of broadcast reception—features which no *one* model ever combined before. To produce the Magnavox, radio science, musical research and furniture design each contributed of its latest and best.

The distinctive Magnavox tuned radio frequency circuit is characterized by exceptional clearness and volume as well as *selectivity*. Perhaps the most gratifying feature of Magnavox Radio is its unique method of balancing the constants so as to bring the several circuits into resonance, whereby tuning is done by a single dial.

As illustrated, the panel carries only three knobs: the On and Off switch, the Selector [Magnavox Unit Tuner] and the Volume Control. This last dial permits any desired volume instantly and without de-tuning or altering the superb character of reproduction in any way.

See the new Magnavox Radio before purchasing *any* receiving set!

The new Magnavox Broadcast Receivers are being distributed as rapidly as possible to reliable radio dealers throughout the country. To avoid disappointment, place your order with the local Magnavox dealer today.

Magnavox Radio Products now include *Reproducers, Power Amplifiers, Combination Sets, Vacuum Tubes* and *Broadcast Receivers*. The name Magnavox is your assurance of quality and value.

Magnavox Radio Products are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. If unacquainted with the Magnavox store in your vicinity, write us for information.

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NEW YORK: 350 West 31st Street SAN FRANCISCO: 274 Brannan Street

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9-13

(Continued from Page 131)

Conway put out an arm and shoved him back. "You young idiot," he said gently, "get out of this and go home before—you make things any worse!"

"If Hallie wants me to stay " offered young Meade, but his voice shook slightly.

"I won't answer for myself," said the colonel abruptly and with an appalling violence, "if that puppy ever sets foot within these grounds again."

"Please go, Kerry!" said Hallie unsteadily.

Conway turned him about with a steely hold on one arm, and, not too like a conqueror, Kerry went. The moonlight glinted faintly on his fair Greek head. He trod on grass and rose leaves, with a certain appropriateness.

"Now, colonel," said Conway quietly, "shan't we three go back to the house, tell your guests good night, and leave anything else for the morning? A different viewpoint, perhaps; a little cooler ——"

"Why should you suppose," inquired the colonel icily, "that, after tonight, she will be welcome in my house—having disgraced it?"

"Hush!" said Conway swiftly. "Colonel, for God's sake, you don't mean that!"

Hallie said nothing at all. She stood looking at the man who had married her five years before; the man whose kiss and whose touch had been until that night all she had ever known of any man's touch or kiss. Her face was white in the moonlight and her eyes big and dark. She tried twice to speak before she made a sound. Then she said huskily, "I could go to the hotel."

"Don't be absurd!" said Conway. "Colonel!" He put a hand on the colonel's arm and the colonel shook it off.

"It's no good talking, Phil," said Hallie, still with that kind of dazed hoarse quietness. "He believes—something dreadful—about me. Can't you see? Not just Kerry's kissing me. Something real, something that matters. I couldn't go in with him now if he'd let me—believing things like that! I've got to—go—somewhere else."

"You have, indeed," said the colonel brutally, and prepared to leave them.

All his customary suave indulgence, his warm rich gallantry of manner, fell from him like a cloak; beneath it, pride showed a cruel face, and jealousy a stark one. Nothing remained to which one might apply the name of love and safely trust in it.

Conway set his shoulder between Hallie and the colonel, between her great unhappy eyes and the sneering mouth below the gray mustache. He said evenly, as if the moment bred no especial tension, "Suppose I take Hallie over next door—to spend the night with my sister? She's done it so often when you were out of town. You can tell people she's been taken ill and gone to her room."

"I shall tell them nothing at all; they may think what they please!" said the colonel grimly. "Tomorrow they will have to know."

Hallie put out her hand gropingly, without a word, and Conway took it in his own, drew her away across the lawn toward the gap in his hedge which had stood there many a friendly year.

He said as if nothing had happened, "Lou's always glad to have you."

And Hallie answered as if she had not heard him, "Phil, he didn't let me finish. I was going to tell him I wanted Kerry to kiss me—until—he did; not after."

"So I imagined," said Conway.

He held a blossoming white branch away from her lacy skirts.

They stood presently on the other side of the hedge with Conway's door open before them; lamplight streaming out onto the walk, onto clumps of sweet alyssum and rosy verbenas.

"Is life always like that?" asked Hallie passionately. She set her clenched hand hard against her lips. There were tears on her cheeks.

"Come in, my dear," said Conway gently, and drew her up the steps. "I'm not so sure life isn't leaning your way tonight—after all!"

II

SIX o'clock of an evening in early October, with the sun sinking, with a little chill wind rising; six o'clock in a room in a tall building on a narrow street in a city of infinite illusions; six o'clock in New York, with the autumn dusk gathering around every corner and lights coming on. A magic hour; but no hour in which to be alone!

Hallie sat in the room in the tall building, and watched the sun flickering out, and felt the little wind, and welcomed the dusk. She was alone; she had been alone now for more than a year; but she was writing a letter, and the familiar sweet presence of the one to whom it was going filled the place like fragrance from a rose jar.

"Darling Miss Lou," wrote Hallie, smiled a little, and drew her breath in a long sigh of pent-up excitement.

She had been waiting all day to get at that letter, and of several things, each vitally important to her, she hardly knew which to tell first. Miss Lou was Philip Conway's sister, the gentlest widow woman in Oldstown. Hallie wrote to her unfailingly once a week. But in this last week so much had happened.

Hallie began all at once with the thing which had happened only the day before.

"What do you think?" she wrote. "The birthday of my life has come! I sang yesterday for ——" And she spelled out with difficulty the name of a man whose verdict had made or broken more aspiring song birds than that of any other man in the country.

Having mastered the spelling of him, she continued rapidly.

"Philip went to him with me and my teacher. Philip waited for me afterward and brought me home. I haven't a notion in the world if I did well or not. I was terrified to the marrow of my bones. Just before I went into the room where the piano was, Philip whispered in my ear, 'It's in your throat. Don't be afraid. Let it out!' And I did sing with all my heart and with all my mind and with all my soul—if that's anything! He selected the things—Italian, French, German. He had me do the waltz from Bohême; and Lola's rose song. I heard him say to the accompanist, a funny little person with a burning bush of hair above a pale dry face, that I had—if you will hear it, Miss Lou!—'beauty and youth.' But that's not what I wanted to know. I could have dropped at his feet and held him by the knees and prayed to him, 'Tell me if I can sing! Tell me if you'll take me into your company! Am I as good as that? Or any good at all? And if I am any good, will you shut your eyes while I cry a little? And if I'm not any good, where is your ash barrel? Is there room for me inside it?'

"However, I said none of that. I said none of anything. And neither did he, except for a detached and courteous mumble about writing me his decision when he arrives at it, which will certainly not be before Monday, and that's two days off. I had my doubts about singing for him on a Friday—a terrible handicap—but Philip said I was a goose, and better be glad he'd consented to hear me at all. He doesn't hear everyone.

"I was glad; so glad I hardly closed my eyes the night before; so glad I can hardly hold myself still from one moment to another, now. It doesn't seem possible that after only a year in New York—well, a little over a year; it was August when I left Oldstown, wasn't it?—I should be given a chance like this. Philip's influence got it for me, of course. You see, Philip knew the great man when he was studying piano here years ago. Poor Philip! I never guessed before what it must mean to him now not to be able to play—when it had once been the biggest thing in his life! I never dreamed, seeing him back in Oldstown sitting at that other piano, working the levers and stops and things, with his head thrown back and his cigarette smoke curling up before his eyes. I always thought he did it so beautifully—no one else ever made a mere mechanism sound like that—I always thought he looked so happy. Just drugging himself, wasn't he? Poor Philip! Well! I can only wait now, as quietly as I can—and, oh, Miss Lou darling, that isn't at all quiet, inside!—until Monday, or whenever it is I'm to hear. If he says yes, I can sing, and yes, he has a contract for me, I'll send you a telegram. If he says no, I can't, and no, he doesn't want me, I'll write, if I can. Anyhow, either way it goes, never think I don't thank you and Philip with every breath in my body for giving me this chance to come alive.

"To be a woman, with an excuse for existing, instead of —— Do you remember the dolls that sat all about my room in Oldstown? The colonel used to buy them for me. There was one in rose taffeta and gold lace and little feathers, over the telephone. And another in blue taffeta and gold lace and rosebuds, on the pincushion. And another on the desk holding a lamp. The powder puff was a doll; and the perfume bottles, two others. Myself, in that room, I was only the biggest doll of all, having cost the most perhaps. I'd give my soul to pay him back what he spent on me those five years; then I shouldn't be always remembering how I paid—the other way. I don't feel like that about the money I'm taking from you and Philip. It's a clean feeling. I'll pay you back, if I live. Easily, if my voice is as good as Philip thinks. Not so easily, perhaps, but just as surely, even if it isn't. There are plenty of things one can do to earn when one is young and strong as I am. But I don't want to do the other things. I want to sing. I want to *sing!* sing!

"Darling Miss Lou, you know, don't you?

"I have something about the colonel to tell you. I don't know what you will say to it. I had a letter from him one day not very long ago. He sent me money; offered to forgive me. He said the house was very lonely without me; that he had thought it all over and that he would like to have me come back. I lay on my face on my little hard bed in this room which is mine, by myself, and cried—with fury. Because nowhere in the letter did he say that he knew now he had been mistaken in thinking the horrible things that he did of me; he only offered to forgive. Well, one kiss—in five years—doesn't need forgiveness that much! If he still thinks I'm bad it is abominable of him to want me back. He said he hated to think of my working like this, and sent me a check. I sent it back without a word or a line. I don't know what you are going to say, but that is what I did. I don't want his money, nor his forgiveness; the only thing I would take from him—an abject apology—I am never likely to get. He even hinted at the fact—while asking me to come back to him—that Kerry Meade was in the same town with me, and hoped I wasn't seeing him.

"Well, I am! I see him rather often. Philip knows all about it. I like Kerry. We're young together. The mess we made of things in Oldstown was no more his fault than mine. It just happened that the consequences fell only on me. He was terribly sorry for it all. I see quite a lot of him. Matter of fact, I'm going to dinner with him tonight. His work at Columbia isn't so heavy he can't play around a bit; we dine together often."

With which indited gesture of gorgeous defiance, a knock fell sharply upon the door, the pen dropped from Hallie's fingers making a large three-cornered blot upon her description of Kerry's labors, and she sat staring at the door knob dreamily, running the slim nervous fingers of her left hand backward through her mop of dark hair, scowling a little and pursing her beautiful mouth. Too early for Kerry; who else then?

Eventually she murmured, "Come in!" and her landlady's head, richly curled and more than richly flushed, appeared abruptly.

"Oh, Mrs. Allayne!" said Hallie sweetly. "Is it you?"

"It certainly is," Mrs. Allayne replied with small appreciation of her lodger's graciousness. "I thought you must be out!"

"No; I'm going out, a bit later."

"Well, Mr. Conway's here," said Mrs. Allayne, gradually recovering a kind of stately calm which was her commonest manner. "He said couldn't he go right up; and I told him I'd see."

"Why, of course!" said Hallie quickly. "Of course he can "

She jumped up and cast a hurried glance about the room, flung a pillow or so into neater place on the couch-bed against the wall, and straightened the screen before her dressing table. Philip! At this time of the evening, and without telephoning; he always telephoned; one thing he was rather punctilious about. What could have happened to bring him, without any sort of warning? Had he heard her heart began to stumble atrociously had he by any wild incredible chance heard the result of her yesterday's interview, her singing? Had the verdict gone to him instead of to Hallie? Not likely, not in the least likely; but her finger tips went cold and the blood sang in her ears at the thought. In that case, no hope! Philip would be coming to break it to her, to let her down gently, to see that she wasn't too hopelessly crushed. If the great man had been pleased—oh, beyond any question he'd have said so direct to Hallie herself; if Philip had heard, it could mean only one thing—refusal!

"Here you are, Mr. Conway," said the voice of Mrs. Allayne in the dark narrow hallway outside Hallie's room, and Hallie with one reckless movement thrust her unfinished letter beneath the blotter and faced the door.

"H'lo, Philip!" she called clearly. "Come in! This is lovely!"

Conway stopped on the threshold and stood there smiling at her. She put out her hand and he came in and took it, still smiling, a little.

"Well," said Hallie—"well, Philip, I know why you've come. Go on, tell me what he said! You needn't be afraid. I'm not going to pieces over it. I didn't actually dare hope, you know."

"What who said, Hallie?" asked Conway quietly.

"It would have been much too wonderful ——" said Hallie, but for all her bravery her voice held an imperceptible quaver.

There was again, and this time in frank haste, a footstep in the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Summers!"

"Yes, Mrs. Allayne," said Hallie a trifle impatiently. It wasn't easy, waiting for the Damoclean sword, no matter how much one discounted the blow by being sure of it beforehand.

Mrs. Allayne appeared, once more crimson. "Mrs. Summers, I don't know what you'll think of me. Here's a special-delivery letter came for you a good half hour ago. I signed for it, put it in my pocket, and forgot about it. I certainly hope you'll forgive me."

Hallie took it from the pudgy pale fingers with a murmured word and a reassuring smile.

She glanced at the envelope vaguely; it was addressed in very black ink on gray paper.

"Hallie," said Conway, and laid his hand over both envelope and fingers, "I didn't come alone, child. There's someone who wants very much to see you, waiting down the hall. May I bring him in?"

Mrs. Allayne had disappeared.

"Oh," said Hallie. "Oh, Philip—I thought you had heard about my singing. I was sure. That isn't why?"

"No," said Conway; "nothing to do with it, my dear. I may as well be frank. Your husband—the colonel—called me up about an hour ago, at the club."

Hallie stiffened sharply, turned a young face grown instantly older "You don't mean— he's here!"

Conway nodded, put his hand on her shoulder with a gesture of infinite friendliness.

"He wasn't sure you'd see him. You had a letter—a while ago—with a check inside?"

"And sent it back!" said Hallie proudly. "Does he think he can make me take it by bringing it himself? Oh, Philip, I don't want to see him!"

"I think perhaps you should, Hallie, if you want my advice."

"Of course I want your advice, but why need I? It will just unsettle things."

"If it can unsettle things, the answer's obvious No, I think you ought to give him a chance to offer his side; I do, my dear, or I shouldn't have brought him here. Let him come in, see what he has to say, then make your decision. This is an important concession—for him."

"I made my decision—more than a year ago."

"A year might have changed you, one way or another."

They had not moved from their first stations near the door. Hallie stood holding the letter Mrs Allayne had brought her, in a close nervous grip. She had set her soft mouth hard and her eyes were stormily dark Philip, straight and tall in his mask of imperturbable quiet, looked down at her satiny head and shut both hands on the back of a chair behind him.

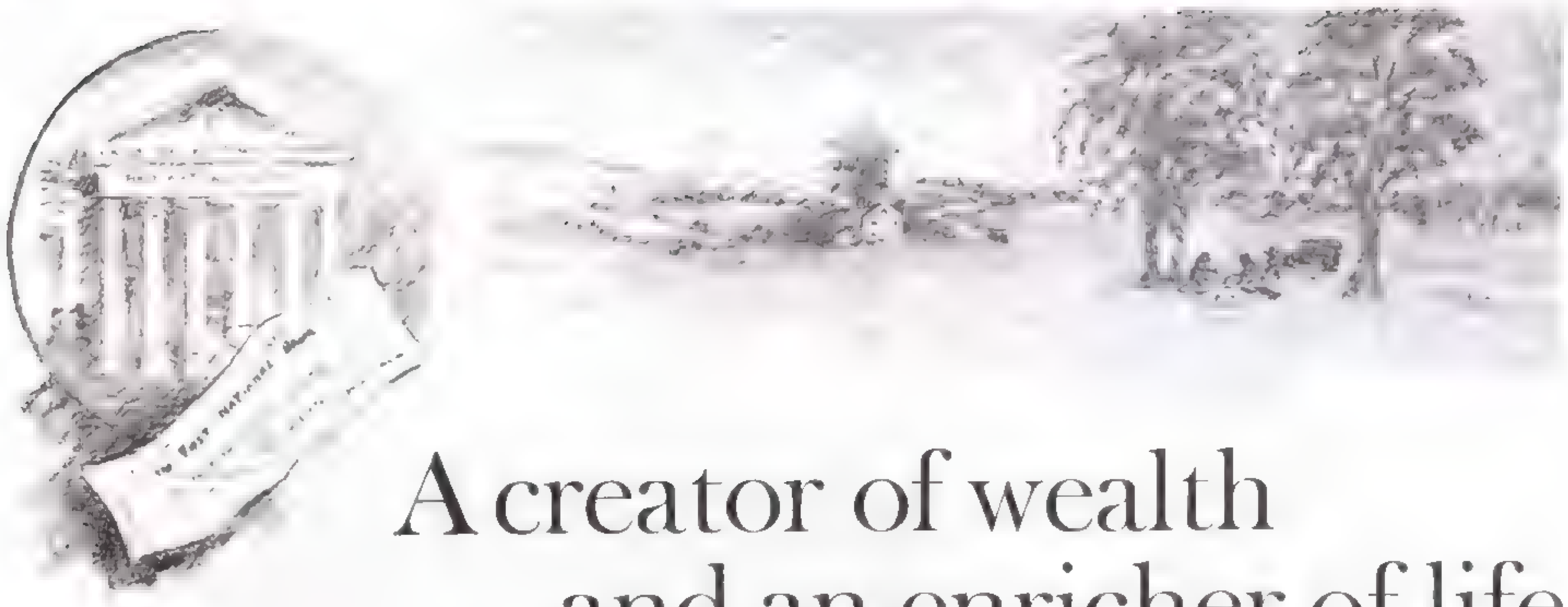
"Very well, I'll see him, Philip; because you wish it."

"I shouldn't begin by telling him that if I were you."

Hallie smiled as he meant her to, but wistfully.

"I shan't. I'll be good. But it's true, just the same. I should think I owed you that much, at least."

(Continued on Page 137)



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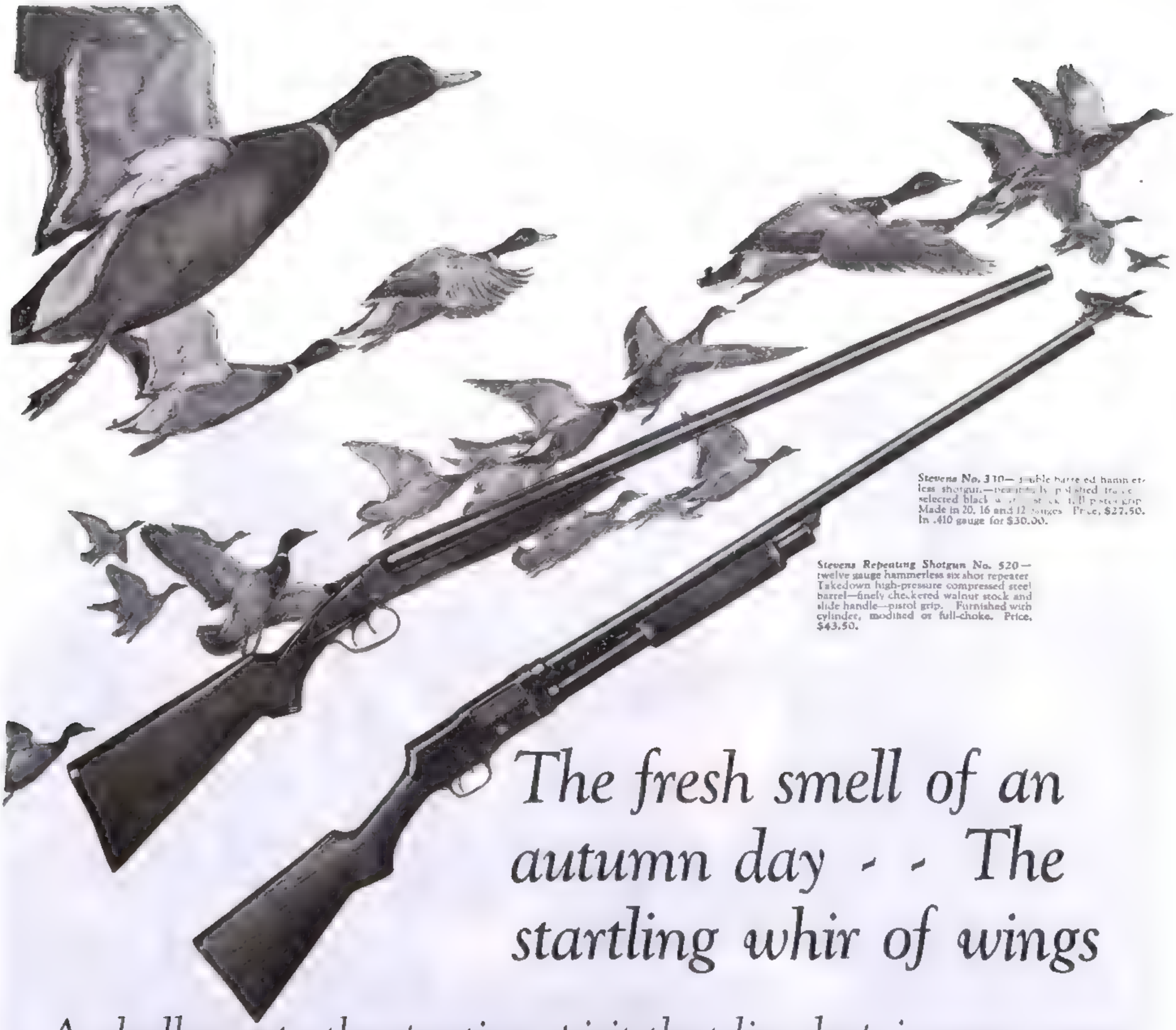

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(Continued from Page 133)

"We won't talk about debts," said Philip pleasantly. "I'll bring him in then?"

Hallie shrugged and frowned. "If I must"

"Can your letter wait?"

She had forgotten the letter. She lifted it now and looked at it hard, gave a little gasp of excitement

"Philip, I was so sure you had heard, that that was why you had come; I didn't connect this —— Why, it may be — Do you know his writing?"

"No. In any case, most likely a secretary "

Hallie's face paled, then flushed gloriously; she turned the letter about between her fingers, stared at it, drew a long breath.

"Philip, I'm not going to open it now. Not till after I've seen the colonel."

"Is that wise?" asked Conway slowly. "If it should be from ——"

"No matter who it's from, I shan't open it yet!"

"It might affect your attitude, mightn't it?" He was watching her with his eyes dark and deep, his lips unsmiling.

"That's just it!" said Hallie impetuously. "I want to be sure of myself. I'm not going to open it—till afterward. Ask him to come in, please, Philip."

With a shrug of his own Philip went.

III

HALLIE stood where Philip had left her till he came back again, accompanied by Colonel Summers. She held the letter in her left hand, half hidden in the folds of her straight dark frock, and when the colonel was well inside the room she bent her head in slightly nervous acknowledgment of his presence.

"How do you do?" she said evenly. "Won't you sit down? Philip, bring the other chair, please."

The room had only two chairs. Hallie sat on the couch and folded her hands in her lap, over the letter. Colonel Summers sat well forward, and for the first moment or so gloomed at the floor in silence. Philip, on the edge of the table, folded his arms and waited.

The colonel, in the little more than a year which had been for Hallie so full of a number of things, had changed very little. His face showed its accustomed ruddy contour, the grizzled mustache lined trimly the fullness of his heavy mouth. Hallie, with a faint feeling of physical distaste, recognized the sort of suit he wore, the pin in his tie. She had given him the pin one Christmas, had fastened many a rosebud into the buttonhole of like blue coats.

She said steadily, because someone had sooner or later to speak, "You wanted to see me?" She could speak quite calmly, but her heart was racing.

"I have—wanted to see you—for some time," replied the colonel. He sat back in his chair with a touch of the old arrogance and looked at Hallie closely. "How long has it been since you left Oldstown?"

"It's odd that you should have forgotten," said Hallie. "A year and two months, more or less."

Colonel Summers corrected her with morose accuracy: "A year, one month and twenty-eight days."

Silence sudden and painful filled the room, as if before their eyes a wound had begun to bleed through its wrappings.

"I—think I'll be running along," said Philip, getting to his feet.

"Please, Philip!" cried Hallie imploringly. "I want you to stay!"

The colonel said nothing one way or the other.

"Why, I think not," said Philip gently. "You two can talk better alone. If the colonel has something to say to you, Hallie ——"

"The last thing he had to say to me," Hallie interrupted—in spite of herself her lips trembled a little—"he said in your presence." She added, "I have not forgotten what it was."

"You might as well stay, Philip," said the colonel abruptly. "You may have some influence."

Philip sat down once more upon the table, once more folded his arms, and once more waited.

"Hallie," said the colonel, clearing his throat with a rasping sound and knitting his hands together tightly, "we may as well come to the point at once. I sent you a letter some days ago."

"Yes," said Hallie, rather low. "I received it."

"With an inclosure."

"I sent it back to you."

Dull scarlet dyed the colonel's forehead. He broke out violently. "Was that a courteous thing to do? Was that ——"

"Was it courtesy," asked Hallie hotly, "that you wanted of me?"

The colonel stared back at her with eyes that seemed to bulge a little in the tenseness of the moment. He frowned darkly. "I wanted—an answer."

"I can make myself clear," said Hallie, "at any time. Now, if you like."

The colonel, for the moment, evaded her offered clarity. He assumed a softer look. He pulled at his mustache.

"Hallie, the old house isn't the same—without you!" Hallie lifted straight brows and sat there, wordless. "There's something gone out of the place," said the colonel. He coughed abruptly and sat forward, elbows on his knees, linking his heavy-veined hairy hands before him, looking once more at the floor. "I—I've missed you like the devil, Hallie!"

"I'm—sorry," said Hallie gently.

That was all. She might have been cut in ivory and ebony, like the princess in the fairy tale. She held her mouth desperately steady. Only her dark eyes winced, and her knuckles were white.

"What's the good of quarrels and recriminations?" demanded the colonel. "What's the good of wasting our lives—like this?"

"I am not wasting my life," said Hallie.

She lifted her eyes to Philip's watching ones—downright pleading in those ardent depths—as if she wanted to be sure at least of him.

He smiled back at her quietly.

He said, "Hallie's been working very hard since she came here, colonel. She's done wonders with her voice."

"I've missed it," said the colonel heavily; in that instant there was no doubting his sincerity. "I've missed her voice—in the evenings."

A shadow of pain crossed Hallie's face. Arrogance she could meet and fight; she weakened, lost something of her young invincibility before another's hurt, even when that other had wounded her cruelly. She looked at Philip once more—dumbly—with pitiful appeal.

"It's rather bigger than it was, you know," said Philip.

"It wouldn't be half so good in a drawing-room now," said Hallie eagerly.

The colonel made an abrupt gesture of impatience, of dissent.

He said huskily, "I've got a new car—a French roadster—I think you'd enjoy. The Commission of State Roadways will be meeting in Oldstown next month; be a lot of entertaining to do for 'em. There never were any better parties in Oldstown, Hallie, than those I used to give—when you were at home. Isn't that a fact, Philip?"

"It's a fact," said Philip slowly, "for what it's worth!"

The colonel stood up suddenly and shoved his chair to one side. Hallie stood up to meet him; the shadow of him, the overwhelming size and bulk of him, looming in that little room above her, made for panic.

But the colonel was looking down at her almost humbly, with unmistakable entreaty in the fading blue eyes beneath the heavy brows.

"Hallie," he said, "I'll make you the happiest woman in the state—if you'll come home with me! I'll do the old place over, keep two cars if you want 'em. We'll take a week or so longer here and pick up a lot of new clothes for you, too; kind of duds the women are wearing now. Gad! They were made for a slim thing like you!"

Hallie shrank away as if his look denuded her of the clothes she already wore.

"Please—please don't!" she muttered.

"We'll make a second honeymoon of it," the colonel persisted coaxingly.

A flush rose above his low collar, mounted sluggishly to his eyes. There was a kind of smoldering hunger in those eyes—impossible not to see it, impossible not to feel it, as well, in the hoarse ardent voice. With Philip—watching—and listening—however unwillingly!

Hallie put out one hand in a blind gesture of defense. She shut the other hard upon the letter. If she had wavered miserably before the colonel's loneliness, she was none the less unable to face the result of her wavering.

"I'm sorry," she said shakily and desperately; "it isn't possible. That's all. I'm sorry, but—I'd rather not—even talk about it—please! It—couldn't ever be—the same."

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The colonel shook his well-cropped head stroked his mustache and set a heavy jaw. He said with ponderous indulgence, "You don't understand, my dear. As I said in my letter, I forgive you. I am willing to blot out completely what has happened."

Philip got to his feet with both hands gripping the table edge behind him, his eyes on Hallie's face, from which the color went out like a blown flame, and to which the color as suddenly returned in a streaming scarlet tide.

"Forgive me!" said Hallie, in a high clear voice. "For what?"

"Steady, Hallie!" said Philip softly.

The colonel lifted one hand in a movement of sweeping significance. He answered with equal significance, "Everything; I forgive you everything!"

Hallie clutched her letter tight with both hands against her heart. She shut her eyes for an instant, then opened them wide and deep upon the avid appeal in the colonel's face.

"You believe—I was bad," she said slowly. "I knew you believed that!"

The colonel did not contradict her. He said rather sullenly, "You were very young. I should have looked after you better."

"I am only a year older now."

"Hallie," said Philip very quietly, "what's the good of all this?"

"Exactly!" cried the colonel with a flare of resentment. "Need we discuss it any further? I tell you I am willing to overlook everything. I am willing to forget everything. I am willing"—he stopped, ran a finger about his throat inside his collar as if something obstructed his breathing—"I want to take you home with me. Isn't that enough?"

Hallie caught her breath. She shook back the cloudy short hair from her face like a swimmer coming up from swamping seas.

She said carefully, "I couldn't convince you—no matter how often I swore to it—that I had been foolish, not wicked? No one could make you believe it?"

"I know women!" said the colonel dully, and left it at that.

"You really don't see what it is you want of me, what it is you would make of me, do you?" Hallie's eyes were wells of shadow, her mouth a quivering tortured thing.

"I want—my wife," said the colonel with savage dignity.

"It—has not—always—been—called—by that name!"

Philip spoke across the colonel's stunned furious silence in a friendly murmur: "Hallie, my child, what's the use?"

"No use!" said Hallie, at white heat. She walked to the door and opened it. "I am one woman," she said to the colonel, her head well up, "whom you will never know again. Good-by."

She could have laid a whip across that staring, purpling face with less effect. The silence in which she stood, in which the colonel stood, in which Philip stood, grave-eyed and steady, held a conflict and a clamor like the warring of unseen wings in the air

The colonel broke out of it first. He groped for his hat and stick. The veins on his neck showed darkly swollen. "Very well, madam," he stammered thickly. "Very well. I'll divorce you! You've had your chance. You've made your choice." Rage distorted alike his features and his voice—the one into a deep-lined cruel mask, the other into a discordant echo of its usual suave control. He threatened hoarsely, "I'll take this into the courts! We'll see if a husband's rights can be set aside with impunity"

"This is my room," said Hallie, unflinching. "I must ask you to leave it."

Philip came forward at that, and touched the colonel lightly on the arm. "Hasn't this gone far enough?" he suggested. "After all, colonel ——"

"She orders me out of the room!" said the colonel chokingly. "You heard her."

"I left your house," Hallie reminded him tonelessly, "at your request."

She still held the door wide, her head thrown back and her eyes looking straight ahead.

"Hallie!" said Philip "Colonel Summers! Don't you think ——"

With a small painful sound between a snort and a groan the colonel interrupted. "I bid you good evening, madam!"

"Let me go with you!" said Philip quickly.

"Stay where you are!" said the colonel; he strode past Hallie without further look or word and heavily down the hall.

Hallie closed the door behind him and hid her face against it. She broke into bitter stifled sobbing.

"Hallie, I'm sorry!" said Philip. He stood with folded arms, making no effort to touch her. "Perhaps I shouldn't have come. You might have done better without me, without a third person to hear and see, making it that much worse."

Hallie said brokenly, wiping her eyes and turning a face disfigured with tears, "I shouldn't have seen him at all, except for you. I've known ever since that night—what he believed—about me. You see—in his time—people didn't—play around—much. One had to be either a goat—or a sheep; go all the way—or nowhere!"

"You mean," said Philip grimly, "he judged you—by his own past performances."

"Oh, Philip," said Hallie, with a long quivering sigh, "if you understand all that, why did you make me see him again?"

Philip took out a cigarette and held it between his fingers, unlit. He said slowly, "Security—you know—position and money and shelter—he could give you all those—world without end! Women swallow a good deal for that sort of thing. Some women."

"Not me! Not any more! It isn't enough!" said Hallie passionately.

He told her, smiling faintly, "I see it isn't. I hoped you'd feel that way about it, of course; but one had to be sure."

A brisk rap sounded on the panels of the door just back of Hallie's head. She drew away, startled.

"Someone to see you. Well, I'll be running along," said Philip.

"It's Kerry," breathed Hallie, her eyes wide. "I'd forgotten Kerry completely. We were going out to dinner. Oh, do you think they can have passed each other in the hall?"

Philip whistled very softly. He said with a whimsical quirk at one corner of his mouth, "In that case I don't seem to feel that Kerry would be knocking so debonairly."

"You don't know Kerry."

"Suppose you let him in—and reintroduce us!" offered Philip.

Hallie opened the door, and Kerry himself walked in.

He was still, for all his gray tweeds, rather Greek—the blond cleanness and fervor and charm of him—but just at the moment he hadn't his usual dash, and he showed something less perhaps than his accustomed casual acceptance of the joy of living.

"Hallie!" he began at once on a note of keen dismay. "Who d'you think I met coming out of the elevator downstairs ——" Then he saw Philip, and broke off abruptly. "How do you do, Mr. Conway? Sorry; didn't see you before!"

Philip shook hands with an amused flicker somewhere in the coolness of his look, and observed that he was just leaving.

"Don't let me drive you away!" said Kerry politely. He had an adoring glance for Hallie, a merely perfunctory one for her departing guest. Philip said that he had been leaving in any case "I see!" said Kerry "Dropped something, haven't you, Hallie?" And he dived for a letter lying upon the floor at Hallie's feet.

Hallie took it with a startled murmur. She met Philip's eyes and answered with a reckless little smile the question they put to her. She tucked the letter away, unopened, inside her frock.

"Good-by, then," said Philip; "you'll let me know later, perhaps?"

Hallie asked almost tremulously, "You'll be at your club all evening?"

"Until eleven or so, I dare say."

"I'll call you there—shall I?"

"If you will," said Philip pleasantly, made his good-bys and went.

The feel of his fingers closing on her hand stayed with Hallie after the door had shut between them. She hadn't, however, much time to wonder what, if anything, Philip meant by that sudden pressure, because Kerry, both hands upon her shoulders, swung her round to face the light, and broke into excited questioning.

"Hallie, you've been crying! Was he—was the colonel up here to see you? What did he want? Was he rotten to you? Gosh, the look he gave me when I passed him getting into the elevator!"

"Did you speak?" asked Hallie, moving her shoulders uneasily.

Kerry merely tightened his hold. He laughed briefly, with a touch of nervousness. "Oh, I mumbled something; he only glared. Looked, for a moment, as if he were going to stop and let me have it, then jerked around and walked off, with his head down, like an angry old bull."

"Kerry!"

"Well, give you my word, he did! Hallie, tell me—has he been frightening you? What've you been crying about? You needn't say you haven't; your face shows it."

"It isn't very nice of you to tell me so, if it does."

Kerry's hands slid down her shoulders to her wrists, closed there a moment, then passed to her fingers and held them hard. "Don't laugh at me, Hallie. I can't stand it! It was all my fault to begin with, wasn't it? I've never forgiven myself."

"For what, Kerry? I've told you a thousand times this has been the happiest year of my life."

She moved her fingers, again uneasily, in his hold. But Kerry's young strength was merciless.

Dusk had come down in good earnest. The green-shaded lamp on the table threw a clear yellow circle of light. Most of the room lay in shadow. Kerry and Hallie were in shadow; she could see his eyes shining, his boyish mouth, a little unsteady; life blazed in him like a fire. There was something terribly sweet about Kerry, something that drew one—drew one toward him; made one somehow want the touch of his hands, his cheek, his lips—even against one's will.

Hallie tugged at her own hands sharply, frightened of herself! Was there a scent of roses in the room? The green-gilt pallor of the moon?

She said rather shakily, "Kerry—let me go!"

He ignored that, drew her nearer, even lifted one of her palms to his cheek with a gesture curiously humble.

"When I think of what I let you in for that night! And now—just when you were feeling—kind of free and—happy ——"

"I am happy, Kerry; he can't stop me! He hasn't the right any more. He—threw it away!"

"But he's made you cry."

"I always cry when I'm angry"

"Did he make you terribly angry, Hallie?"

Hallie nodded in silence. Presently she lifted her somber gaze to Kerry's eager one. "I ordered him out of my room."

"Good Lord! Good Lord, Hallie! What'd he do?"

"He went," said Hallie simply. She added, as if by an afterthought, "He says he's going to divorce me"

She freed her hands at last and went over to the table and the lamp. Safer in the light perhaps. That queer mad charm Kerry had for her! Did he have it for all women? Very likely! Did other men have it? Philip, now?

Kerry followed her to the table. He stood close beside her, looking down at her with a seriousness she had never seen in him before. Funny, how different Kerry was, from the sort of person she had once thought him! A bit of a Smart Aleck, once. He was never like that with her now, only gorgeously young, and—glamorous. Their friendship had been, all along, a thing of wings and far-off music.

"Divorce you! Hallie, do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it, and so does he."

"He wouldn't do that," said Kerry slowly, "unless he thought ——"

Hallie interrupted proudly. "That is what he thinks; he has always thought it."

"Oh, Hallie! Hallie darling!" said Kerry huskily, and caught her into his arms and dropped his face against her hair. She felt it burning through that silken web against her cheek and forehead.

She clung to him just one moment, touched to the heart, then pushed him away and managed a smile. But Kerry was not for smiling

"If he does," he said, "will you marry me, Hallie the day you are free?"

"No, Kerry dear, I won't," said Hallie. "Do you think that's why I told you?"

"Don't—Hallie—don't laugh. I love you'" She spread the tips of her fingers across his mouth. "Don't you believe me? You don't!"

"Yes, I do; in a way. It isn't that."

"What then? You think you couldn't love me?"

"Yes, I could; in a way. It isn't that either." Her heart was thumping madly, the blood ran in her veins like bubbling wine, but she held herself steady. "Only in a way, Kerry. It wouldn't be really love, because it'd only be with—half of me."

Kerry muttered the obvious thing, kissing the tips of her fingers deliciously. "Half of you is worth all of any other girl in the world, of all the other girls in the world! Besides, what do you mean—half?"

"I mean," said Hallie dreamily, "because I'm really only half a woman, and half—a voice."

"That's the bunk!" said Kerry rudely.

They faced each other, suddenly angered, suddenly worlds apart.

"You don't understand, that's all!" said Hallie coldly.

"I understand you—better than you understand yourself."

"How dare you? Kerry, how dare you think that?"

Kerry contended stubbornly. "You're the sweetest, tenderest, lovingest thing in the world—by nature! All this stuff about your voice, about your sacrificing everything to your singing—that isn't you. If you want to know who it is, I'll tell you—it's Conway!"

"That's enough, Kerry!"

"All right. But that's who it is. He's got you round his little finger."

"Kerry, I forbid you to say it! Philip Conway is the truest friend alive! The truest friend I ever had! Sometimes I think"—she caught her breath in a furious half sob—"sometimes I think he's the only friend I ever had."

"Thanks!" said Kerry bitterly.

"Well—friend, I said! I've had a husband—who gave me neither understanding nor trust."

"You couldn't expect 'em—from a man more than twice your age."

"And you say you love me," went on Hallie blindly; "but even you don't understand that I've got to sing—or starve!"

"Rot—Hallie darling! I'll be out of law school in a year. We'd be pretty darned poor, but not so poor as all that."

"I don't mean food," said Hallie. "No—Kerry—don't touch me! You know we could be lovers, and so do I. But—it's all we ever could be."

"All!" said Kerry softly.

"Yes," said Hallie, "it's all. And, Kerry, it isn't enough!"

The lamplight fell across her lifted face, across dark lovely eyes and shadowy hair, across the sweet bent bow of an unsmiling mouth.

"Oh, well," said Kerry, with a slight lift of one shoulder, "if that's the way you feel about it." He looked at her long and strangely.

"Kerry, I've hurt you!"

She faltered a little, before Kerry's shameful hurt—his torn pride and his disprized love—but the letter lay stiffly against her soft young flesh, and she was constantly aware of it, which held her away from Kerry.

"I've had rather a trying evening," she said to him when he did not speak again. "Do you mind if I don't go out to dinner with you?"

"Dinner would be something of an anticlimax, I will admit," said Kerry.

He refused to see her hand, held out for good-by, bowed ceremoniously, and the door in an incredibly short space of time had closed upon him as well.

So swiftly and so surely did the stream bear one along!

Hallie knew he would not come back. She looked at the door a trifle wistfully. Then she opened the letter, quite calmly, because she had, after all, decided for herself.

When she had read it, standing straight and still in the middle of the room, she went to the telephone—it was halfway down the hall, beneath a grimy globe—and called Philip at his club. It was no time at all before his voice came over the wire to her ear.

"Hallie," he said, "it's you? Well, I've been waiting. What luck?"

"Kerry's gone home."

"Good!"

"And I've just opened the letter."

"Yes?"

"Will you go with me again—on Monday?"

"I'll go with you anywhere at any time. May I know what we do when we get there?"

"Philip, we sign a contract!"

"Hallie, my child, are you crying?"

"Yes, I am. I've got to hang up. I just—wanted—to tell you."

She heard Philip say, with a queer new note of his own, "I'll be up as soon as I can find a taxi. You've got to eat dinner, you know!" Then a double click—and silence. (Continued on Page 143)

Inter
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Toe and Heel
Sock
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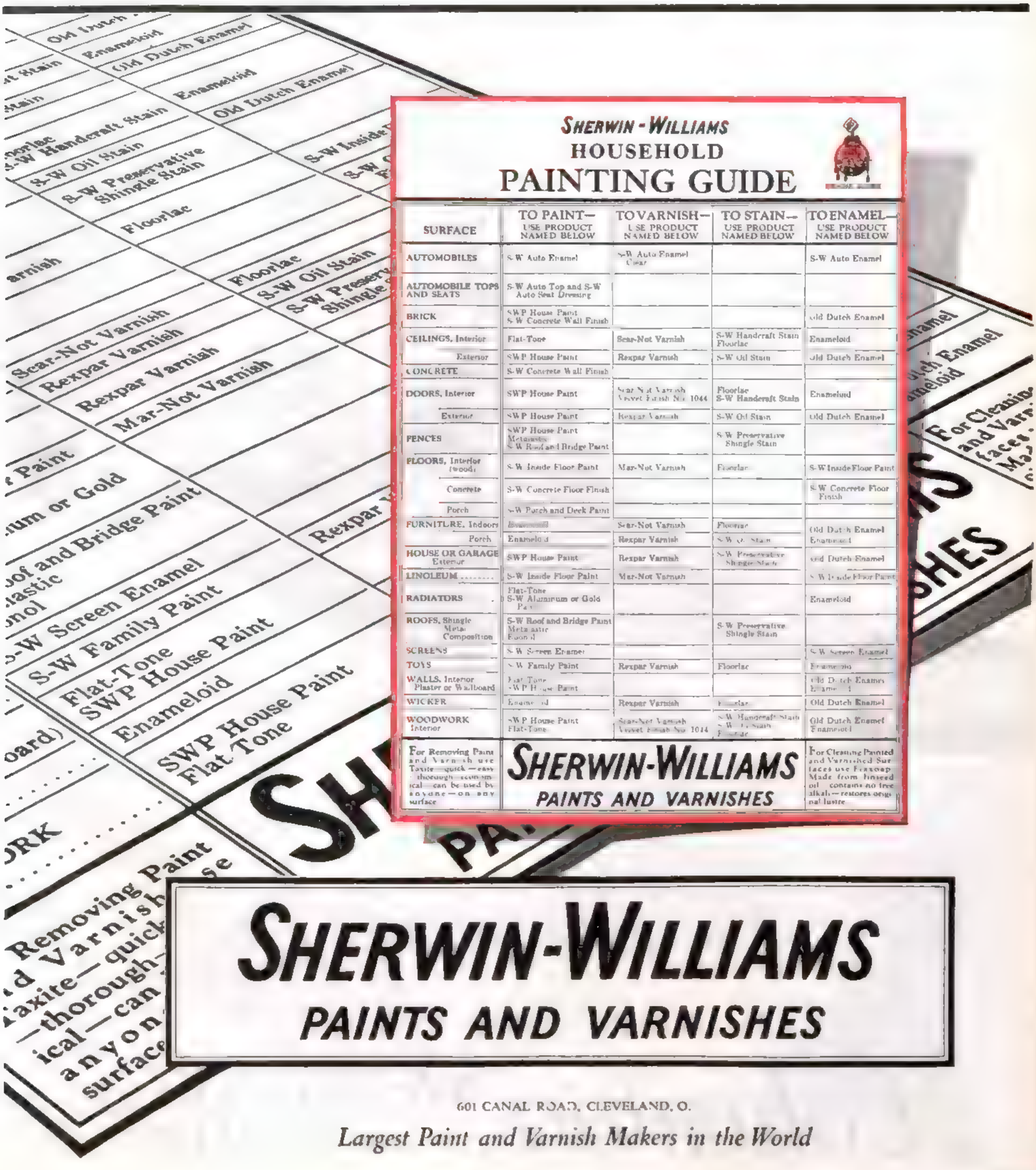

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by Helen Richmond

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Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 138)

Like a flame, like a wave, like a cry something surged up in Hallie, shook her heartbeats, checked her breathing, charged her blood. She set her teeth into the back of her hand till the pain brought her to earth.

She walked demurely down the hall and back into her room. She said to herself as she went: "This is the birthday of my life!"

The rest of the old song she did not say. She felt it had nothing to do with her.

IV

ON A BITTER night, four months after she had refused to go back to Oldstown with Colonel Summers, four months after she had refused to listen to Kerry's love-making, four months after she had chosen for her way the straight and shining one of the singer, Hallie sat before a mirror in a dressing room in a great gray famous opera house, and stared into her own dark eyes and set her clenched hand hard against her lips in a familiar gesture, and stared again.

She wore the costume of Lola in Cavalleria, and through her mind echoed and reechoed with wild insistent torturing sweetness, "I dream of roses!" Lola's song! The lure and the lull and the call of it! Hallie's whole soul had gone into that song, day after day, through endless rehearsals. Night after night, as well, she had studied and groped her way, with black coffee to keep her awake when the heavy eyelids wavered. All the action to learn, action as well as music; her hours of Italian, under the queer little teacher Philip had found for her when she first came up to New York, stood her in good stead, then; hours of Italian, hours of German, hours of French.

Almost a year and a half now of nothing but study, nothing but struggle, nothing but wonderful steady straining toward a golden goal.

Hallie had thought the day she signed her contract, when the great impresario had looked at her and smiled and nodded his head and patted her on the shoulder with "Very good—you have the voice—you have youth—you have that thing—whatever it is—which people will pay to hear!"—she had thought herself arrived.

Not so. In four grueling months she had learned better. And now at the end of those four months she was learning most of all.

She sat before the mirror in the narrow drab-walled dressing room, which on first sight had seemed to her a corner of heaven—no less!—and stared into her own dark eyes, and put her hand to her throat, and dropped her hand upon her arm, and was still—stiller than death—not daring even to cry.

Beyond the closed door of that dressing room lay the great silent stage; beyond the stage with its heavy curtains of tarnished gold lay an empty house, slowly and relentlessly filling, pit to dome; filling as the bed of a stream fills when clouds melt in the mountains. Beyond the house lay the street with motors lining close along the curb with lights flaring, and gold and silver feet mincing up the wide gray steps.

A great night for Hallie. The night of Hallie's debut.

She sat with her head on her arms and waited. She had dreamed it all many a time, moment by moment—the house filling, the great gold curtains parting, the flutes and violas and violins whispering together before the orchestra burst into sharp exquisite fullness. But the dream had not been like this.

Miss Lou sat near the dressing table, and when Hallie had been still a longer time than seemed either natural or safe Miss Lou, who had come all the way from Oldstown to be there on that night, laid a wrinkled blue-veined hand on Hallie's arm.

"Any—better, dear?" asked Miss Lou softly.

Hallie shook her head without lifting it.

Upon the other side of the mirror and the make-up box and the crumpled rouge-stained towel sat a tall old man with a gray mustache and a thinning wave of gray hair above a splendid forehead. He was Hallie's singing teacher, and his name was Asher Fortune. He had seen a good many of his pupils go on to fame of one degree or another, but for Hallie he cherished hopes uncommonly high, and when Miss Lou's gentle question elicited no clearer answer than the mute movement of that bowed dark head he inquired crisply, "No better—at all, Mrs. Summers? You must not give in!"

Hallie sat up then and pushed back her hair from a face on which the make-up had been slightly blurred by contact with her arms. She began mechanically to repair the rose-and-white freshness of Lola's beauty.

"I'm sorry," she said a little hoarsely, tried to clear her throat, frowned as if it hurt her, and set her white teeth hard.

A maid hovered anxiously in the background. There were roses in a jar on the floor, and a little pile of telegrams on the dressing table.

"Philip should be here very soon now," said Miss Lou, glancing at the door with hope in her sweet gray eyes. Her widow's bonnet and prim black gown seemed strange in that dusty place.

"Philip?" said Hallie. "Oh, yes. His train is late, isn't it!" She touched the topmost telegram with the tip of an icy finger. She made once more a little rasping sound within her throat, then tried a note or so. It came feeble and rough as a sick bird's cry.

"You must not do that!" cried Asher Fortune excitedly. "You only irritate ——"

"It may be just nervousness, dear. Try not to!" begged Miss Lou. She patted Hallie's naked arm imploringly.

"Get me my spray, please!" said Hallie to the hovering maid. She added, to the room at large, "It's no good pretending. There's something—it isn't just my cold—I can feel—it gets worse—all the time."

"Let me!" said Fortune, rising. Hallie leaned her head back. The maid brought the spray and stood waiting. She was a pretty mulatto with the easy emotional sympathies of her race. Fortune sprayed Hallie's throat relentlessly and thoroughly, peering into it with narrowed, nearsighted eyes. "Now?" he demanded with desperate insistence.

Hallie looked up at him dumbly, and shook her head. Two tears slipped down across her rouge and powder. She turned back to the glass and removed the traces of them bravely.

There was an impatient rap at the door.

"Philip!" breathed Miss Lou. "Philip has come!" She lifted helpless fluttering hands and clasped them together in her lap again. She fastened upon the door the look of an unquestioning believer. If Philip had come there could be no further need for anxiety. At Philip's touch Miss Lou's most Gordian knots had never failed to melt apart.

It was, however, not Philip who had knocked.

"Come in!" cried Fortune curtly. He waved Hallie to silence.

A young man entered briskly, carrying a small black bag and darting before him the keen impersonal glance of the successful physician. He inquired with an inflection and a manner no less reassuring than his appearance: "Miss Summers? Miss Hallie Summers? I was asked to see you."

"At once!" cried Asher Fortune imperatively. "We have been waiting for you, Doctor Bennet."

"How are you, Mr. Fortune?" returned the young man imperturbably. "Got here as fast as I could. What seems to be the matter? Miss Summers' throat gone back on her? Too bad!" He retrieved various small shiny objects from his bag and drew Hallie's chair directly under the light. "Sit here, please!"

Hallie obeyed without a word. Her eyes were prayerful upon the cool kindly young face looking down into hers.

Miss Lou, sitting very still, clasped and unclasped her hands, waiting for Philip to come.

"Caught cold, of course. How long ago?" asked Doctor Bennet abstractedly.

He had clamped a narrow band about his head with a small mechanism upon it which cast a powerful light into Hallie's throat. She moved, leaning back in the chair, shifted her head slightly, and dropped her eyelids as if in pain.

Asher Fortune answered instantly, "She took cold yesterday after a long rehearsal. Tired out; wet feet. Nothing serious, I think."

"H'm!" said Doctor Bennet, wordless and noncommittal. He continued to peer and consider, frowning a little.

"She sings Lola tonight, as you see," said Fortune insistently. "Perhaps a different spray —"

"H'm!" said Doctor Bennet again, without turning his head. "Been working pretty hard—for some time?"

Hallie opened her great eyes wide, full upon the doctor's face. She moved her head up and down. Her open mouth trembled pathetically.

"Tonight is her debut!" said Fortune with some annoyance. "Heavens, man, do you never put your nose outside that office of yours? Do you hear nothing?"

"Sorry," said Bennet coolly. "I'm a pretty busy man."

"Of course she should have seen a doctor the instant she felt a cold coming on," Fortune admitted with nervous haste.

The doctor stood up and unclamped the band on his head.

Hallie sat up in her chair and put one hand to her throat.

She offered doggedly—none too clearly, for all her most gallant effort—"It wasn't a cold yesterday. I couldn't be sure—only today—and the merest touch. It came on like this all of a sudden, about six o'clock."

"I wouldn't talk too much," said the doctor soothingly.

She flung him a terrified question, in silence.

"You can do something—of course?" Fortune demanded. "It's her debut, I tell you. She's been getting ready for it for weeks."

"So I see," said the young man dryly. He put the small shiny objects back into his bag.

"Well?" persisted Fortune.

"Please!" said Hallie huskily.

"Sorry!" said the doctor, and laid a friendly hand on Hallie's arm. He turned toward the door, adding as he went, "Like to speak to you just a minute, Mr. Fortune."

"No!" said Hallie, like the cry of a cello string. "No, Mr. Fortune, stay here! I'd rather know—at once!"

"Now, dear!" begged Miss Lou with ineffectual distress.

The doctor shrugged and came back. His gray eyes met Hallie's with a kind of pitying clearness.

"Why, it's too bad," he told her, watching her closely meantime. "You cannot sing tonight, Miss Summers. Rotten luck!"

Fortune thrust in wildly, "There have been other singers—with bad throats—who went on—anyhow. There must be something." He mentioned a drug or so desperately.

"That's all right," said Doctor Bennet, reluctant but firm, "if it were only a sore throat—which it isn't. Merely the brief examination I have just made shows unmistakably ——"

"Yes?" said Hallie.

Doctor Bennet went over to her and laid an extraordinarily gentle hand once more upon her arm. She had risen to her feet and stood there, frozen.

"Don't look so terrified," he said to her, as if she had been a child on the edge of a deep dark wood. "It's something not at all uncommon; a slight operation removes it; there is a very fair hope that your voice will be uninjured in the long run."

In the long run! With that empty stage—waiting.

"I dream of roses!"

With the heavy gold curtains—waiting.

With the pit and the galleries and the horseshoe filling; slowly, inevitably, glitteringly filling—and waiting.

With the sands slipping away, second by second, moment by moment, nearer and nearer and nearer, to the time when Hallie's great chance would have come—and gone!

"My dear," said Miss Lou, "do sit down!" She thought Hallie was going to faint.

"A growth?" groaned Fortune, brutal in his own abysmal disappointment.

"A small node—on the left-hand side," said Doctor Bennet, unwillingly explicit, and added almost with open resentment, "I have seen much worse."

Hallie stood holding to the back of the chair she had quitted, with both chill hands. She said with that pitiful hoarseness belying an unsteady ghost of a smile, "'Tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door—eh, doctor!"

"I should go home, Miss Summers, if I were you," he told her soothingly, "and go to bed. We can make a more complete examination tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Hallie.

Fortune flung up his hands with a gesture of despairing futility.

"The management must be told at once."

"I'll—get out of my costume," said Hallie. She turned back to the mirror like a creature in a dream.

Doctor Bennet bowed and went out. Fortune followed him after one muttered word and the wave of an impotent hand in Hallie's direction.

(Continued on Page 145)

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DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 143)

Miss Lou between door and dressing table suddenly put out both arms. "Hallie—darling little Hallie!" She offered sanctuary to Hallie's tears. "It doesn't seem possible, my child—after all your work!"

But Hallie's tears had dried at the source. She kissed Miss Lou's soft withered cheek with lips that now barely trembled. She began, with fingers almost steady, to unfasten Lola's pretty gown.

She explained as she did it: "I dare say they'll arrange it all very easily. There's a French girl who's been singing Lola with them for some time; it's still fairly early."

She dropped the costume to the floor, and, awe-struck and curious, the mulatto maid picked it up.

"Yo' ain' gwine sing, tonight, Mis' Summers?"

"Not tonight, Mattie."

"Yo' ain' gwine need dis?"

"Not tonight."

"Take it away!" said Miss Lou crisply. She urged Hallie into her chair, once more before the mirror, slipped a soft black kimono about her shoulders. The kimono was lined with flame color; Hallie seemed very small in it, rather smaller than usual. She went about taking off her make-up without a word; smeared her face with cold cream, wiped it off; took the beads of mascaro from her lashes; wiped the provocative rosebud curves from her mouth. Gradually her own face came back, a little drawn, with the big eyes slightly shadowed. She sat looking at it in silence.

Miss Lou handed her a powder puff. "Just a touch, dear."

"Why?" asked Hallie dully, but she passed it over her face, and gave it back with no other comment.

Miss Lou handed her a comb. Hallie took it, ran it through the silken dark waves of her hair and laid it down upon the dressing table, wordless.

"Will you put on your street things now?" asked Miss Lou gently.

"Perhaps I had better," said Hallie.

She stood up, and Miss Lou slipped over Hallie's head the simple black frock which she had taken from a hanger behind the door, fastened it at throat and wrists, tied the narrow belt as if she were dressing a little girl. Hallie stood dazed and unprotesting.

"Now," said Miss Lou—"now, there, my dear!"

"Thank you," said Hallie huskily.

"Sometimes," went on Miss Lou with the croon of a dove in her soft slurring murmur—"sometimes it's hard to see why things happen as they do, isn't it, honey?"

Hallie only twisted her mouth and shut her eyes for a moment.

"But there's apt to be—something—behind it all."

"What?" asked Hallie.

"God," said Miss Lou with entire simplicity. "Under one name or another."

"You believe that!" asked Hallie.

"If I didn't I couldn't have lived," said Miss Lou.

There was for the instant a shadowy third presence in the room—Miss Lou's tall boyish husband who had been thrown from his horse within a month of his wedding day and brought back to her, dead, with her picture over his heart. Miss Lou had lived through that—and thirty years beyond it. It might be she knew where to look for the answer.

She said, touching Hallie's cheek with delicate fingers, trying somehow to rouse her: "There was a note for you, dear. Did you see it? From Kerry, I think. I recognized his writing."

"Yes," said Hallie without stirring, "I saw it. He wanted to tell me he's engaged—to a girl from Philadelphia."

"Why did he send it here to the theater?" cried Miss Lou, outraged in every tender sensibility.

"Because he wanted me to know it—tonight."

"Hallie darling!"

"I don't care," said Hallie. She put up her hand to her throat. "I never did care—really—that way—about Kerry. That's what makes it all so funny, don't you see? I can't talk much."

The panels of the door vibrated to an imperative knock.

"Come in!" said Miss Lou. She slipped a protecting arm about Hallie's waist.

But Hallie moved away and opened the door herself.

Upon the threshold stood Asher Fortune, still deeply agitated; a little behind him the tall slender figure and fine deep eyes of Philip Conway, at sight of whom Miss Lou broke into a smothered cry of relief.

"Philip, I thought you'd never come!"

"Hello, Philip!" said Hallie tonelessly.

The two men came into the room and closed the door behind them.

Philip kissed his sister and took Hallie's cold hand into a close hard hold.

"Sorry," he said. "I couldn't make it any sooner. My train was late."

Fortune interrupted violently: "Well, Mrs. Summers, I have done the best I could. I have seen the management for you; they are deeply distressed; it was not possible to see the impresario; he himself is at home with influenza since noon today. What rotten luck!"

"His or mine?" asked Hallie mordantly, but she left her hand in Philip's clasp, even clung there faintly. It was so firm a hold, so unwavering and so warm.

"That other one," continued Fortune, shaking back his depleted gray wave with a gesture of histrionic despair, "will go on in your place. There is no help for it. Tomorrow Doctor Bennet will see you again and make a thorough examination. He tells me it will be months—it may be years, if at all—after the operation."

A little groan broke through Hallie's tight-set lips.

Philip after one black and icy look took Fortune by the shoulders and led him aside.

"I think," he said evenly, "that you had better leave Mrs. Summers to my sister and me. We are her oldest friends. This evening has been a good deal of a strain upon her. We will take her home, and see about a doctor later."

"But Bennet ——" said Fortune.

"I will see Bennet myself."

"And the management—had they not better talk with Mrs. Summers now?"

"No one else," said Philip with cool finality, "is going to talk with Mrs. Summers tonight. We must ask you to excuse her. As you see, she is not feeling up to any further discussion."

Hallie was indeed pitifully white. She had sunk into a chair and her hands lay clenched in her lap. She looked nowhere but before her, and that, unseeing.

"I will say good night," said Asher Fortune.

"Then make it very brief!" said Philip coldly.

He kept his hand upon the singing teacher's arm, steered him courteously but relentlessly once more toward the door.

"My child," said Fortune to Hallie, "I am bitterly sorry—for you and for myself. I had counted upon you. I have never trained a sweeter voice!"

Hallie nodded at him without speaking. There was heartbreak in her eyes.

"Philip," cried Miss Lou with surprising violence, "this is killing her! Take him away!"

So Philip took Asher Fortune away and shut him outside that small cluttered room with its roses and its telegrams and its rouge pots and its mirror.

Then he came back to where Miss Lou stood, stroking Hallie's hair from her forehead.

"I want you to go down and wait for us—in the car, Lou," he said to her pleasantly. "We shan't be long. I've something to talk to Hallie about."

Miss Lou very nearly bristled. "She isn't equal to talking. You just said so yourself."

Hallie looked up at them both and tried to smile.

"I can talk to Philip."

"Please, Lou dear," said Philip.

"Please!" echoed Hallie with difficulty.

Miss Lou collected her gloves and her bag and went. She warned them, going, "That child is in no condition to discuss—anything."

"She is not going to discuss—anything," said Philip. He saw his sister to the door.

"She ought to be in her bed this minute," Miss Lou flung back at him with helpless annoyance.

"She will be on her way there in ten minutes," Philip promised gravely.

He went back once more to Hallie when Miss Lou had gone, and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

Hallie stooped her cheek to it for a moment in silence. Then she said wearily, "Sit down—Philip. Was it about the colonel?"

"Partly," said Philip.

He sat down in a chair just facing her.

"I know," said Hallie. Her hand went up to her throat again. She shut her eyes

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and her lips twitched painfully. "He's got his divorce."

"Hallie, how did you know?"

"He sent me the papers, marked. He sent me a letter too. He said he was letting me off easy, just pleading—desertion—when he might have named Kerry."

Philip swore softly between his teeth. "When did you get this letter?"

"Yesterday—just before I left for rehearsal."

"Hallie, my dear—my dear!"

"It was—rather—hard," said Hallie, turning her head against the back of her chair with a restless tormented movement. "I worked—like a crazy woman—trying to get away from it. Then I came out into the rain—and I couldn't find a taxi for ever so long. I must have been tired too."

"Damn him!" said Philip.

"Who? The colonel? Why, Philip? He thinks he's been—cheated—of what he spent—on me."

"Don't, Hallie! It's too abominable!"

"Well, in a way, he has. In a way, I've cheated—everybody. Kerry, too. Kerry wanted me—to love him. And I wouldn't. Have you heard? He's engaged."

Philip's smile flickered wryly.

"Kerry? To whom? That boy? He never really mattered—with you. You don't have to tell me."

"I've never had—to tell you—anything—have I, Philip? You've always known. That's what makes it so dreadful."

"Makes what so dreadful, Hallie? I'm going to take you back to your rooms now. You've talked long enough."

"No, no, Philip. I won't go yet! I haven't told you—how ashamed I am—how cruelly ashamed."

She was crying uncontrollably, with one hand cupping her throat, her eyes shut, her poor mouth bitten and tremulous.

Philip rose and stood over her without a word. He pulled her up into his arms and held her there as if she had been an unhappy child.

"Stop it, Hallie! Stop it! This is ruinous for you."

Hallie steadied herself at that with a sigh that went through her from head to foot. She leaned her cheek against Philip's coat and clung there, pathetically silent.

"Be good, now," said Philip gently. "Get your coat and hat and I'll take you home."

"Philip—I've put myself to sleep—for weeks—dreaming—about tonight."

Philip groaned with his cheek against her hair.

"Hallie—dear—it's no good thinking of that now! The thing to do is to look ahead."

"Why? What is there ahead? Didn't you hear him say—that doctor—it might be months—even years?"

"He isn't the only doctor in town. We'll have one or two others."

"And waste their time—and yours? No, you won't. I'm going to work—in a shop, somewhere, where I belong."

"Hallie! You're mad! Do you think we'd let you—Lou and I?"

Hallie managed a little laugh without lifting her face, a small and bitter sound.

"Do you think I don't know you've done all this for me? Miss Lou's been just to keep people from talking. It's your money I've been wasting; it's you that I've cheated—like everyone else."

He held her off and looked down at her grimly.

"You don't know what you're saying."

"I do know what I'm saying! You've believed in me, you've believed I could sing, you've stood behind me, like a rock. And I've failed you, failed you horribly. It's breaking my heart; it hurts me more than anything that's ever happened to me."

Philip said very quietly, very evenly, with both her hands in his, "I wanted you to have all of life that you could get, my dear. And I knew what music could mean having lost the power to make it myself."

She uttered a little broken sound to comfort him, her cheek against his fingers.

"And you will have it yet," said Philip, "by the grace of God—and a few physicians!"

"Philip, I haven't any right to it."

"To what? To the song you were born with?"

"No, Philip, no. To all your faith—and your help—and your ——"

"Love," said Philip. "That's the *x* in the equation, Hallie. Will it make it any clearer for you to know it? Will you stop reproaching yourself and torturing me, if I tell you—everything I've got is no good to me—unless you can use it?"

"Philip," said Hallie faintly, "you never said—I didn't know you ever even thought of me—that way."

"Naturally. Lost causes and forlorn hopes, you know—they don't do much talking."

"But all this time —— Oh, Philip, it was cruel of you never to let me see! How was I to know?"

"You weren't to know. You wouldn't know now—except for this nonsense about cheating and failing. You couldn't fail me, Hallie—except by dying and leaving me in the world without you."

She came close to him and laid her two hands open against his heart. Her eyes were wide and incredulous as she lifted them to his.

"Philip—has it been—like that—all along? How—how—beautiful!"

His strong slim musician's hands covered her fingers and crushed them close.

"Since the day you came to Oldstown. I was lying in the hammock in the garden that night."

Hallie said hoarsely, with a wistful tenderness, "I remember. Your arm was in a sling. You were just back from France."

"I had learned about that time," Philip told her simply, "that my playing was done for. It took me off my feet, rather. Things were black. Then, that first night, you sang; and I lay in my garden and listened to you. You opened doors I thought had closed—for good." He stopped abruptly. "Hallie, that's all you need to know! That what's mine is yours—always. Shall I take you back to your rooms now?"

"If that's all you need—to know!" said Hallie, and with the suddenness of a swallow wheeling, put her face down upon his hands and hers, and was breathlessly still.

She heard him presently close to her ear, felt the heavy uneven beating of his heart beneath her palms.

"Hallie, it isn't an obligation, my dear." She did not stir. Her own heart was choking her. "I'm quite happy, getting you the thing you want." And still she waited in silence. "Hallie," said Philip unsteadily, "this is a bit more than I can stand. One's only human! For God's sake get your coat and let's go! Gratitude's all very well, but ——"

"This isn't gratitude," said Hallie. She added pleadingly, "It hurts my throat to talk."

"Darling!" muttered Philip in swift remorse. He put his arms about her.

"That's what I meant," sighed Hallie.

He turned up her face with a hand that shook a little and looked deep into her eyes. The lids quivered down. She held her breath while he kissed them. It dazed her gloriously.

"It's like having the full moon rise above your doorstep!" she whispered. "Philip, it doesn't matter—about my voice—any more. This is enough!"

"You shall have your voice too," he promised her steadfastly. "It's part of you. I want you to have everything that is yours! We'll wait and work and—with any luck at all—you'll have it back again. Trust me, my sweetheart!"

"When haven't I—trusted you?" asked Hallie passionately. "Or was it love—all the time? And I didn't know it. Oh, Philip—I'd follow you—around the world—barefoot!"

His arms tightened suddenly, he bent his head, she lifted her face, surrendered, to his lips.

Beyond the closed door, beyond dark stairs and towering painted walls heavy gold curtains swayed open, music flowed out upon the air.

It was the night of which Hallie had dreamed.

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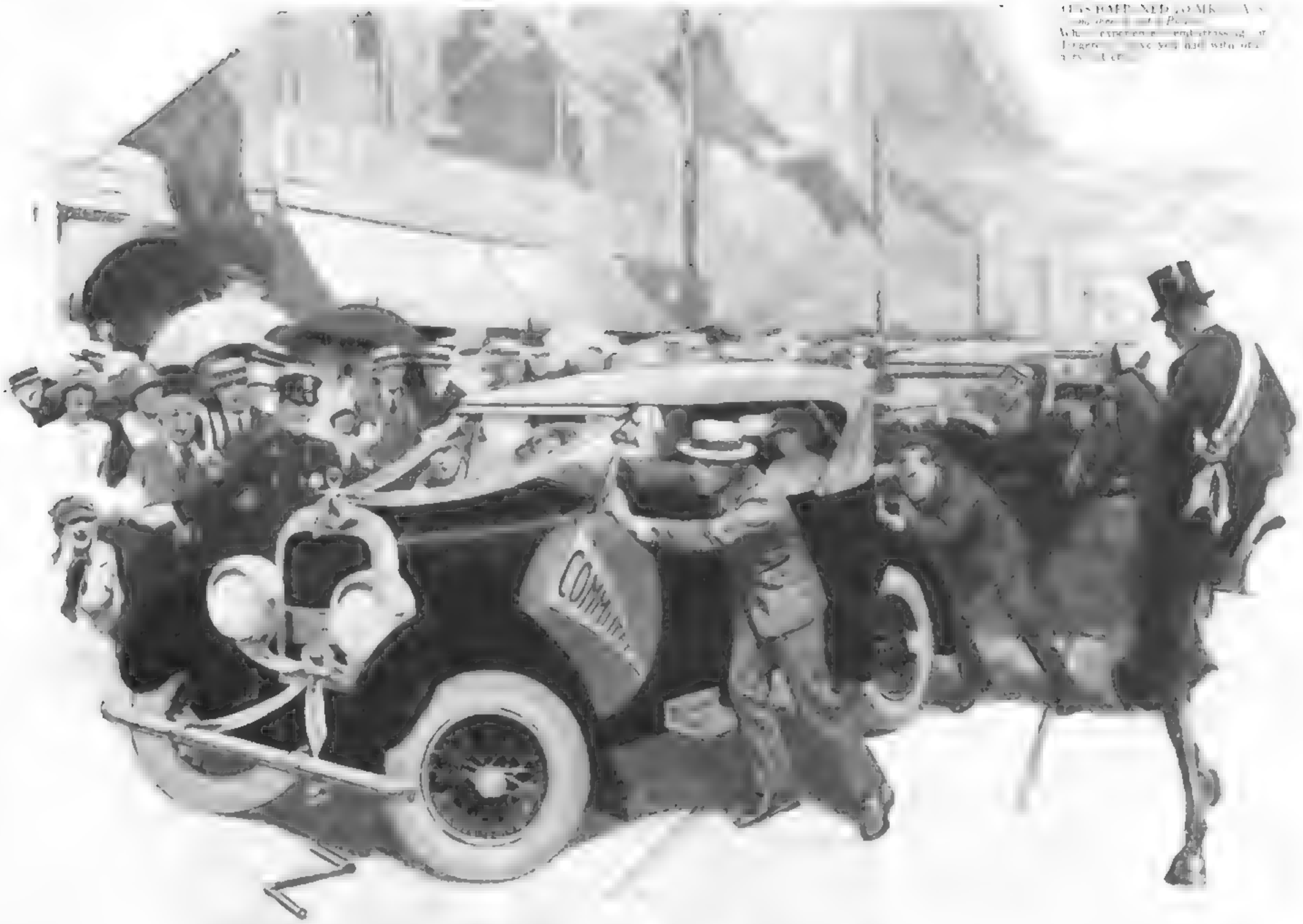

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PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

WHAT OF THE AMERICAN HIGHWAY?

(Continued from Page 54)

It is not difficult to see where this tendency to place local railroad traffic off the rails and into the highroad might yet lead.

Here is a typical side line of the New York Central. It runs from Canandaigua, in Western New York, over to Batavia, on the main line of the road, fifty-one miles away. A very old line, it once was a fairly busy stretch of branch railroad. Yet it serves no cities outside of its terminals, and the four or five rather prosperous villages that are upon it all have other railroads; in some cases main-line roads.

Traffic upon this line long since sank almost to a nothingness. Two local trains, each with but a single passenger coach, move rather languidly over it each weekday. The state to which it has fallen may be indicated by the fact that to the railroaders as well as to the local citizenry it has long been known merely as the Peanut Road. That tells the story.

It would be very easy, and probably good business too, for the New York Central to abandon this stretch of line and meet its franchise requirements for the carrying of freight and passengers, baggage, mail, milk, express and the like by the use of motortrucks and motorbusses. Parallel to the Peanut Road runs the main highway of the state of New York, the historic Genesee Turnpike, extending all the way from Albany to Buffalo. If the railroad put its motortrucks and motorbusses on the highway it could then tear up its rails and save a maintenance cost which the present traffic does not justify. It would lose some through-car movement from the towns between Batavia and Canandaigua, but these are all served by other roads, and the revenue from the movement of these cars would fall far short of meeting the simplest maintenance costs of the line. Incidentally the Peanut carries no through traffic whatsoever.

Suppose the Central were to do this very logical and businesslike thing. What happens then? Well, the first thing is that the already overburdened Genesee Turnpike has a fresh task put upon its poor old back. The motortrucks multiply and the individual motorist has a fresh grievance. He hies himself to his legislators and these Solons decide eventually that there must be a parallel road.

Here is a bully idea: The New York Central has just abandoned a right of way between Canandaigua and Batavia, quite wide enough for a sizable main highway. Let us use this. Even if the embankments and the cuttings of the old single-track line are a little too narrow for highway use, they can easily be widened, and all at far less cost than trying to strike a brand-new right of way for a trunk highroad across the state. Pretty soon the Peanut Road comes into its own again; only this time it is not a steel highway, but, in all probability, a concrete one. In a local transport problem we have exchanged not only motive power but the surface upon which we roll humans and their goods. Now the problem is which one offers the least restriction, the least friction, for the transport of all these things. The answer is not hard to guess.

Horse-Drawn Trains

Assume that we do this thing and that the railroad company continues to maintain its depots in the intervening villages along the Peanut Road, just as before. What has it become? A shipping company, a forwarder, a concern not entirely unlike an express company. It operates its vehicles upon the parallel public highroads, just as a steamboat line operates its vessels upon the public waterways. It takes its own chances of getting traffic and of getting traffic through.

After which, in but a little less than 100 years, we shall have achieved a complete circle in our transportation problem here in America. One of the earliest and most important of our railroads was the Philadelphia and Columbia—today a part of the main stem of the Pennsylvania—built to haul goods and men from the banks of the Schuylkill to those of the Susquehanna. It was a state-owned line, a public railroad, if you please. Any person with a wagon which conformed to certain flange and gauge requirements was free to operate his own train upon the Philadelphia and Columbia. A good many people did. The Conestoga wagon was easily adaptable to the traffic, and long lines of these traversed the lines of the railroad in its beginning day. Gradually there came the almost inevitable consolidations between the wagoners, and some one of these groups or companies was experimenting with something a little stronger and a little better in every way than horses—the steam locomotive.

Then there was trouble indeed. The steam locomotive, being not only stronger but faster than the horses, found its course impeded by them, with the result that in a little longer time the most powerful of the early companies went over to Harrisburg and succeeded in having first the horses eliminated from the Philadelphia and Columbia, and then all its competitors. It demonstrated to those early Pennsylvanians that one company could run the state road far better, far more efficiently, than a group of discordant ones. And that is the way that one of our important railroads of today was born.

Short Hauls and Long Hauls

It is entirely within the possibilities that a similar trend of affairs gradually may come upon our highways. Already a tendency to consolidate may be detected among both motorbus and motortruck operators. It is a logical tendency, yet not one that can give any large degree of comfort to the individual motorist, or to a good many other individuals either. It is not pleasant to contemplate our nice highways, shady roads, and some of them leading to lovely scenes of sylvan beauty, gradually being transformed into freight railroads, or even passenger railroads.

That the motorbus and the motortruck have come to stay; that each has a most important part to play in the steadily expanding scheme of American transport is not to be disputed. Each has a large rôle that cannot possibly be played by any other sort of carrier whatsoever. Yet to say that the motorbus is to supplant the passenger train or the motortruck the freight train would be as foolish a statement as to say that neither had its real rôle to enact in our transport.

The truth of the matter is that the motor omnibus is, in its last analysis, a short-haul carrier. It reaches the centers of cities and towns, even the very doorsteps of its patrons, in a way that the passenger train can never reach. It is a facility of highly intensive possibilities locally, but essentially a local carrier nevertheless.

The steam passenger train, on the other hand, represents an efficiency, a safety, a speed, a comfort, even for longer rides, that never can be reached by the motor omnibus. A crew of ten or twelve or fifteen men can take care of the bodily comforts of from 300 to 500 passengers, even to giving them meals of a day and sleep of a night. A train can run sixty miles in as many minutes, and still in safety. The solidity of the steel rail, the flange of the wheel that operates upon it, the constant and vigilant maintenance of both, the synchronized direction by telegraph—all make factors for long-haul passenger traffic that the motorbus cannot possibly reach.

Similarly the American freight train today is one of the real triumphs of world transport. Six men with a locomotive haul 6000 tons of freight in one of these carriers. To distribute this load in motortrucks would require at the very least 1000 trucks, and 1000 men to drive them.

Think of the space to be occupied, of the confusion in the disorganized movement of such a fleet!

It is foolish, indeed, to talk about the motorbus supplanting the passenger train, the motortruck the box car. Each is a supplement; each can and should correlate with the other. It is far more pertinent not to consider the enlargement of the highway to take up the burden of the railroad, but the adaptation of the steel highway to lighter traffic units, moved in a larger degree than ever before by automotive engines, burning gasoline or kerosene or other volatile fuel, or even moved by electricity. This is, to my mind, the real solution of the problem.

In the meantime the American highway must be enlarged—radically—not to serve as a substitute to a railroad, but to meet the swiftly increasing needs of short-haul motor traffic of every sort. That traffic is within its rights upon the highroad. Even the railroad company that uses its inherent right and operates the motortruck in terminal and even semiterminal services upon the highroad can then do that much in all decency of conscience.

The enlargement of the highway does not alone mean the widening of existing paved roads, or their extension, but their duplication. Most of the larger states already are committed to a general policy of paralleling existing roads upon which traffic congestion has already shown itself. Generally this is done by choosing existing country roads, perhaps six or eight or ten or even twenty miles distant from the main highways which they parallel, and paving these in good width. Then the highway commissioner is free to close the original road, for repair or repaving or widening, or all three together, and with a minimum of inconvenience to the traffic. After which there is a flexibility between the two parallel main-stem roads that hardly needs an explanation. This is a beginning, and a good one.

From time to time some hard-headed engineer, yet possessed of a considerable vision, brings forward a plan for twin roads directly parallel, within a few feet of each other, and with frequent crossovers between them. The two roads would then be operated upon the general principle of a double-track railroad, traffic, either swift or slow-moving, going in a single direction only upon each of the roads. There would be ample room upon each of them for the swifter cars or trucks to go by the slow-moving ones.

Double-Track Highroads

The chief objection to this plan is the cost. It would involve as a primary expense the acquisition of additional land for the widened right, and this, as any county engineer can tell you, is apt to prove an extravagant business in almost every way. A far simpler plan, in use in several of the Eastern states, is to leave six feet of the original paved road and then to lay down upon either side of it a concrete strip nine feet in width. In this way a twenty-four-foot road is gained with but eighteen feet of actual construction. Moreover, the black asphalt strip between the two streaks of gray-white concrete not only serves to mark distinctly the up road from the down but it also permits of an easy turn-pass for swift-moving cars in either direction. This is a highly efficient and highly practical way of building a double-track highroad. Two concrete strips, each fourteen feet in width, are vastly to be preferred to the nine-foot ones. In this case, eight feet of the old asphalt is left in the center and you have a wonderful thirty-six-foot road, which means the easy passage of four lines of vehicles side by side—about as much as is either convenient or safe for a highway.

The next step forward in highway development contemplates not the further widening of roads, but the segregation of vehicles between different pathways. Now we are coming close to the solution of the problem and the phase to which highway engineers and city planners are giving their closest attention these days. Relief highways, parallel through cities and large towns, or, better still, looping around about them, are the cry of the moment everywhere.

Originally towns fought hard against roads passing by and ignoring them. Local merchants and hotel keepers expostulated upon the value of the trade that would come to their doors. Now the towns sing a different song. They are sick and tired of the endless rumble of through traffic, never stopping and rarely slackening speed, through their streets. They are demanding relief roads to take the increasing press of motortruck traffic. That is the thing that sticks in their minds, and well it should. In the state of New York alone the passenger-automobile traffic increased 500 per cent in the past five years—a fairly staggering figure. But in the same time the motortruck traffic had increased more than 900 per cent!

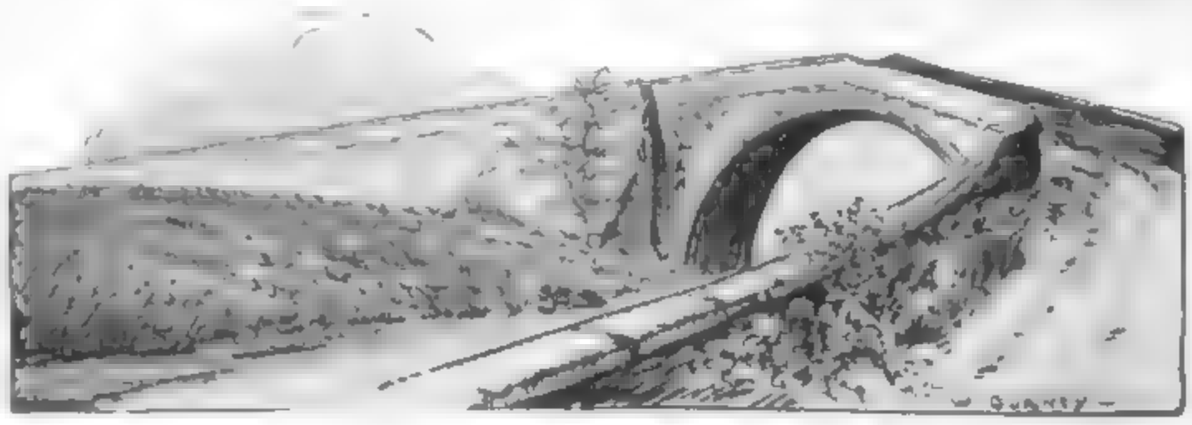
This, then, is the nub of the problem: Motortruck segregation wherever it is possible, in the interest of the motortruck driver and operator as much as in that of the private motorist. The first of these men has his own troubles. He may not always be Chesterfieldian in his manners, but he can generally make a fairly good case for himself by saying that he is not anxious to take a risk with a well-laden and top-heavy truck and roll the whole outfit over upon its side when he tries to turn out into a ditch, perhaps from solid pavement into an extremely soft shoulder of the road.

Truck Segregation

Already definite steps are being taken for segregation roads of this very sort. The New York metropolitan area fairly cries aloud for a relief of this kind. The Albany Post Road at Yonkers, the Boston Post Road at New Rochelle, the Lincoln Highway at Elizabeth, the Jericho Turnpike and the Merrick Road on Long Island, and the Paterson Plank Road in Paterson are easily the worst examples of motortruck and passenger-car congestion in the suburban zone surrounding a great city. To lessen the pressure on one of the very worst of these roads, the New Jersey State Highway Commission already has designed a special commercial traffic way—primarily as an extension of the vehicular tunnel now in construction between the lower end of Manhattan Island and Jersey City—which will pass completely under the present street system of Jersey City by a long series of open cuttings and bridges and then run around the congested centers of both Newark and Elizabeth, not pouring its trucks into the Lincoln Highway until well west of the latter city, where there is abundant opportunity for both widening and paralleling that main traffic route between New York and Philadelphia.

This is typical of what can be and will be accomplished elsewhere. Detroit, looking forward, is planning similar highway relief; so is Chicago, and so is St. Louis. In some cases a very appreciable relief can be had by separating two busy roads crossing at right angles so that the one passes under the other. The methods of healing the trouble are both many and varied.

In fifteen years—possibly in twelve, or even ten—we of America are to see our traffic doubled once again. Once again rails will be crowded to their uttermost, and so will be our highways, no matter how we may seek now to enlarge them. Traffic everywhere; traffic upon the railroads, traffic upon highroads, even heavy traffic upon our inland waterways. We talk much and we dispute. But traffic, the veritable Frankenstein monster of our generation, goes forward. What is it? How is it ever to be controlled? The answer is not an easy one, but it is a fairly definite one. We must keep creating new veins and new arteries for its free and uninterrupted circulation. It is our lifeblood, the hope of our future, the strength of our nation. For it we must be creating forever and a day. We must be laying down roads of asphalt and of concrete, roads of shining steel, so that it may roll awheel over them in great ease. We must be digging ditches everywhere across the land so that it may float in limpid waters. Eternally this creature grows. Eternally we must be seeking to anticipate its needs—for our own salvation.



A phonograph to play your favorite music for you always

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THE BRUNSWICK

Combining the world-famous Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative achievements in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex—*an entirely NEW conception* of the musical possibilities of radio

Illustrating Brunswick Radiola No. 360 in the home

HERE is a musical instrument worthy of distinguished place in the world of musical art. An instrument you can buy with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction and permanency.

For years, music lovers asked Brunswick for radio. And this is the result . . . an instrument worthy, by international test and proof, of the name that it bears. For it combines the Brunswick Method of Reproduction with the notably outstanding equipment of the Radio Corporation of America.

What it is

[1] The world's outstanding radio combined with the supreme in reproduction.

Hence—radio with a new depth of tone, with the musical quality of a fine musical instrument.

You have enjoyed the thrill of radio. Now, in addition, you get the orchestra, the artist performing miles away, in *absolute and amazing musical clarity* . . . not a subtle tone nor shade of beauty missed

[2] A radio and a phonograph in one.

At a turn of a lever, all the world of music, entertainment, the mysteries of the air, brought into your home. Another turn, and here are your favorite selections, your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them.

Not a makeshift

The Brunswick Radiola represents the joint achievement of two noted research laboratories—those of the Brunswick laboratories in music, those of the Radio Corporation of America, to whom the

See now at Brunswick dealer's so as to be sure of delivery

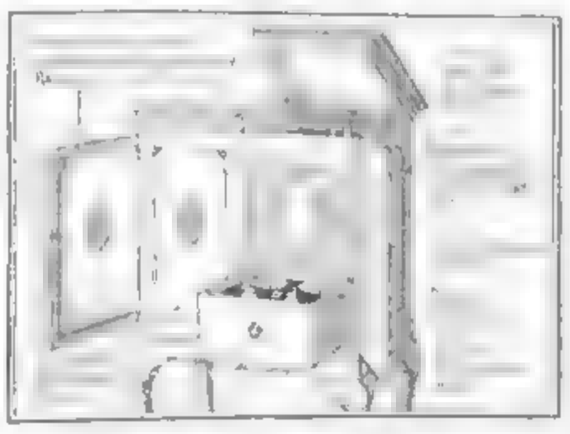
Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's.

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, *choose now.* Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer.

The music of the air at the turn of a lever

Advancement in Radio

RADIOLA —



most noteworthy advancements of radio are traced universally

Moderate prices—
Liberal terms of payment—
Instruments now on display

It is not a makeshift instrument, not an experiment. Not simply a radio receiver set into a phonograph But a scientific combination developed jointly by these two companies to attain the superlative.

It means that the *Brunswick Method of Reproduction*, the unique method that brought phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression, has been subsidized to do the same for radio.

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal termsof payment provided Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne Others, the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola Nos. 3 and 3A.

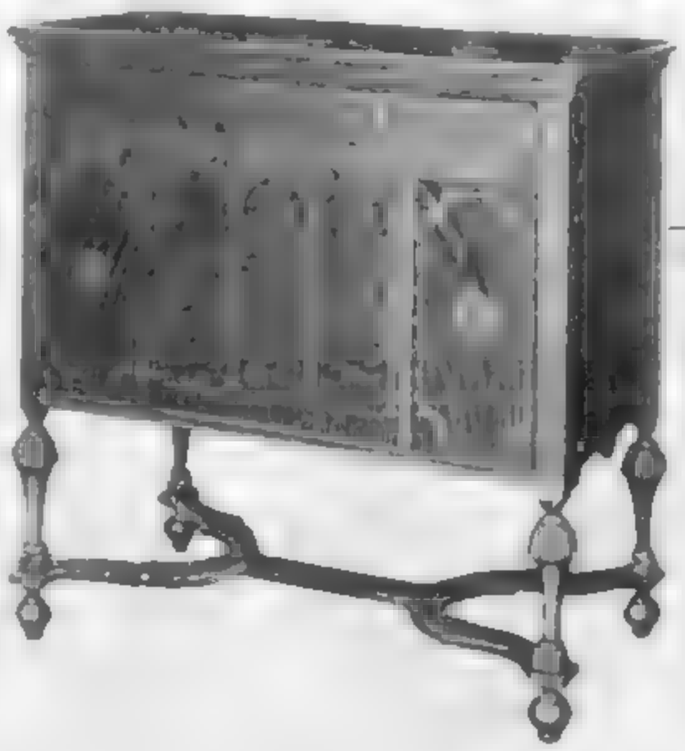
The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features:

1 Requires no outside antennae—no ground wires. Put it in any room—plays wherever you place it

2 Amazing selectivity, permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hea and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.

3 Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction — a phonograph and a radio in one



Brunswick Radiola No. 160

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Manufacturers—Established 1845

The Sign of Musical Prestige

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New "Van Dorn" Haffinch, runs on alternating or direct current, weighs 16 pounds and sells for only $60.00. This is one of the 8 types of "Van Dorn" portable electric drills in sizes from 1/8 to 1".

"Van Dorn" Haffinch

The Drill of a Thousand Uses
For Garages and Service Stations
And Only $60.00

Service stations everywhere welcome this light weight, half inch "Van Dorn" drill that has more power per pound and delivers more holes—per man—per tool—per day, than any universal electric drill ever offered to the garage trade.

"Haffinch" stands heavy duty or light duty—drills through toughest steel or softest wood—makes one hole or a million—works one hour or twenty-four—and doesn't need a rest every half hour either.

Any service station or garage worthy of the name, can scarcely get along without one or more of these handy little workmen:—"Van Dorn" Haffinch, the tool of a thousand uses is the leader for such jobs as drilling frames for attaching bumpers, mounting stop signals, windshield cleaners, rear vision mirrors, etc. Drilling to replace fenders, to install shock absorbers, for general repairs; and the driving of cylinder bores are just a few of the many jobs these handy tools will do.

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This good tool, this reasonable price, coupled with "Van Dorn" reputation and national publicity certainly opens your door to an unlimited drill market. If you haven't already stocked "Van Dorns", write today for our Jobber's Proposition.

The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co.

Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines, etc.

Cleveland, Ohio

Factory Representatives

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Buffalo	*Detroit	Philadelphia	*San Francisco
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*Chicago	*Los Angeles	Richmond	*Toronto
*Cincinnati	Montreal	*St. Louis	

*Service

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

HOW ABOUT THE COLLEGE?

(Continued from Page 33)

The discussion waged eloquently and insistently, and the longer it waged the more obscure became the main question, which finally disappeared from view in a maze of argument over the point of the democracy of our colleges. The boy himself never again came to the surface. He was completely lost in a welter of academic quibbling.

When one is a parent, and has given the subject of collegiate training some thought, the conclusion is generally reached that its absence is a deprivation; granting, of course, that the boy who goes to college takes advantage of his opportunity and gets at least one other idea in his head than to excel in sports and become a football hero—a grotesque use of a wonderful word!

There are several distinct losses that come to a boy from whom four years in college are withheld. I count much upon a boy learning the valuable lesson of teamwork, of playing, studying, and mixing with a crowd. It is never a good sign when a father with some pride says that his son does not care to mix with his mates; it smacks of a self-centeredness and a living too much within oneself that are never the best for a boy's fullest development. A boy must mix with his kind and live within his age and with those of his age. He does this, of course, at school, but he is a bit farther along in years when he reaches college, and he is apt to get out of his mixing with other boys at that period of his life something which he fails to secure at an earlier period. Boyhood is a very precious and lighthearted period in our lives. It does not connote intellectual attainment as much as some parents like to believe when a boy is old for his years. Playing with and in a group means much in the development of character, and character is more precious than learning.

Furthermore, the friendships which a boy makes during his college period are apt to be enduring and very satisfying to him in his subsequent years. The reunions of his class in the years to come mean more than mere social affairs. A man as he grows older finds that he falls back upon the friendships made during his youth with a quality of unvarying satisfaction very rare and generally absent in the friendships formed in his later years. That we forget much of what we learn at college admits of no question, but as men advance in years and live in the past rather than in the future, there comes to them a perfect storehouse of profitable and pleasant memories of their college days. Such memories turn out to be about the greatest and most lasting things that the college gives, and are more often than not absorbed unconsciously at the time.

The Pros of College Life

The lack of a college education means, too, a loss of that most valuable asset of college opportunity—systematic mental training. It is the quality of thinking which most strikingly differentiates the college graduate from the noncollegiate man. Of course it is being taken for granted that the boy has actually tried for and gotten something out of his college years. He will get a mental training in business to be sure, but it is not the same. The mental training which a boy can absorb from his collegiate opportunities makes for brushing away the verbiage of a question and going straight to the heart of a matter. The business man acquires this, too, undoubtedly, but as a young man he lacks it at the beginning, whereas the collegiate man comes to his business career with it.

There is much, too, in the development of his inner mental and spiritual resources which can be absorbed in college and brought into business life. A man of affairs needs this if he is to be broad-minded in his dealings with his fellows. The cultural background which a young man builds up during his period of acquisition will stand him in good stead when the materialism of the commercial or professional world comes upon him and he has resources which interest him outside of his immediate job.

What a young man accomplishes by reason of his collegiate opportunity is, of course, entirely a question of self. There is no questioning the fact that there are boys at college who have no business to be there; who, in the large registration at our colleges nowadays, are usurping the places which might with greater advantage be filled with more worthy material. The boy whose sole idea is simply to get by in his studies, whose chief aim is to make this or that team, and who considers the time spent at college a hardship rather than an opportunity is—always allowing for a certain amount of natural feelings of this sort an encumbrance at college, and very likely he will prove so in the world of affairs. But take a boy who accepts college with that certain degree of earnestness which we may reasonably expect of a healthy, active boy, and expose him for four years to the knowledge that the wealth of literature, history and science afford, and the effect must be to his advantage.

Nor can we always judge by the alphabetical or numerical record which a boy gets in his studies. When these marks or ratings are of a sort familiar to most parents, they are apt to be disturbing. But that may be not always so much the fault of the boy as it is of a system of education which strives to teach a boy what to study instead of how to study—perhaps the most serious single defect in a generally defective system of education. The fact does not seem to be uppermost in the minds of our educators that no matter how much information a student may acquire, it will, in the end, not make much of a man of him unless he is taught how to wrestle with his thinking and the processes with which he acquires.

Information vs. Education

It is sincerely to be regretted that the college leaves so much for the alumnus to do after his graduation. The modern idea seems to be that education is an acquisition of information, all too often acquired parrotlike. There seems to be almost a complete disregard of the fact that the mere acquisition of information is only an approach to education, since information is of little avail if we do not know what to do with it. Nor does mere intelligence connote education, as is too generally accepted. Intelligence uses education; it is by no means education of itself. The interpretation of facts is vitally more important than the mere possession of facts. I like the story told of the young Polish girl in a New York school who was asked to write an essay on the difference between an educated man and an intelligent man, and who summed it up thus: "An educated man gets his thinks from someone else; an intelligent man works his own thinks." It is the absence of the fundamental principles of education in the university curriculum of today that is so regrettable; an education is not given to a boy with its relation to the life which follows. Postgraduate courses frequently supply this, but in the interim between the preparatory school and the postgraduate course the boy is left high and dry as in a desert. Education is or should be a preparation for life, but life does not consist wholly of solving equations or of studying English literature, although in their way these are admirable. There is no view of life as a whole, and the result is that the boy comes out of college as does a highly tuned athlete—overtrained only on one side of his nature. The sad fact is driven home to the average college graduate when he plunges into the world of affairs that he is really not educated at all, and that if he stops reading he finds himself mentally starved. This is a glaring defect in our modern system of education, but it is one that many a man who has passed through college meets to his sorrow. He frequently finds he was not taught to think or to do with what he did acquire, and that the information he did absorb is one-sided and inadequate, or lies in a state of mental ferment.

The fact is that the college is really an indefinite institution preparing its students for a definite world. A young man leaves college and finds himself in a very highly organized world with the bewildering revelation that what now force themselves upon him to be urgent needs could have been met if he had coördinated his college studies or directed them differently. But there was no one in college to tell him this, no one to direct him. The college itself aimed at no such objective as he now finds essential in order to succeed; if anything, it frowned upon it. Academic tradition, in fact, does not take in the recognition of business

(Continued on Page 154)

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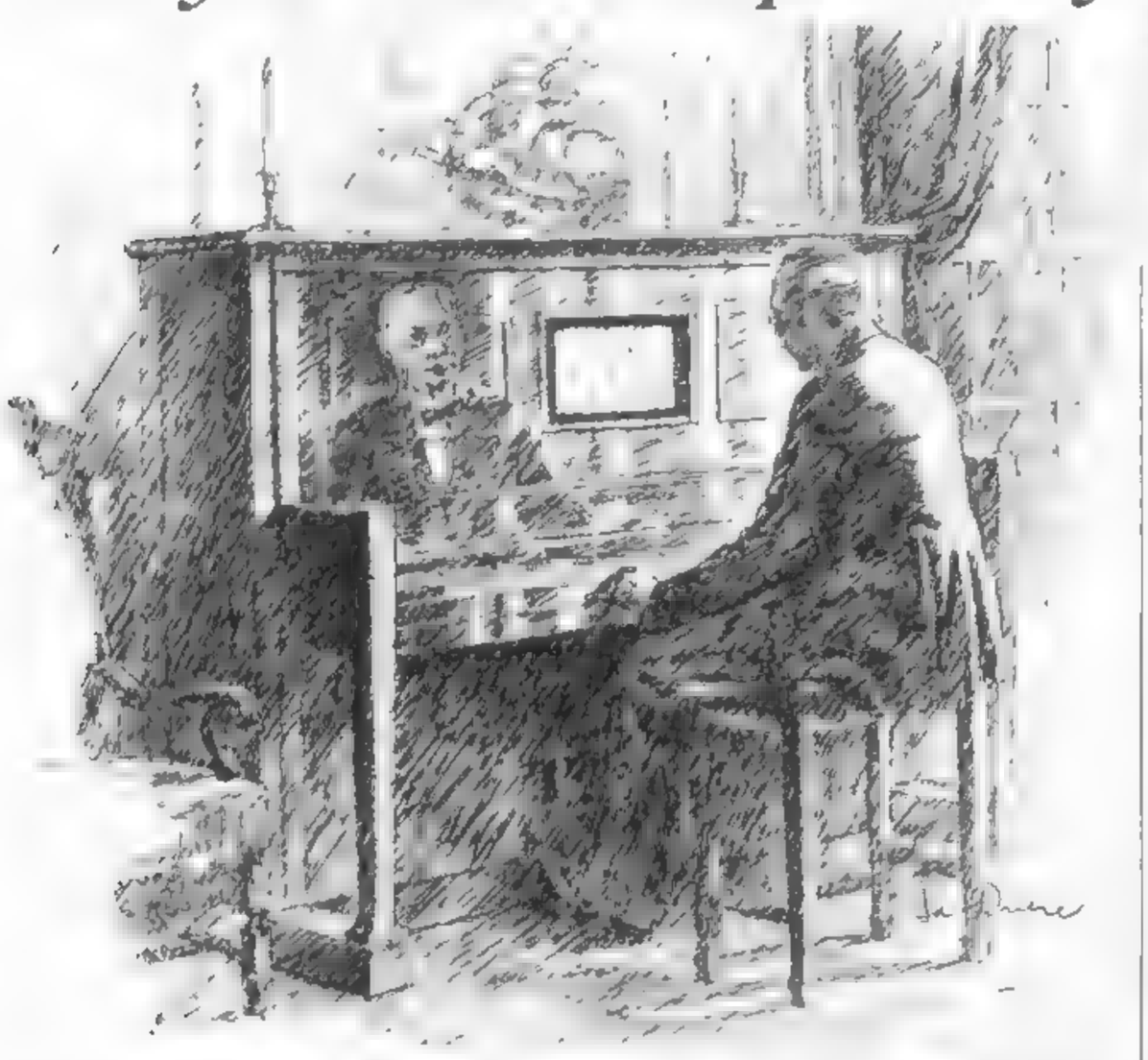
Story & Clark Superiority



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It's wonderful to hear a great artist perform—but Oh! How much more wonderful to be able to play the way you yourself like it! From the beautiful

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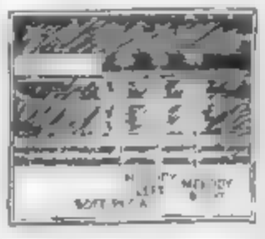
The Personal Reproducing Piano

comes music—as you would interpret it! There is no other instrument like it!

Because—with an ordinary music roll ***(no special rolls required)*** you can play the melody more distinctly than the other notes, and obtain musical effects that were disputed possibilities before the advent of the Repro-Phraso.



Because—You can regulate the music roll perfectly, pausing here, hurrying there, shading from loud to soft, sustaining the tones, and at the same time make the melody sing out above the accompaniment. The Repro-Phraso is ideal for playing accompaniments.

And ***because*** you, whether you ever had any experience in playing the piano or not, can play this beautiful instrument just as personally as if you were playing on the keys themselves.

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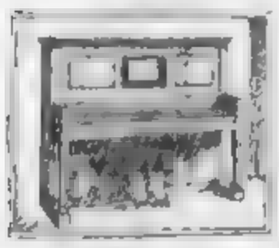

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(Continued from Page 152)

economics, but balks at it, fearful lest the academic curriculum may take on a materialistic aspect. There is really nothing less than a contempt for the word "business" in some of our colleges. And yet an inquiry among the members of the last senior class to graduate from Harvard revealed the fact that over 50 per cent of the class intended to "go into business!"

I remember discussing the possibility of establishing a chair of business ethics with the president of a prominent college, and his fearsomeness of the idea was actually amusing.

"You would minimize cultural training?" was his alarmed question. Horror was actually written all over his face. It would have been amusing if it had not been so serious.

Yet this same college president had told me with much merriment of how his son had just graduated from this same college, and when confronted by his father with the question "What now, son?" had answered: "Well, I don't really know, father, whether to decide to take up authorship as a livelihood or electrical engineering!" What was to me the severest indictment of the college of which he was president was to him a matter for jesting.

I have been very much interested in watching an experiment now being made by one of our large universities—a declaration which says in substance that the university has thus far failed of a definite note in its curriculum. This announcement is to the effect that it intends to inaugurate an undergraduate "school of business," the chief purpose of which is to give a student "academic preparation for business." The significant part is that in fact the student is given scarcely a study that has not hitherto formed part of the university's curriculum, but the possibility of bringing them together into a purposeful whole was beyond the student. So the authorities themselves have done it, and made an organized entity. But, mark the fact well, in order to do this the university creates a separate school, which is, of course, pure fiction, because the school exists only on paper. Furthermore, where the student could have taken these same studies separately in the regular university curriculum for a bachelor-of-arts degree, if he now takes them in this separate school he receives an entirely different and, as a matter of fact, an inferior degree! Could anything be more ridiculous than such a working of the academic mind? Is anything more convincing of the positive horror on the part of some of our universities that they may be accused of being in the slightest sense a vocational school?

Business as a Profession

In other words, if a student wants to get out of his college life what will prove to him the most directly valuable training for the career ahead of him in the world of business, he is forced to secure it in a mythical school and strictly outside of the academic pale. Of course this foolishness cannot go on much longer, but it will persist until parents, on their part, insist that their boys' collegiate training shall be more purposeful and definite, or until more of our colleges realize that business is today intertwined with social and economic problems, and that as such it must be recognized as a serious profession for which our young men must be definitely trained.

This does not mean that the practical shall displace or minimize the cultural training in college. Every clear-thinking parent knows that the college is not for that. But it does mean that the college or the university must sense the fact that business, as now conducted, is a complicated economic and social process. This fact must be recognized in the training of those who are going to be part of the future business interests of the country, and these young men shall have offered them concrete and definite courses which will fit them for their responsibilities. Some of our college presidents seem to forget that the first college established in the United States had such a definite purpose, and concretely stood for it. That was John Harvard's idea in the establishment of his college—that it should train ministers. Later the lawyer loomed large, and the curriculum was enlarged so as to embrace the two definite professions. Now the time has come to place business on an equally definite basis. It is not so concrete, perhaps, as that of the minister and the lawyer, since the term business is susceptible of several divisions. But more clear-cut must be made the present tangle of studies for the student who wants to make ready for a definite career. The case is not met by pointing to the existence of law schools and business schools. The purposes of the student must be ascertained and formulated while he is in college; he must be helped to direct his studies toward a definite purpose, insuring an economy of time and not making necessary a postgraduate course and delaying his fitness for the world of affairs until he is twenty-five years of age.

A Reverence for Language

See how the lack of purposeful training is rampant in the college of today, even in a study which is certainly not materialistic but decidedly cultural, and that is the training of a student to speak his native language correctly and fluently. Compare our students when they leave college with the students of Great Britain, and one realizes the grave defect in our college system.

The average English student leaving college speaks his native tongue with distinction; he writes it with ease and force. Take nine out of every ten of our seniors graduating from college, and it is pathetic to note their serious lack of knowledge of their native tongue. Their theses, even their simple letters, are deplorable in their cramped vocabulary. But what can we expect of a student at one of the most prominent of our Eastern colleges when the realization comes home to a parent that the youth is absolutely required to study a foreign language, but that he need not elect to study his own tongue—the language, in other words, which he is to use throughout his life! Think of a freshman told that he must take German or French, but he need not take English! It is almost unbelievable, and yet this rule obtains at one of the colleges which prides itself on its cultural record!

Of course if a student feels that he is not required to study his mother tongue he naturally places a wrong emphasis on his speaking and writing, with the result that he knows little of the words which he employs. The wondrous beauty and rich meaning of words are never brought home to his mind.

Woodrow Wilson's marvelous use of the language came entirely from his father's teaching of the reverence for words; that father had a passion for words and their beauty, and his insistence upon this point communicated itself to his son. We forget that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn were made out of the same letters and words as those in a commonplace advertisement. We read and enjoy Emerson. But why? Because of his philosophy? In part; but in part, too, because of his masterly use of words. You feel as if he had a reverence for a word, and always sought to find its right place before he used it. Thus was Lowell led to exclaim:

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.

"With words we govern men," said Disraeli, but it follows that we first must have a respect for words, and come into a close companionship with their meanings, before they can be used to govern. Of too many college graduates may it be truly said that they "darken counsel by words without knowledge." But can you blame them when it is hammered into them that the words of German or French must be correctly spelled or spoken, but that the correct use of the corresponding English words may be left to their discretion, should they see fit to choose English as an elective study?

We lack a reverence for language and for the words of which a language is composed. Yet we expect our young men to write intelligently and well, and to use "the best words in their best order," as Coleridge said. How can they when the very fundamental point is not dwelt upon? Now we go further in the elimination of Greek and Latin as requirements for a bachelor-of-arts degree. We do not realize that we can scarcely use seven words in the construction of a sentence without the use of a word of Latin or Greek derivation! Hence we practically say to a young man, "You must learn a language without a knowledge of the basis on which it rests."

(Continued on Page 157)

Every year ~ the world buys

3 times as many DUNLOP TIRES

as the number of American soldiers in the World War

THOSE same soldiers saw Dunlop Tires in Europe, on omnibusses, ambulances, aeroplanes, ammunition trucks, and Paris taxis—giving the same sort of *extra miles* that Dunlops are giving motorists today. That is why the world calls Dunlop—"*the world's best tire.*"

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

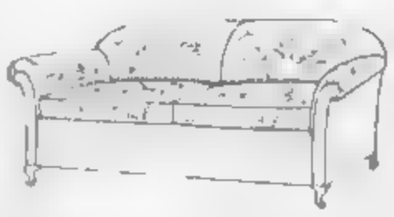
Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

"Don't go yet; what's the matter with staying all night?"

There are times when you'd like to say that to guests; and when they'd like to have you say it.

But many apartments and homes are small, very compact; the equipment for "sleeping" transient guests is limited; that's true of many spacious houses at times. The evening's entertainment is on, and maybe a sudden storm, too; you don't want to call a taxi; you want the guests to stay.

A Davenport Bed is the answer to the problem. A distinguished piece of modern living-room furniture by day; in a few minutes a comfortable bed.



In small houses or apartments where floor space is limited, the short model Davenport Bed may be used

The springs you sleep on at night are wholly separate from the springs you sit on by day. The bed is easy and restful; a luxury, not a privation.

Ask at your furniture store to see a variety of styles in Davenport Beds.

"The Home in Good Taste" is the title of a booklet showing a large variety of Davenport Beds. It will be mailed for the asking if you will, at the same time, give the name of your furniture store.

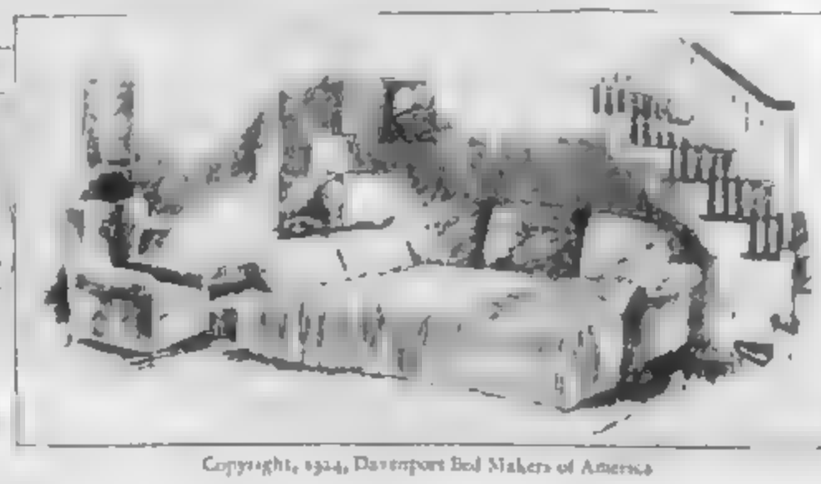
DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA

more than 80 individual manufacturers

1129 Standard Oil Building, Chicago

The Davenport Bed

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



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(Continued from Page 154)

Apropos of this tendency to throw the classic languages into the scrap heap, it is interesting to take the four great American documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and see the immense importance of the classics in forming the English language. The American Classical League has put this fact in a very graphic form by taking the opening sentence of the Declaration of Independence and asking the reader to read these passages aloud, omitting the words in italics, and seeing how little of the substance is left. The substance of the patriotic meaning in these famous passages is found almost wholly in the words of classical derivation.

Of course our language contains many great passages where the words are mostly of nonclassical origin; but it is also a fact that nearly two-thirds of all the words in our language come directly or indirectly from Latin and Greek.

Here is the opening sentence of the Declaration of Independence, with the words of classical derivation in italics.

"When, in the *course* of *human events*, it becomes *necessary* for one *people* to *dissolve* the *political* bands which *have connected* them with another, and to *assume* among the *powers* of the earth, the *separate* and *equal station* to which the Laws of *Nature* and of *Nature's* God *entitle* them, a *decent respect* to the *opinions* of mankind *requires* that they should *declare* the *causes* which *impel* them to the *separation*."

Now take the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, and see the astonishing domination of the words—in italics—of the classic languages:

"We, the *people* of the *United States*, in *order* to *form* a more *perfect Union*, *establish justice*, *insure domestic tranquillity*, *provide* for the *common defence*, *promote* the *general* welfare, and *secure* the blessings of *liberty* to ourselves and our *posterity*, do *ordain* and *establish* this *Constitution* for the *United States* of *America*."

If one takes here the classical words in this passage, and strings them out in order, they will read like a telegram and give nearly the whole meaning of the passage. Thus: "*people United States, order form perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide common defence, promote general, secure liberty posterity, ordain establish Constitution United States America.*"

And in the closing words and perhaps the finest passage in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, we find that if the words of classical derivation—in italics—were omitted, the remainder would have little significance:

"That *government* of the *people*, by the *people*, for the *people*, shall not *perish* from the earth."

Education as a Panacea

Deplore as we may, however, the inefficiency of the modern college and the weakness of the system under which it is conducted, one must return to the fact that nothing has as yet been suggested that can take the place of American college life for a boy in preparing him to become a good citizen with that large culture and fine idealism that a boy can get out of his collegiate privileges if he will but sense and grasp the opportunity. The college atmosphere is unquestionably one surcharged with idealism, and though we might ask that this idealism were more intelligently tempered by a practicality adapted to the needs of the world, and with a little less emphasis on the spectacular and the trivially useless, the idealistic spirit is there, and the groundwork exists for a large and fine culture which should be the background of every effective citizen. The student has the opportunity to lift himself out of the commonplace, and he does come into contact with forces that give him aspiration for service. The pity of it is that those with whom the responsibility of the most important and the most formative years of such a student's life rests cannot see their opportunity more clearly and make more of it.

I think those who were denied the opportunities of education realize the more keenly the value of a systematic cultivation of the mind. Every man has some panacea for the ills of the world, and he is convinced that his particular remedy is the absolute cure-all. There is little doubt, however, that those who think of education as the single universal solution of the world's problems are nearer to the truth than those who advance other cure-alls. Were the educational processes more intelligently handled in our schools and colleges, and were the people trained to think more clearly and earnestly of the tremendous value of an educated mind and intelligent thinking, there is no doubt but that most of our problems would reach speedier and wider solution. The man who says that education is the only problem of the American people today which, if solved among the people as a whole, would solve all other problems, is strikingly close to the truth.

Teaching About Peace

A French writer has recently declared that after an exhaustive study of the peoples of the globe he has come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of the Netherlands are by far the most intelligent people in the world, having the remarkable record—in 1920—of one-tenth of one per cent of illiteracy among the entire population. The result is that the Dutch are among the most contented races in the world, and present a more uniformly consistent picture of wise self-government than any other European nation. But education, in the Dutch national budget of expenditure, is writ large; it is one of the chief items, and in proportion to its population, the Netherlands spends more money on its schools than nations of far greater wealth and resources.

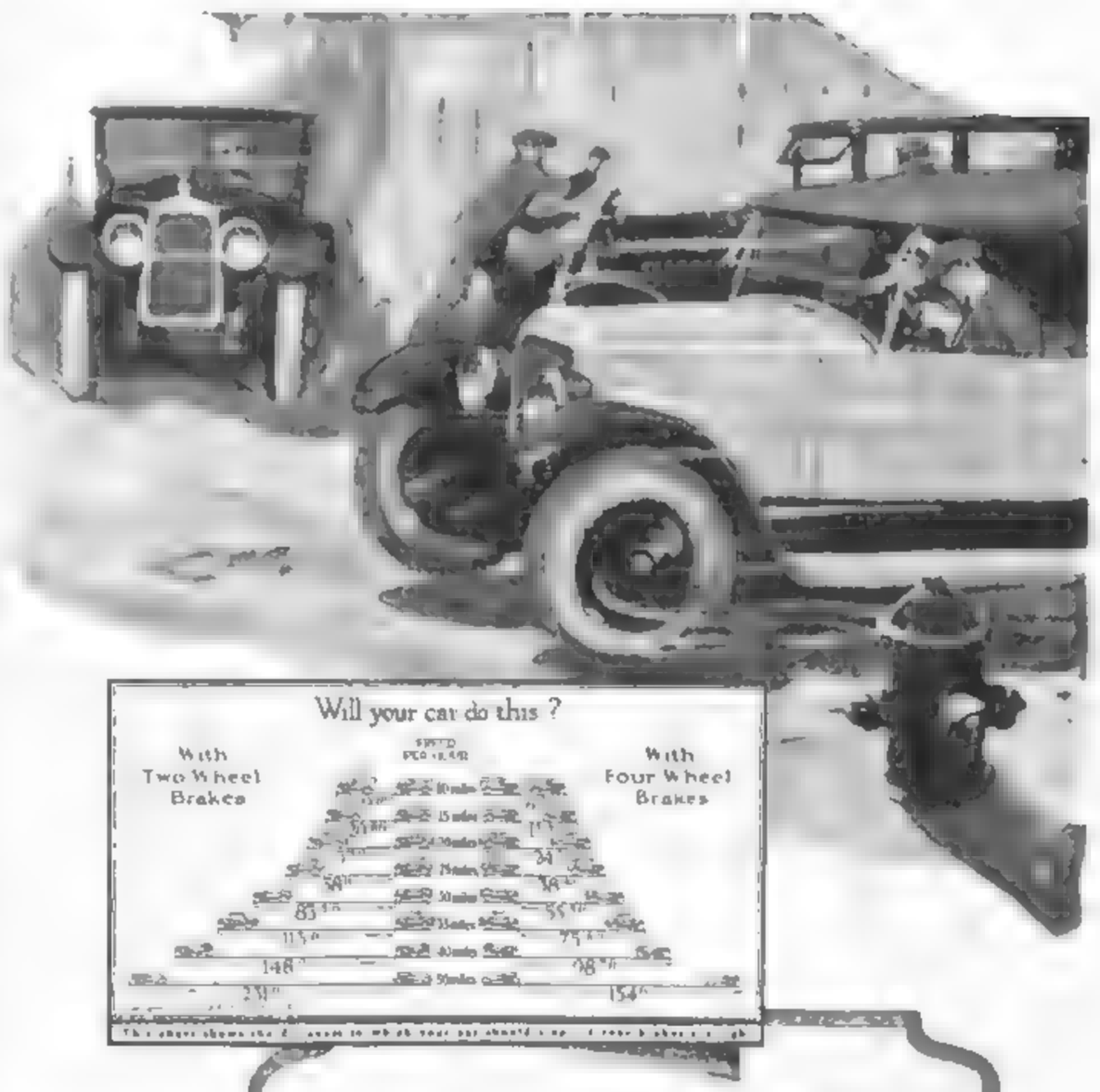
In contrast, then, consider the scandalous figures of illiteracy in the United States. In 1920, five million men and women acknowledged to the census takers that they could neither read nor write. Five million more refused to admit their deficiency. There were also discovered ten million near-illiterates—those who could barely read or write. Twenty million, in other words, out of a population of one hundred and ten million. As the chairman of the illiteracy commission of the National Education Association, which publishes these figures, well said: "It does not take a vivid imagination to see the potentialities of this vast illiterate population. And this is enlightened America!"

The trouble with us in the United States is that where we should think of education in terms of billions of dollars we think in millions. There is no single investment that is more productive for a nation than an expenditure along educational lines. We are beginning to think along broader lines in this field of potential endeavor, and in larger figures, but we have still a long way to go before we reach where we should be in this field, considering our financial resources. One needs only to point to the lamentable fact—disgraceful, some rightly call it—that the United States remains today the only one of the great governments of the world without a Minister of Education, with a complete department solely devoted to education. We realize this omission, and have discussed the creation of a Secretary of Education in the cabinet, but the desired end seems as yet far from realization.

We do not clearly realize that the seed which we implant in the mind of the boy at eleven becomes, within ten years, a vote in the ballot box. Take the one great question of peace. Suppose we were to teach it in our schools. Do we realize the potency of such teaching within a decade? We teach about wars, but do we teach the great lesson of the futility and horrors of war? Not a word. Certainly this subject is a distinct contribution to life's problems, and if education has one intent it surely is the preparation of the young for life. We say, with a tremendous flare of patriotism, that this thing shall not occur again, meaning the last war; but what are we teaching and doing in our schools to see to it that it does not occur again? Not a thing. Yet the school is the place to begin to explain a mistake so universally admitted!

We get back of the excuse that it is much easier and more in line with natural instincts to teach about war than about peace. Undoubtedly the brutal instincts in man are in a sense a legacy from primitive man, but are we to admit that they are inescapable? We might as well say there is no use in passing laws against dueling or murder. If it can be taught that these are beyond the pale of the law, cannot organized warfare be taught as being contrary to modern civilization?

Plato, in establishing his new state, said that in education he found the greatest influence upon national character that he



One injury out of five is due to motors!

ACCORDING to statistics of the National Safety Council, automobiles are responsible for a greater number of serious accidents than any other cause. Between 18 and 20 per cent. of persons seriously injured are hurt by cars. Yet most motor accidents could be prevented—if motorists would insist on having 100% dependable brakes!

The man who drives a car without knowing that his brakes are in perfect working order is guilty of criminal negligence. He is needlessly jeopardizing his life and the lives of others! You cannot be sure unless you follow the example of every really careful driver and have your brakes inspected every 500 or 1000 miles.

There are "Thermoid" garages in all cities where brake experts can tell you instantly whether your brakes are safe. If they are not, they will adjust them, or renew them with Thermoid, the lining which makes and keeps brakes safe. Thermoid requires no "breaking in." It is hydraulically compressed. It cannot "give." From the day it is installed until it has worn down to almost paper thinness, Thermoid grips—instantly, surely, smoothly.

Make "brake inspection" a regular habit. It will save many a repair bill. Some day it may save a life!

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Notice the compact [illegible]

ORDINARY WOVEN LINING.
Notice the loosely woven texture. Wears down quickly and not evenly. Loses its grip [illegible]

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Add golden years

Begin whole wheat today!

You'll like the rich nutty flavor of Wheatena—the delicious whole wheat breakfast dish! And each spoonful sends perfect nourishment to every muscle, bone and tissue, rebuilding *in Nature's way*, and helping her add golden years to your life.

The whole grains of choice winter wheat are roasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. Here the rich flavor is fully developed by retaining all the nourishing elements. Now, even the sweet brown *heart* of the wheat, so full of energy is yours, together with all the other easily digested strength-giving health-sustaining nutriments.

All good grocers have Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious breakfast tomorrow, and add golden years to your life.

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Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

knew of. If our children were taught to think in terms of peace, rather than to have the battles of the world brought before them with no application of their devastation upon the body politic, think you that war would be so casually entered upon? The school and the college are supposed to be the centers of mental influences, where mind reacts upon mind and ideas attract ideas. If those minds and ideas were to be concentrated in a study along the lines of peace, of people living amicably in a friendly world, of the substitution of the tribunal for the battlefield, we should in a very brief time hear from these men and women trained for and devoted to the idea of peace, at our polls and in our legislative halls. It is a slander upon the best and finest in human nature to say that a boy can be trained for war because it is in accord with his nature, and that conversely it is impossible to train him along the lines of peace because it is contrary to his instincts.

It is deplorable when we carefully consider how deficient is the education which we hold out to the young in a fundamental of life such as this. Our schedules and examinations call for much, but not always for the most urgent. It is amazing to note how rigid our educational systems and aims remain. Here and there we see a recognition of changed conditions. But how rare! A terrific cataclysm rocks the earth, and changes the problems of the world, as did the last war. Do we see a reaction in our educational institutions? Not the slightest. The content of education remains unaltered. Where formerly the majority of college students entered the professions, now the majority enter the marts of business. But does the curriculum of our colleges change with the changing drift? Not at all. Adamant remains the schedule, as of old, and the truths we have discovered, the experiences that the world goes through, matter not! It is idle to say that the aim and purpose of the college are to impart cultural knowledge, and that moral and social truths are beyond its scope. But if this idea is persisted in, then there must be, as already there are signs that there will be, a challenge to education so far as it is interpreted in the modern school and college. The great experiences of life must be used with the young in those institutions where we as parents send them at the most plastic and formative period of their imaginations. The school and the college must use life's revelations and lessons in a new way and in a new spirit. It is indeed a grave question how long we, as elders, can afford to let the potential opportunities of our educational resources go on as they are with their apparently short-sighted refusal to intrust to the youth of our homes those fundamental truths which, if they are not now in their calendars, should be placed there. We cannot afford to allow each generation to be merely the echo of a previous generation, with no heed to those great moral and civic truths which bloodshed and suffering have taught. If the scientific schools use the latest scientific discoveries it is meet that the cultural schools should make use of the revelations in the fundamentals of life.

Suppose, however, a boy is denied the opportunity of the atmosphere of this idealism which a collegiate training affords, to what extent is he handicapped? Here again the question turns entirely on the boy. Thousands of men who never saw the inside walls of a college have not only made their material way in the world but, what is equally if not more important, they have, of their own efforts, enriched their inner and spiritual lives.

A young man who early goes into affairs from either a period of insufficient education or without college training does not have to go through that difficult and painful period of readjustment which comes with striking and sometimes crushing force to so many young college chaps when they leave college with all the pleasurable glow of popularity and standing among their fellows, and find themselves in a world of affairs where they are absolutely unknown and where the things which they thought would count fail to count at all. I have seen so many young fellows bend under this experience, unnecessarily so because of the false view which in college was given them of the world of affairs. But bend they did. They are bound, too, to measure themselves against the noncollegiate worker at their side, because they find this chap accustomed to the atmosphere of the world of business, and well on his way—whereas to the collegiate graduate all is new and strange.

So it all comes back to the boy, and so often has this been said that it seems a waste of paper to say it again. But like so many other things, it is said here again, and it will be said many more times. For the fact remains that no other questions are so interesting as those which cannot be answered. The world has always asked them, and it always will.

MEET THE REAL CITY DETECTIVE

(Continued from Page 44)

He was certain that the factory engineer had done it and asked me to look into the engine room where he was working. The engineer had been arrested, but his employers thought so well of him that they had put up $35,000 bail for his release. I got a good look and recognized the man as a former criminal. But I did not tell the local detective so, saying instead that he did somewhat resemble someone I had seen before, but I could not be certain.

That night, after he had gone home, I visited the engineer's house, a comfortable cottage, where he lived with a pleasant wife and a couple of children. He was greatly upset by my visit, but I asked him to talk things over. He admitted his criminal record, but said he had reformed and that nothing would induce him to commit another crime.

"Why, I get $120 a month at the factory, and like the work; and am so happy here in my home, making an honest living, that I'd be a fool to do anything like that."

There was no doubt of his sincerity, and I not only believed him innocent but resolved to help him prove it. Before his case came to trial the night watchman recovered sufficiently to talk—said that the engineer was innocent and that the job had been done by several strangers; and a little later a gang of professional yeggs, arrested in another part of the country, admitted guilt for that burglary and freed the engineer.

Many teachers of detectives and self-made men in the profession believe that they should be able to analyze any and everything from finger prints to human hair. This is unnecessary, because by application to a specialist a comprehensive and much more satisfactory analysis can always be procured.

Conjecture, deduction, and a certain amount of analyzation are quite necessary in the detective's knowledge and effort, but he must always realize they are not facts. I know many men at the top of the ladder of fame today who began in the business as novices and who acquired all they know from experience and close, conscientious study, careful application to their work. But situations—real daily occurrences are coming up in the lives of detectives which do more to fit them for their work than all else.

The detective appointed through political influence becomes an important factor in his police department, is a friend of the mayor, the political leader or the chief. Johnny So-and-So insists upon his appointment. Everyone in the department knows why he is promoted. Whether he makes good or not matters nothing—he is taken care of by his party, but the action has a deterrent effect on the force.

It is strange how a law sometimes enacted for political purposes reacts as a benefit to the people. In New York State a few years ago a law was enacted authorizing the commissioner of police of New York City to promote any 150 patrolmen selected by him to be detectives of the first grade, with an increase of about $1000 a year in salary. They were to be promoted and demoted at will.

Every friend of a powerful politician in the police department who was a patrolman was promoted. In those days he did not have to do much detecting, but attended roll call and the line-up of prisoners,

(Continued on Page 161)

Barreled Sunlight makes your whole kitchen as easy to keep clean as white tile

Why this paint washes *like tile!*

BACK of the rapid increase in the use of Barreled Sunlight is an amazing story—of interest to every one who buys paint or enamel for home interiors.

The photographs at the right of the page tell this story simply and clearly.

They show why Barreled Sunlight actually resists dust and dirt. They show why it is as easy to keep clean as white tile—why, after years of service, it can be washed spotless.

The surface of Barreled Sunlight is absolutely smooth—so smooth that the smallest particles of dust cannot sink in.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT means woodwork from which the worst fingermarks can be washed quickly and easily.

It means kitchen walls as clean as your china plates, bathrooms as dirt-proof as tile itself! It is ideal not only in homes, but in hotels and apartment houses and in business and industrial interiors of every type.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted light surface. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to 5-gallons—and in barrels and half-barrels. Can be readily tinted.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send coupon below with ten cents for a sample can, containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, shelf, mirror frame, etc.,—or any similar article.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

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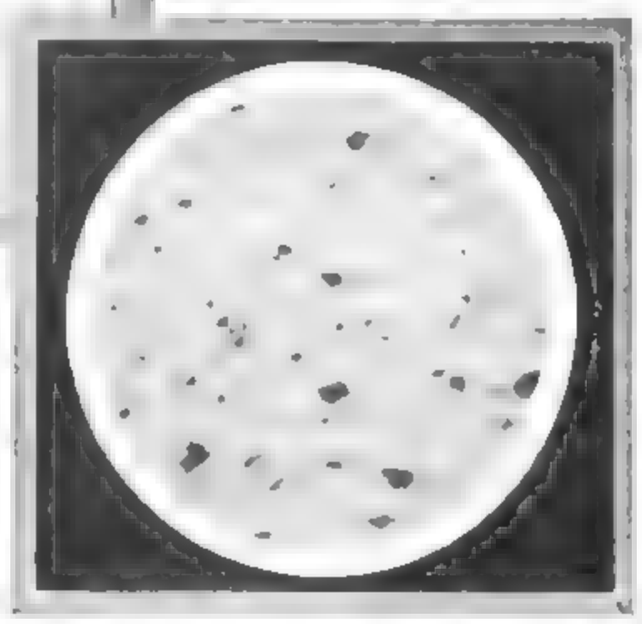
Distributors in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

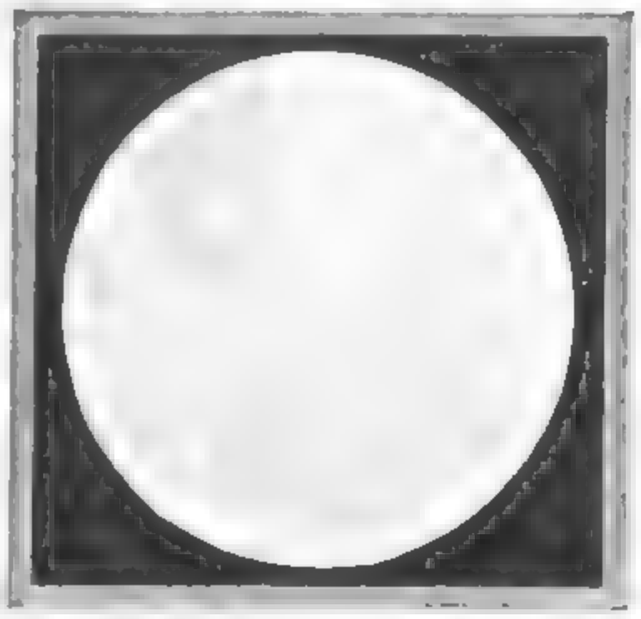
6 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Costs less than enamel
4. Requires fewer coats
5. Can be tinted any color
6. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

"Save the surface and you save all"



Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

WHAT PAINT LOOKS LIKE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile

Send the coupon for sample can

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Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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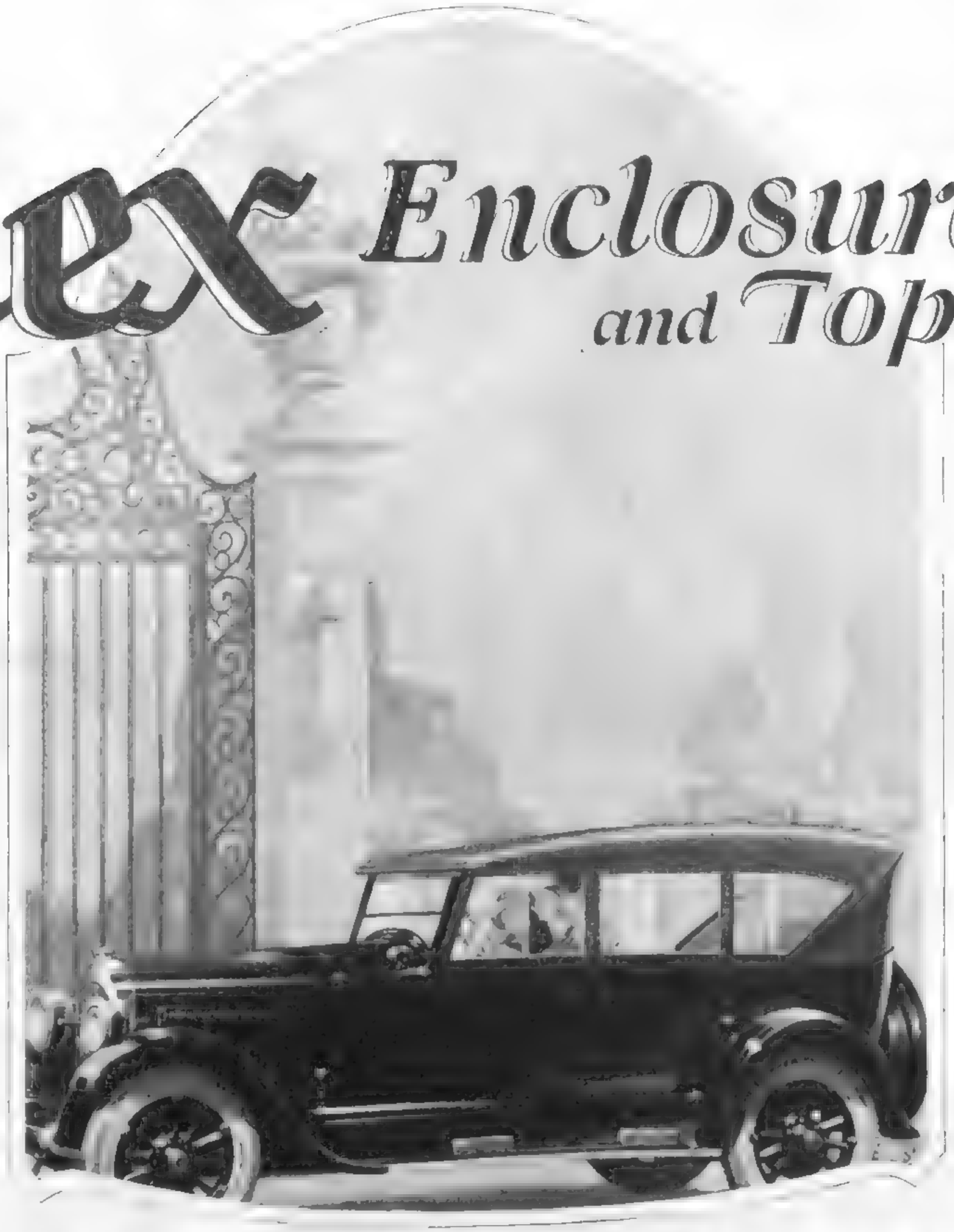

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Birmingham, Ala. — [illegible]
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Cleveland, Ohio — Rex Sales and Service Co., [illegible]
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New York, N. Y. — [illegible]
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San Antonio, Texas — Hoyt-Hopper Co., Inc., 106 Market and Presa Streets
St. Louis, Mo. — Weber Implement and Automobile Co., 19th and Locust Sts.
Syracuse, N. Y. — Louis Vaeth & Sons, 332 South West Street

WORLD HEADQUARTERS FOR ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

(Continued from Page 158)

listened to the reading of a few details, and spent the afternoons at the race tracks or at baseball parks and the evenings in the theaters.

He was always looking for dangerous crooks, and, though he never found any, was a terror to them so he claimed. Every time he appeared in sight they hustled back to their holes and stayed there to hear him tell it.

But this law turned out to be an excellent one. It became a goal for the patrolman. If he made an exceptionally meritorious, courageous arrest, he had a chance of being promoted to the detective division and made a first-grade detective with an increase of $1000 a year in his salary. If he made good he remained; if he failed he was demoted and made room for the next in line.

Naturally, when selecting recruits for this branch of service, men of honesty, intelligence, tact, ability, sobriety, good judgment, common sense, indefatigable ambition and persistent workers are preferable.

A fugitive from justice wanted by the police in an American city is reported to be living at 314 Brixton Road, London. A detective at Scotland Yard, London—a C. I. D. man, or criminal-investigation-department detective—accompanies an American plain-clothes officer to a local police station, where Police Constable 6428 is called in from point duty.

"Whittaker, who lives at 314 Brixton Road?" his sergeant asks.

P. C. 6428 produces an oilcloth-covered notebook.

"The house belongs to So-and-So," he reports. "It has been occupied by two different tenants this year. So-and-So moved out March fifteenth and So-and-So moved in March twentieth. There are five persons in the family—a man, a woman and three children. They brought five trunks and a quantity of hand luggage. They are Americans and would appear to be from the interior of the United States. It does not appear that the man has any occupation, though servants and tradesmen report that they have ample funds and spend their money liberally."

Police Constable 6428 gives a lot of other very correct information, knows the name of the dray owner who moved them in, what railroad station they were brought from, can furnish the initials on the luggage, also names and places on any hotel pasters. In this case he says two of the trunks had labels of Kansas City and Chicago hotels. They arrived at Southampton on the Majestic. He can tell you just as much about any other premises on his post.

The same condition exists in every police district in London, and, in fact, in all the larger cities of Great Britain. Unless it is a case requiring the utmost secrecy, the detective from the criminal investigation department of New Scotland Yard invariably consults with the policeman on post and his associates before commencing an investigation of a crime.

Continental Surveillance

In Continental countries the police authorities would already have such information on their books, because the traveler is required to make out a police-information blank at the same time he registers at a hotel, giving his name, age, residence, and the like. Every resident of the country must likewise be registered. The people in such countries are used to it and not only take it as a matter of course but find certain advantages in the system. In some countries, for example, the police will register a citizen for a small fee and give him an identification card bearing his photograph, finger prints and signature, which is official proof of his identity, a sort of domestic passport that enables him to prove that he is himself under any circumstances. Moreover, in cases of forgery or doubtful signature, his signature is on file with the police, and that official signature constitutes court proof of genuineness or forgery.

In Paris the detective department, though a part of the police force, is distinctly separated from it. Its headquarters is in the Palace of Justice, presided over by a commissioner and a chief. Each district has a commissioner, who is the chief investigator of all crimes in his territory. No Paris detective ever served as a policeman. He is not acceptable for detective duty if he is more than five feet seven inches in height and weighs more than 150 pounds. The idea is not to have detectives who look the part. Most of their work is done secretly. Many squads of men made up as ordinary workmen, on motorcycles, frequent the outlying residential sections at night, while the hotel, theatrical, restaurant, café and business district is frequented by squads dressed to suit the occasion.

However, this systematic way of keeping track of people, though of the greatest value in detecting crime and running down criminals abroad, would never work in the United States. Public opinion is against such surveillance. Also, our cosmopolitan population would make it very difficult to operate such a system. On that account, American police work of the same kind is done through the mixer type of detective, who is a human register of people likely to be of importance to the police and at the same time wastes no effort in registering people not likely to be important. Such information is gathered not only by the flat-foot detective but by unassuming clerklike operatives and also plain-clothes men of foreign birth or lineage working among people of their own race. The chief qualifications are a wide acquaintance, particularly among those who follow the life and movements of a neighborhood, and a retentive memory for names, faces, and so forth. The furniture-van driver and the expressman know when people move or go on trips or arrive in the neighborhood as strangers. The laundryman, the milkman and the little tailor know who has gone and who came recently, as well as who has lived long in the neighborhood.

The Self-Made Detective

In many of the larger cities of the United States there is the favorite or popular detective of the precinct or district to whom information is imparted by friends in both the under and over world, in preference to any other person in the territory, because "he is one of the neighbor's children," and in the days when he was a patrolman in uniform was always decent and ready to do a good turn—the favorite of the whole neighborhood; and when he was promoted to be a detective and assigned to duty in this district, every man, woman and child who was on the square—and a good many who were not on the square—felt it was their business to help Dan climb to the top of the ladder of fame, which they could best do by imparting information to him about those concerned in crime.

He is the type of policeman who is referred to as a bull, or plain-clothes man, rather than as a detective; who sometimes through political influence, but also through detective ability, was promoted to the detective bureau—a good mixer who kept track of people, collected all sorts of information and made many important arrests. His training as a detective did not include teaching in a school for detectives, but what he gained from his contact with the public, by his good nature, decent acts and constant practice. He is the self-made police detective, and sometimes a very good one.

While I was in the New York police department as chief of detectives I frequently came in contact with this type. A horrible murder would be reported. The homicide squad and every available school-trained detective in the department would be pressed into service in the effort to determine who the perpetrator of the crime was. The newspapers would be blazing with headlines criticizing the inefficiency of the detective division and the police department in general, when this type of supposed know-nothing detective would timidly request an interview with me through one of my uniformed attendants.

"Commissioner, I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but I know just at this minute the department is sorely in need of information about the Hell's Kitchen murder. I came here to see you, give you the name of the man who committed the murder, tell you why he committed it and where he is now hiding. I also have the names of two good witnesses and know where some of the stolen money is hidden; but I don't care to have it known that I gave the information, because it would interfere with my work in the district, and the perpetrator and his friends might figure out who gave me the information that put them in bad."

Here is a type of detective who throws honorable mention and public praise to the four winds, and who is more useful in critical times when alleged crime waves are

Wiped out by FIRE

You also

take this daily perilous risk—unless you have the right kind of protection

YOU can rebuild property destroyed by fire. But what about the staggering blow from lost and unfilled orders? What of the cost in human lives?

The ceaseless threat of fire demands that you protect your family and property with a weapon that will stop *any kind of fire* at the start.

And there is just one sure way to instantly put out every type of fire. *Smother the flames by shutting off their supply of air.* This is the principle of Foamite Protection.

You can kill any kind of fire with Foamite equipment

When *Foamite* equipment—portable, stationary or motorized—is turned on a fire it generates eight times its volume of tough fire-smothering foam, shooting out a powerful stream of clinging bubbles that blanket any burning object—solid or liquid. It literally *smothers* the fire; puts it out and *keeps* it out.

No matter what your fire risk is—in the factory or office building; in the home or garage; hospital or school—there is a form of Foamite equipment adapted to your needs. And a trained staff of Foamite-Childs fire protection engineers will be glad to advise you.

Don't wait until it is too late. Arm yourself now with this foe of fire. Send for free booklet explaining the right protection for your fire risks.

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The most complete organization of fire protection engineers in the world. More than 400 representatives in convenient centers of the United States.

Firefoam is made tough, durable and heat resistant by Firefoam Liquid—the foaming agent with a service record. It has successfully withstood the test of time and has been proven by *real* fire under actual working conditions.

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TUSKA RADIO

There are only two knobs, one to pick up stations, the other to control volume and eliminate unwanted programs. A guide card is furnished to show settings for the different stations. Tuska Superdyne selectivity represents a tremendous advance in radio.

Tuska Superdyne *what's in this name?*

SO MANY new and unusual names! What do they all mean? "Dyne" comes from a Greek word meaning power, and is used by scientists to-day to indicate force. The Tuska Superdyne is a scientific instrument, precision-built to handle radio energy with superior accuracy, with supersensitivity, with supreme simplicity. What could be more appropriate than "Superdyne"?

This unique receiver is C. D. Tuska's exclusive development of a basic principle to super-excellence. For thirteen years the name Tuska has stood for fine radio apparatus, and to-day it means more than ever. Tuska receivers made years ago are as good now as ever, giving daily pleasure to their owners.

Your set, the one you buy to-day, should be your proud possession for years to come. Be sure it is the Tuska Superdyne. Only four tubes are used. That means economy. You operate only two dials. That means simplicity. And tests show this receiver to exceed the results of sets using more tubes. That means extraordinary efficiency.

Your Tuska Superdyne will thrill you for years.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.

Nine Times Across the Country

Eighty nine stations were heard with the Tuska Superdyne in one month, the actual number of days on which we listened was twenty-one. The greatest jump [illegible] was made probably [illegible] times in two weeks, [illegible] ing, any time the attempt was made.

D. Wessen
Asbury Park, N. J.

TUSKA RADIO

The Superdyne Radio Frequency Receiver

The model illustrated above is [illegible] batteries or horn. Great for loud speaker reception of distant stations. Full, natural tone. Licensed under Armstrong Circuit Patent No. 1,113,149. Other Tuska receivers from $35 to $350. Write for Folder No. 21 J.

prevalent than a hundred astute investigators, because open investigation, no matter how intelligently made, might not reveal the intimate information furnished by this so-called bonehead detective, who is as much of a necessity in the investigation of crime as the Sherlock Holmes of today.

The tendency to eliminate the gumshoe, flat-footed, bonehead detective from the police department in the larger cities of the United States is becoming more and more noticeable, while the younger, more intelligent and athletic individual is being pressed into service.

In all the large American cities it is necessary to press into service as detectives men of every possible nationality. In my time in the detective bureau of New York City there were a number of members who spoke Japanese and Chinese. There is today practically every nationality in this bureau: it includes also a number of colored men.

The centralization of crime investigation by experts assigned to special squads for the purpose, acting under the direct command of the inspector of the detective division, is preferable. The homicide squad, for instance, carefully trained in the investigation of murders, can much more carefully and thoroughly inquire into these crimes than those unfamiliar with it. There are also the safe-and-loft squad, the pickpocket squad, the bomb squad, whose duty it is also to familiarize themselves with the radical element. There is also the bureau of missing persons, presided over by a captain with twenty-seven men in his command. This bureau, by systematic methods and concentration, performs very wonderful service.

In many of the large American cities there are a number of specialists who familiarize themselves with the operations of professional criminals, especially safe burglars, forgers, bank sneak thieves, pickpockets and high-class confidence men. There is always considerable exchanging of information on these subjects between the specialists and experts of different cities. A number of the younger men in the detective bureau are gradually being trained in the art of observation and shadowing. They are also being taught contact—part-playing—commonly known as roping. These detectives are more or less referred to as the secret men of the department.

A part of the education of the detective in a city like New York is having him attend the line-up, an exhibition of criminals at police headquarters each morning, to acquaint himself with them, their appearance, voices and general mannerisms. The criminal record of each prisoner exhibited is read by the inspector in command. The prisoner is required to walk and is shown from every angle. The 700 detectives who appear at this line-up are all masked so that the prisoners exhibited may not know them. When the identity is unknown a request for identification is made by the inspector in charge of the detectives attending, so if any one of the 700 men knows anything about the prisoner he indicates it by raising his right hand, comes forward and relates what he knows.

Finger Prints and Laundry Marks

When I entered the police department as a deputy commissioner and chief of the detective division, I came in contact with a patrolman in uniform named Peter Purtell at the city morgue, whose duty it was to search the bodies of all unknown persons for clews that might result in establishing their identity. The public hasn't the slightest idea how many bodies are brought to the morgue in New York City from the rivers, many of them drowned months before their discovery. It was a part of Patrolman Purtell's duty to undress these dead bodies and endeavor to find, by a system of careful searching for tattoo or other identifying marks on the body, in the clothing, shoes or hat, some information which might result in the identification of the deceased. I studied this man and found that he was quite interested in his work, and in a crude sort of way, without any definite instructions, made fairly good records of what he found.

The missing-persons bureau at that time was practically in its infancy. I had Purtell promoted, with an additional $1000 a year salary for his very disagreeable though careful work, and we began a systematic method of conducting this bureau by finger-printing all the unidentified dead, taking Bertillon measurements of them where it was possible, and making more careful search for identification than ever before. An important factor in this work is laundry marks, which were furnished to us by every laundry in the metropolitan district and subsequently classified. When we found a laundry mark on any part of the clothing of the deceased, by comparison with our records of laundry marks we were frequently able to identify the body. All unidentified bodies sent to the morgue, if not eventually identified, are buried in Potter's Field. But after the adoption of this systematic way of handling cases of this kind, the number of bodies sent there greatly diminished.

The present police commissioner of New York City, Richard E. Enright, is responsible for the school of detectives. His subordinate officials are ever on the alert for new material for this school, and lectures are given by officials and members of the police department particularly expert in the investigation of crime, representatives of the district attorney's office and the bench, professional handwriting experts; experts in psychology, mental defectives and morons, mental diseases, pathology, criminal injuries, chemistry and microscopy in detective work, physical training, pistol practice and field work. I am a member of the faculty of this school. Each class consists of about 100 men. They are taught—and carefully so—every branch of criminal investigation. As will be noted, the candidate for patrolman, before entering the police department, receives a very thorough training, and by the time he graduates from the school for detectives, with any aptitude at all, he should succeed.

Getting on the Force

My mail includes 100 to 200 letters monthly from young men in all parts of the country seeking positions as detectives or asking how such positions can be procured.

No man is fitted to become a detective unless he finds the work fascinating in itself. An absorbing interest in one's work is the chief element in success in any calling. In detective work, the desire to detect is the greatest asset.

Suppose you, Mister Reader, have this great interest in the work and feel that you measure up to most of the mental and physical qualifications that I have set forth in this article. Let me suggest a way in which you may become a detective:

Begin as a harness bull—a young cop on the police force of a large city.

There has been a great change in recent years in the general appearance of the uniformed policemen in most of the large American cities, because in selecting them the old-time method of seeking applicants more than six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds or more has been abolished. Though this type of policeman of commanding appearance is effective, especially in traffic, he is sometimes so cumbersome that it interferes with his progress in the pursuit of the fleeing criminal.

Candidates applying to the Civil Service Bureau of New York City must be, on the day they are placed on the eligible list, less than twenty-nine years old and at least five feet seven and a half inches in height, and 138 pounds or more in weight. For instruction in the police department, the candidate attends the New York Police Training School for a period of ninety days, where the physical training by expert instructors consists of calisthenics; humane handling of prisoners by jiujitsu; boxing; school of the soldier, squad and company; manual of arms; climbing fire-escape ladders, bottom rung ten feet from the ground.

The mental training covers department, patrol, observation, crime classification, arrests, traffic, handling of animals, fires and accidents, ordinances, disorderly conduct, felonies and misdemeanors, assaults and dangerous weapons, homicides, larceny and robbery, burglary, handling children, court procedure, reports, election laws, malicious mischief, public morals, the Sabbath law.

When you put on your uniform and go out to patrol a beat, begin by observing. The ability to observe and remember what you have seen is the very foundation of detective work. It is said that Houdin, the great French magician, taught his son observation by taking him through the Paris streets, past shop windows full of the most miscellaneous articles. And to appreciate this story you must know that shopkeepers on the other side usually put most of their stock in the window. The elder Houdin would say, "Attention! Observe!" as they

(Continued on Page 165)

Burroughs mark of a quality product Burroughs

Burroughs Contribution to Business

The fact that 750,000 Burroughs machines are in constant daily use typifies to many the success of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. Burroughs, on the other hand, prefers to measure its success by the contribution it has been able to make in simplifying and improving general business systems.

In the banking field, for instance, Burroughs introduced in 1912 its Customers' Ledger and Statement System. This does away with the balancing of pass books which required the depositor to give up his only receipt for his deposits for days every month. It also eliminates month-end night work for the bank clerk. Today, more than 85% of the bank ledgers and statements are kept in continuous daily balance with Burroughs machines.

In 1910 the American Bankers Association approved the now universally used Numerical Transit System—an innovation which has effectively solved one of the most perplexing and costly of the banker's problems. At the same time Burroughs developed its Transit machine which made possible the greatest savings in the operation of this system.

When the Burroughs Company saw that 20,000 of the commercial failures occurring annually, could be traced in most cases to inadequate records, it developed the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan—a simple, accurate and comprehensive method of Bookkeeping. With this plan thousands of business men are now getting complete figures which show the trend of their business every day. It shows where leaks and losses are occurring and points a way to new economies and greater profits.

Burroughs makes it possible for the depositor to get his statement on the first day of the month

For those who previously had no adequate control of that major portion of their investment—merchandise stock—Burroughs developed its Stock Record System. Now it is possible to have every stock account in perfect balance daily both as to quantity and value.

The Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan has helped thousands of merchants to make more money

And so, out of the daily experience of the more than 3000 Burroughs men, in constant touch with every kind of American business, are developed thousands of time and work-saving ideas as Burroughs contribution to business.

Of course, to make possible the most economical and profitable use of these many systems, Burroughs builds adding, bookkeeping, calculating and billing machines—the only complete line.

Undoubtedly there are figure problems in your business which a Burroughs representative can help you solve. Without obligation you are invited to discuss them with him. If you live in one of the more than 200 cities where Burroughs offices are located, call your local Burroughs office on the telephone. Your banker or your telephone directory will give you the address of the office nearest you. Or if you prefer, fill in and mail the coupon.

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With the understanding that there is no obligation, I would like to have a Burroughs representative talk over my figure problems with me

Name

Business

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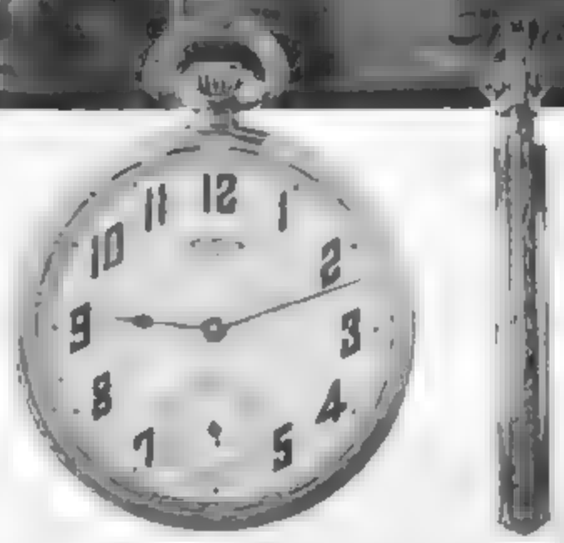


Keystone Standard Watch, 10 size. Thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss gold-filled case, in white or green. Made in America.

$25

"Just before the battle, Mother"

And now, ladies and gentlemen, will you *please* look at that little time-keeper! With the only *good* watch in the crowd, he's as proud as a peacock!

And why shouldn't he be? The Keystone Standard is a fine, man's watch—too good for a boy you might say. But it's moderately priced, and, after all, why not give the kids watches they'll take pride in and care for accordingly! Ask your jeweler to show you the Keystone Standard.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not have it, write us direct and give us his name. Other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

Continued from Page 162

passed a certain shop. It might be a jeweler's, a milliner's, a druggist's. They walked past at an ordinary pace, and then the son was asked to tell how many things he saw. By this training in observation he soon became so skillful that with one glance at a shop window containing fifty or a hundred different articles he could enumerate and describe them all.

The uniformed policeman cannot do plain-clothes work—that violates the rules of the force—even if he had time for it after his long hours of patrol and reserve duty. But he can keep his eyes open while working and train himself in observation. Let him learn to observe people and train his memory in faces, gaits, mannerisms, peculiarities, and other characteristics by which people can be recognized from descriptions and described to others. Right on his beat, around the corner grocery or in the neighborhood cigar store, he will find individuals about whom it should be his business to speculate. Why do they loaf while other people are working? How do they live? How long have they been in the neighborhood? Why do they disappear at times and turn up later, suddenly prosperous?

He can get his first training by discussing such people with the plain-clothes men in his precinct. Formerly there was a spirit of superiority among plain-clothes men toward the uniformed patrolman ambitious to work his way up, a feeling of "Why should I make this boob wise?" But this is disappearing, for the capable plain-clothes man knows that the ambitious youngster in uniform can often help him in ways that redound to his credit.

Detectives are not born—they are made. And the three things that make them are teaching, experience and proficiency attained by practicing what they have learned.

And work! When he does achieve his ambition and is promoted to the detective force, there will be plenty of detecting to do, for most American cities are underpoliced and the cop knows no union hours. If he has the desire to detect, however, the interest in his cases will make him go through with them regardless of the plot.

I once spent three days and most of three nights in running down a bank swindler, tracing him from one place to another, talking with many different persons and picking up evidence. Late on the afternoon of the third day I got trace of him at an uptown boarding house. He had been there, but I found that he had moved to another domicile. It was a rotten night, and I was all tired out, hungry and wet.

"One thing is certain," I thought; "that fellow won't move a night like this." Instantly something inside me said, "Now that you've gone so far, why not finish up this job tonight?" Weariness and hunger were forgotten. Procuring a policeman to make the arrest, I went to the swindler's new boarding place and found him just stepping into a hack to leave for parts unknown.

With these qualifications, and good training and experience, the professional detective produces results quite as astonishing as those of the amateur sleuth in the detective story.

Cigar-Ash Detecting in Real Life

A man reported the loss of his watch in the washroom of a hotel, saying that he had hung up his coat and vest while washing and found the timepiece gone when he turned around. A city detective accompanied him to the hotel and questioned the negro porter, who disclaimed all knowledge of the theft and said he did not remember seeing the victim come in. Turning from the negro, the detective began an examination; and he presently lifted a window and found the watch outside on the sill. Still the negro protested innocence. Whereupon the detective took a newspaper, dropped some cigar ashes on it, and told the porter to put his right thumb and fingers into the ashes and put them on the paper, making a very good finger print. Then, lifting the watch, he showed the negro the same finger prints upon its polished case.

"Well, boss, it certainly does look as though I must have had it in my hand," was the thief's acknowledgment.

Purely a piece of deduction, made through knowledge of people and their habits.

In another case a detective was called in by the officers of a bank that had suffered a heavy loss through forgery. The money had been obtained upon a fraudulently certified check. One of the officers thought it a case for a handwriting expert; he might be able to identify the criminal, who was probably a professional and on record in police archives.

"I think he can be located in another way," declared the detective, after examining the false check.

"What would you do?" he was asked by the bank's president.

"Find the man who made the rubber certification stamp," was the answer.

Several plain-clothes men were sent out to make inquiries of rubber-stamp makers, and in a few hours found the man who had made this one. He proved noncommunicative at first, maintaining that transactions with his customers were confidential; but by tactfulness and strong arguments on the other side the detective finally got not only a description of the customer but a sketch he had made for the guidance of the stamp maker.

"This isn't like the stamp that was used," commented the detective.

"No, it isn't," admitted the stamp maker, who by this time was loosening up. "He told me it wouldn't do and brought in a certified check to be followed in making another."

"Have you got that check?"

"Yes, here it is," said the stamp maker, producing a genuine check with a genuine certification.

The Forger's Costly Vanity

The signature had been torn, but the detective made out the letters "S—— & St——." It now became necessary to find the firm in the business directory with a name fitting these letters. As the forged check had borne the false signature of a brokerage firm, he soon located a Stinnes & Stinnes among the brokers, visited them, found that the check left with the stamp maker was one of their own, and discovered the forger in one of their messengers who, taking checks to the bank, had used the name of another brokerage house to effect the swindle.

Again a straight piece of deduction, aided by the sheer footwork that is necessary in the duty of a city detective.

In one of my own cases, a forgery had been committed in a Western state and a clergyman arrested under suspicious circumstances. The forged document was brought to me for examination.

"Don't tell me any of the circumstances," I requested. "Let me work on the document alone."

After noting several details I was able to name the criminal who had done the job, freeing an innocent man.

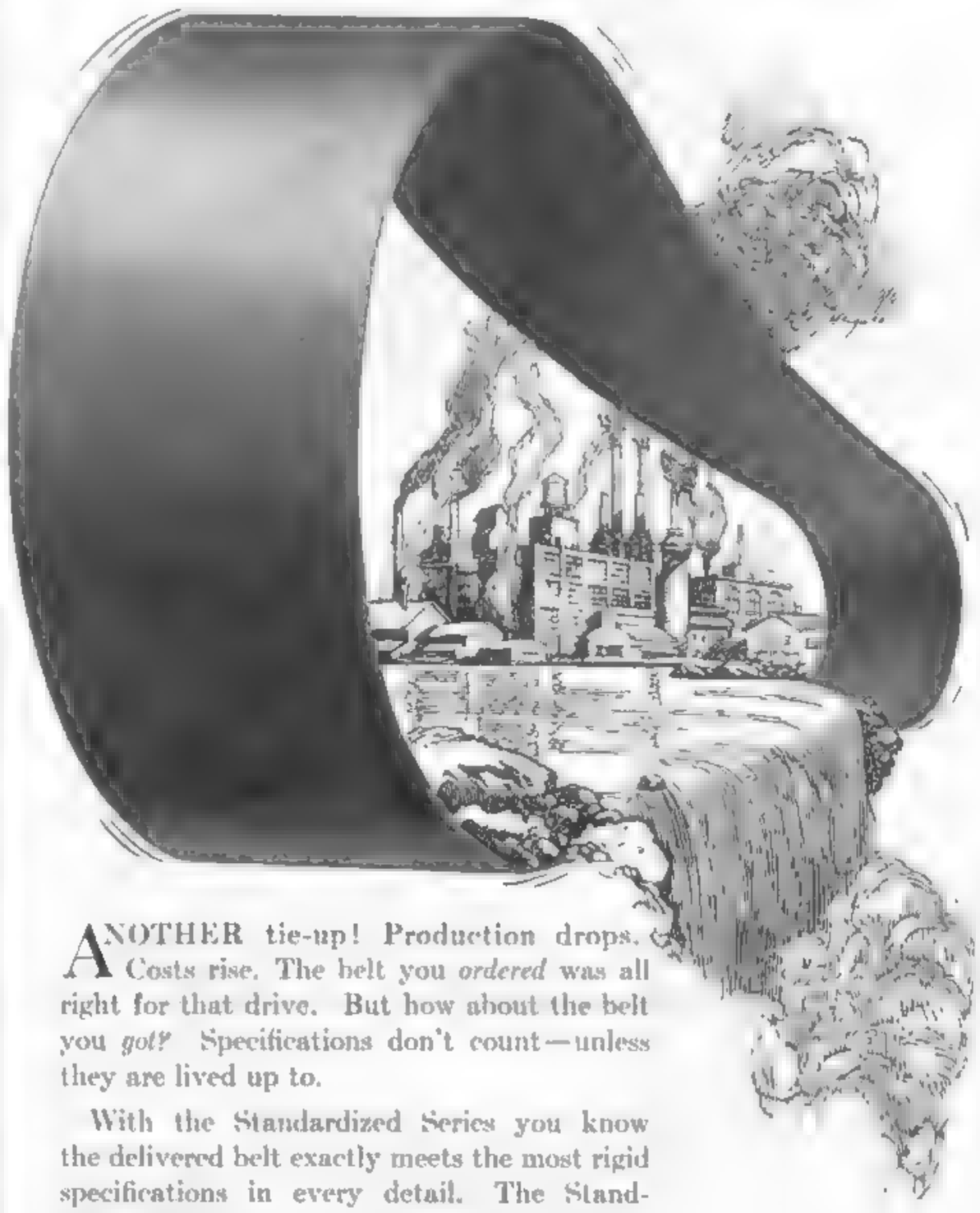
Telepathy? Second sight? Crystal gazing? No, not even a bit of Sherlock Holmes deduction, but a piece of luck, mixed with experience and a good memory. Some years before, I had cross-examined a forger who was so vain of his ability that in my presence he executed several false signatures of different types as a demonstration. Knowledge of handwriting revealed that this was his work.

The detective is a hero—in books. But in private life criminals are far more popular as heroes, and though the detective may occasionally get public credit for an outstanding piece of work, generally his chief reward from day to day is in the satisfaction of work well done, duty faithfully performed—and not too well paid for compared with other vocations that require the same training, and underpaid when the risk and responsibility are taken into consideration.

I've always been a great believer in keeping the crime investigator in the heroic class. He should not be detailed to procure evidence about vice, gambling, bootlegging, speak-easies and violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. This character of work should be done by special organized squads independent of the detective division. As in all other professions, the detective who is most infatuated with his work is always the most successful; and he is especially interested in the investigation of crime, but very much discouraged if detailed to duty outside this line. He may not be a hero to the newspaper reporter, scenario writer or novelist, but he can be a hero to himself and associates who know work well done, duty faithfully performed. And a very large part of his efficiency lies in keeping him a hero in his own esteem.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Dougherty.

The keen satisfaction of getting what you pay for



ANOTHER tie-up! Production drops. Costs rise. The belt you *ordered* was all right for that drive. But how about the belt you *got?* Specifications don't count—unless they are lived up to.

With the Standardized Series you know the delivered belt exactly meets the most rigid specifications in every detail. The Standardized Series is a grouping of brands of Graton & Knight Leather Belts. They are *standardized* all the way through. In materials, processes and manufacture.

The weight, thickness and flexibility of a Graton & Knight Standardized Series belt must be exactly according to specifications. There can be no variation. The right belt for the right work. Always absolutely uniform.

You'll find Graton & Knight Standardized Series belts are also uniform in service. Long-term, trouble-free service that only the finest leather can give. When it is finally necessary to replace a Standardized Series belt, another absolutely like it is waiting. And again you will enjoy the keen satisfaction of getting what you pay for.

Read "Standardized Leather Belting." It's a worth-while guide to getting your money's worth. Write for it without delay.

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. CO.
Worcester, Mass.

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Check this list of Graton & Knight products for informative booklets on the subjects which interest you.

Flat Belt
Round Belt
Fan Belts
Lace Leather
Leather Packings
Leather Straps
Whole Leathers
Sole Leather
Soles
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Welting

Nothing takes the place of Leather

Standardized
LEATHER BELTING

May Breath Free—*Send coupon for a box*

Are You Sure

That your breath is sweet?

A May Breath tablet purifies it

In every close contact guard your breath. You owe that to yourself and others.

Remember how often you meet bad breath, and how it kills good impressions. Then you'll be careful of your own.

Offensive breath may be caused by smoking. By decaying food between the teeth. By some trouble with the teeth or gums. By a stomach disorder, or certain foods or drinks.

It is very common, for offenders are usually unaware. They unknowingly [illegible]

Safety lies in May Breath—an antiseptic mouth wash in candy tablet form. A purifier you can always carry with you.

Not a mere perfume, to overwhelm one odor with another. That suggests concealment.

May Breath [illegible] purifier. It is designed to combat bad odors, whether arising in the mouth or stomach. And to substitute the odor of spring.

With you always

There are liquid antiseptics which do this at home. May Breath tablets do it anywhere. They come in metal boxes, to fit vest pockets or a lady's bag

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. Before any close contact they eat a tablet, and bad odors disappear. A spring-like breath gives added charm.

You will do that when you know.

Then keep May Breath at your bedside. Eat a tablet in the morning to kill bad tastes or odors, for your comfort and delight.

Let us send a box to show you what this means. Clip the coupon now.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize the breath. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier, in form to carry with you.

You owe it

To your partner in the dance. Especially if you smoke.

Every word

Should carry pleasing odors with it

At home

Let no greeting bring an odor that offends

May Breath not yet available for Canadian distribution.

10c and 25c

At all toilet and drug counters

10c BOX FREE 46

For a box to try, insert your name and address. Mail to

MAY BREATH COMPANY

Dept. M-114, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

Continued from Page 9

Aaron Burr, resigned in wrath. He told the reporters he did not wish to be associated longer with a wildcat concern.

Dust was upon the head of the Aaron Burr. Dust lay thickest on the shiny head of Paul Vechter, its president. With Vechter it was less a matter of lost prestige though no one realized more bitterly the certainty of that—than of personal shame at the disgrace which had befallen the institution that was his heart's blood, as it had been his father's before him

The directors and the depositors seemed inclined to take out their chagrin on Vechter, as president. There was no one to whom Vechter could pass along this accumulation of blame, except to his nephew, Dick Ferrill.

Dick had been the absconder's idiotically devoted friend, ever extolling Pyce to the skies. Dick had been bamboozled by that fool telegram about the injured sweetheart. But for the telegram and Dick's pathetic rigmarole about the way it affected Gavin, they would have started investigations the minute Pyce's two weeks were up. Then they might easily have avoided all this hideous publicity. But Vechter did not explain how. Details were not his forte.

None of the wailing or cursing or savagely mocking horde—from Vechter down to a depositor who had twice been warned that his account would be closed unless he stopped overdrawing it—felt the sordid tragedy one-tenth as overwhelmingly as did Dick Ferrill.

It is a bitter thing to lose a friend. It is a more bitter thing to lose faith in a friend. But it is a bitter wine on a sponge to have been used as a tool by a friend and then flung aside as no longer of use.

From boyhood Dick had looked on Pyce as his ideal of all that was most enviable in humanity. From boyhood he had felt inordinate pride that this older and cleverer and more magnetic man should have chosen him as a chum and confidant. Now he saw the whole thing. Looking back, with new-opened eyes, he could understand Gavin's motive throughout. Step by step Ferrill had been tolled along, blindly, adoringly. At the last his friendship had been used as the one sure means to avert suspicion and to delay pursuit. And this was the friend he had looked up to as a superman—whom he had quoted and copied till he had become a less colorful mirror of the other's mannerisms!

For a time the lad was numb under the shock of it. Silently, apathetically, he listened to his uncle's thunders of denunciation. His mind could not rise to the impossible thing that had befallen. Then gradually he grew to see the situation with strangely impersonal eyes. Followed a rush of righteous fury at the man who had betrayed his friendship and who had blackened the shining honor of the bank.

Nor did this rage burn itself out. Ever hotter and deeper it flamed. With it came a fierce craving for revenge a longing to punish the thief and to cleanse the smudged name of the bank.

Night after night Dick lay wide-eyed, staring up through the darkness, his brain revolving one fantastic scheme of vengeance and restitution after another. By degrees the fantastic notions gave place to saner plans. If only Pyce could be caught and the money—or part of it- be recovered, it would do more for the Aaron Burr's sprained prestige than could years of future immunity from theft. Vechter had said so. Ferrill knew it was true.

But the police of the whole country and the best men of three private detective agencies were drawing blank in their efforts to run down the embezzler. There was not a sign of him. Four different photographs, with the mustache deleted and a presumable mouth shape substituted, were sent all over. As a matter of fact, the denuded mouth in these pictures bore no resemblance to Pyce's own denuded mouth. Not for ten years had that mouth been seen undraped by a heavy mustache.

Gavin's few former intimates were under surveillance. His lodgings were watched for letters. Samples of his handwriting went to fifty cities. The Aaron Burr was sparing no expense or trouble to track down its despoiler. But the Aaron Burr was getting no results at all from its high-priced and higher-reputationed sleuths. While they combed the continent Gavin Pyce was living happily and unconcealed in the pretty little city, an hour out of Chicago, which he had chosen for his domicile.

After one last sleepless night Dick grasped the inspiration he had been groping for. It came to him not by weary degrees but in a flash, less than an hour after he went to bed. He spent the rest of the night working out its details, most of the time at his sitting room desk. At daylight he awoke his uncle and laid the scheme before that disgruntledly pessimistic dignitary.

"Here's the idea," he explained. "It came to me after I heard you talking last evening about the Iridescent Motion Picture Corporation wanting a loan. The Iridescent runs a sort of sublimated news reel feature, you know, in practically every city in America. In Canada and Mexico as well as the States. It's one of their big drawing cards. It isn't like the usual run of news reels. That's why so many houses want it. I've seen it, lots of times. They claim to cover the whole continent."

"If that's meant for an argument for granting them their loan," snapped Vechter, "I may as well tell you we have decided to grant it. But on sounder collateral than the fact that people like their news reel. I never heard a sillier argument for ——"

"I'm not trying to make you give them the loan," protested Ferrill. "It's nothing to me, except as it fits in with my idea. I ——"

"Oh, yes," grunted Vechter. "Your idea. I forgot. What is it? To chum up with the new cashier, so he can ——"

"No," said Ferrill, keeping his patience in leash. "But since you're going to grant the loan, my scheme will be easier to work out. You people can make it a contingent on lending them the money—if you can persuade the directors that it isn't a crazy notion. As a matter of fact, it can't be crazier than to spend a fortune hunting for a man who is too smart to be caught by any of the hidebound detective moves. Pyce has blocked every door to detection. Every door he knows about or the police know about. The only way to catch him is through a door he doesn't know exists. And I'm the only man who can open that door for you. Because I knew him ten times better and studied him ten times harder than anyone else did."

"I suppose you think you're saying real words," put in Vechter, with ponderous sarcasm. "But they don't add up into anything but poppycock."

"Perhaps they'll read better than they sound," humbly suggested Dick. "This bunch of paper is just the outline, as I jotted it down in the night. I can jack it up and add a lot to it. Look it over."

With ostentatious contempt Paul Vechter glanced down the first of the sheets handed to him. As he read on his contemptuous sneer deepened. But he continued to read. Presently it became manifest that his derisive grin was difficult to keep in place. To the end of the last scribbled sheet he read. Then he handed the pages back to Ferrill.

"Rot!" he scoffed.

As Dick put out his hand to take the proffered sheets his uncle drew them back.

"Stay home today," he ordered. "Spend the day working on this —this drivel. I am going to read it to the directors at tomorrow's meeting. Just to give them a laugh. They need one. Of course you know it's all nonsense."

"No," answered Ferrill jubilantly. "And neither do you. Even if it fails, it won't do any worse than your ring-trained detectives and the best police everywhere have done. Besides, it won't cost much. If you handle that Iridescent Picture bunch right it needn't cost anything. They're showmen. They'll see the value of it with the public. It's due to be a popular feature and to set folks talking. It's due to do a lot more."

"It's due to make me a laughingstock with my own directors," declared Vechter; "and to make the bank lose what dignity the newspapers have left it."

"If you'd rather let Pyce stay free by dignity than catch him by poppycock," suggested Dick, "of course ——"

"Get to work on that stuff," commanded Vechter. "Have it ready for me by the time I get home tonight. Then be prepared to come into the directors' meeting when I send for you tomorrow, and to answer a volley of questions that will make you and

Continued on Page 169

Delivered to your door Free

a brand new

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

to help you in your Fall House-Cleaning

Without the slightest obligation or a penny's cost, you can enjoy a quick and easy Fall house-cleaning. Use the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and escape work and the needless expense of outside help.

From September 15 to October 25

Four thousand dealers are now ready to loan Eureka cleaners. A hundred thousand women will marvel at its helpfulness. They will tell their friends. And when thousands speak good words for it, we secure advertising more valuable than money can buy.

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At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver to my home a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for trial during my Fall house-cleaning.

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City

The story of Mary, Helen and Dorothy *retold—*

Boone Cabinets have an electric light socket
Boone Cabinets have a disappearing Ironing Board
Alarm calls you when Bread is baked
Boone Cabinets have a beveled mirror
Boone Cabinets have a Desk Section
Rest while you work
Dorothy Boone fits under a window
Boone nested drawers slide out with top

PERHAPS no story has ever been written in the history of furniture as remarkable as the romance of Mary, Helen and Dorothy. Born in the kitchen, instead of in the factory, these three kitchen cabinets, Mary Boone, Helen Boone and Dorothy Boone, in little more than a year, have become one of the most popular kitchen cabinets.

Shorn of all embellishments, the story proves much of fundamental value to both the woman in the home, and the merchant.

For years kitchen cabinets have all been practically alike. Accepted features on one were to be found on all. Preference was largely due to the efforts of all kitchen cabinet manufacturers in educating women to the indispensability of a kitchen cabinet.

About two years ago we, the oldest manufacturers of kitchen cabinets in the country, decided to give the women of America a truly better cabinet, one so good that it would, on sheer merit, justify leadership in the kitchen cabinet industry.

Yet, we men humbly confess, we did not know, not even after thirty-seven years of manufacture, how to improve kitchen cabinets so that the Boone would be substantially and exclusively better than all others.

So we decided to put it up to the women of America—you women who buy and use all the kitchen cabinets that are made and sold.

Accordingly, we published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* a small advertisement asking you women to go to your kitchens, study your requirements and suggest what you would like to have in a kitchen cabinet built to your order.

Over a thousand women responded. By actual count 369 made practical suggestions. Many of the good suggestions were frequently duplicated, proving the universal demand for these improvements.

Then for months our factory was busy designing and building three new cabinets, Mary Boone, Helen Boone and Dorothy Boone, as a result of the practical suggestions of these 369 wide-awake American wives and mothers.

You women of America can point with pride to the three new efficient Boone kitchen cabinets. They are born of your intelligent experience and are dedicated to the duty of making the hours spent in your kitchen happier and brighter.

Only Boone Cabinets Have These Features Designed by 369 Women

A BUILT-IN DESK SECTION; your office in the kitchen. Place for cook books, writing paper, pencils, ink, tickets, change, and a card index system for recipes.

A BUILT-IN LITTLE BEN ALARM CLOCK; to call you when the bread or roast is done.

A BUILT-IN BEVELLED MIRROR; for that hasty glance when the door bell rings.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT; so you need work no longer in your own shadow.

AN EXTRA ELECTRIC SOCKET; for your toaster, percolator, grill or electric iron. (The only kitchen cabinet electrically equipped.)

A DISAPPEARING IRONING BOARD; a touch, and it comes out in the right position.

A CRYSTAL COFFEE MILL; which saves your coffee by grinding fresh for each meal.

SPECIAL BOONE NESTED DRAWERS; that slide out with the table top—always accessible.

AUTOMATIC DAILY REMINDER; that tells you at a glance what you want to buy.

IMPROVED SIFTER FLOUR BIN; full lowering, metal, sanitary; easiest to handle.

SPECIAL MEDICINE COMPARTMENT; up high, away from the children.

ABSOLUTELY RIGID TABLE TOP; made of Porceliron; roller bearing, easy sliding.

And in addition all the other features that all kitchen cabinets have in common, including

A SWINGING STOOL; so you can rest while you work.

MARY, HELEN AND DOROTHY BOONE are now being shown by the better merchants everywhere. Should it happen that your merchant cannot supply you, simply write us; we'll see that you are supplied. Surely no cabinet can ever take the place of Mary, Helen or Dorothy in your home.

CAMPBELL-SMITH-RITCHIE COMPANY
The Oldest Manufacturers of Kitchen Cabinets in America
LEBANON, INDIANA

This is a Boone Year!

Boone KITCHEN CABINETS

Designed by 369 Women

(Continued from Page 166)

your precious scheme even more ridiculous than both of you are now. I don't know why I took the trouble to read it."

"Neither do I, sir," said Dick. "Unless you were made to do it by the same quality that put you in the presidency at forty-five. The quality of seeing things in full, before most people see one corner of them. Thanks for letting me try my hand at this stuff. It'll be a lot better after I've had a full day to smooth it out and do some building on it."

Ten evenings later Gavin Pyce dropped in at the Amphion motion-picture house, across the street from his hotel. A superfeature was booked for its first appearance there. At either end of the feature was an Iridescent news reel and a slapstick comedy.

Gavin went early, to be in time for the news reel. The Iridescent reels always amused him.

Half through the presentation of various timely topics from a somewhat refreshing angle, the screen was cleared. Then on its shimmery white expanse was flashed the following black-type novelty

"HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

"He is Gavin Pyce, who stole $175,000 from the Aaron Burr National Bank. There is a reward of $10,000 for his arrest and conviction. YOU can earn that $10,000 if you'll keep your eyes open.

"Of course he is disguised. But there are things a man can't disguise all the time. He's bound to be off guard, now and then. For instance:

"Pyce is left-handed. He has taught himself to use the right hand as readily as the left—when he remembers to. But when he is excited or absent-minded he becomes left-handed again. All left-handed people do. At ticklish moments in a golf game he changes to a left-hand club. He has left-hand clubs in his bag as well as right-hand. In a tight corner at tennis he shifts his racket to his left hand. He turns left-handed at handball. He deals left-handed at cards. He does not realize he does these things—except in golf, of course. They are instinctive. When he swims he starts with a breast stroke, but when he begins to get tired he turns on his right side and uses the left arm in an overhand stroke.

"He may be sitting next to you this minute!

"Watch for other peculiarities of his next week. Make note of these you've read. Isn't $10,000 worth earning, just by using your eyes?"

The audience read the odd pronouncement with no deep interest. Gavin read it with real enjoyment. Here was something new—something more futile if possible than the outworn methods of the law which he had eluded so easily.

Then he frowned. He remembered that Dick Ferrill had joked him, long ago, on his subconscious trick of going left-handed in athletic crises. Gavin had hardly realized till then that he did it. Nor had he thought of it since.

Yet, henceforth—to remain true to his rule of taking not even the most remote chances—he must guard against that sort of thing at golf or tennis or handball or in the swimming pool of the country club he had joined. Also he must be on guard at cards or mah-jongg. It might be mildly vexatious to have to keep remembering all the time.

Next morning the two local papers, in reviewing the show at the Amphion, made passing note of the queer new form of tracking a criminal. One of them warned its readers jocosely to frequent athletic events and be on the lookout for an involuntary southpaw.

Again Gavin scowled. True to his early plan to make himself as little conspicuous as possible, and because his parents had labored to correct what seemed to them an unnecessary awkwardness, he had tried to overcome his tendency to left-handedness. It had seemed to him that he had succeeded. Perhaps he had not. It could do no harm to be on the lookout.

But he got scant pleasure at golf that day. His game fell off a mile. He had thrown his cherished left-hand clubs into a rubbish heap in a vacant lot, to avoid temptation to use them. In a late afternoon set of tennis a like precaution hampered him. His swim in the pool was a dreary affair, with the need of sticking to the cumbrous breast stroke.

One or two men at the country club spoke carelessly of the Iridescent's funny campaign. Gavin had a real twinge as he wondered if any of them could have noticed his left-handedness at sports and if they might be reminded of it.

He was one of the first to go into the Amphion the next Monday night. True to promise, the Iridescent's reel was halted midway again, while on the sheet the legend was cast:

"HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?"

Followed more briefly than before, the mention of Gavin Pyce, his crime and the reward, as well as the fact that he was naturally left-handed. Then the notice added:

"He perspires rather profusely, especially on the forehead. He wipes his forehead with the BACK of his hand. His left hand, as a rule. It is a lifelong habit of his. Watch for that. Few do it.

"He may be sitting next to you this minute."

Then came the former request to watch for further idiosyncrasies the following week, and an exhortation to earn $10,000 merely by observing those around.

Away went Gavin's memory to a peculiarity of Dick Ferrill's which more than once he had observed. The boy was wont to pass the back of his hand across his forehead. Pyce had not known he himself did it. Yet in this, as well as in many other things, Dick must have been copying his idol slavishly.

Gavin was worried. There were many southpaws in amateur athletics. But perhaps there was none except himself who also had that habit of passing his hand back across his forehead. Taken together with the left-handedness.

The thought troubled Pyce. For the first time since his flight he had a qualm of nervousness. The perspiration broke out lightly on his face. He caught himself up with a start, to find his left hand halfway to his forehead, palm out. Dropping his hand in his lap he sat and battled with a new sensation of terror.

Presently he shook off the foolish dread and took note of the folk about him. Apparently they were more interested in the second notice than they had been in last week's. There had been talk about the first. The second had been received less listlessly.

"And the damn thing is being flashed in every city, everywhere!" Gavin told himself morosely. "It's the asinine sort of novelty that's likely to catch on. A million morons will be watching for a man who turns left-handed when he's pressed at golf or tennis; and for a man who puts the back of his hand to his forehead. Why in blue blazes didn't I ever know I did that?"

He did not go to the country club again that week. Though he laughed at the idea of detection, still there was no sense in taking needless chances. He loved athletics. Without his usual quota of them the week dragged heavily. He spent much of the time trying to break himself of his just-discovered habit of wiping his forehead with his hand-back.

The next Monday he sat again awaiting the Iridescent's notice. "Have You Seen Him?" was the cue, this time, for an expectant rustling throughout the house. Then came the brief résumé of last week's statements, and:

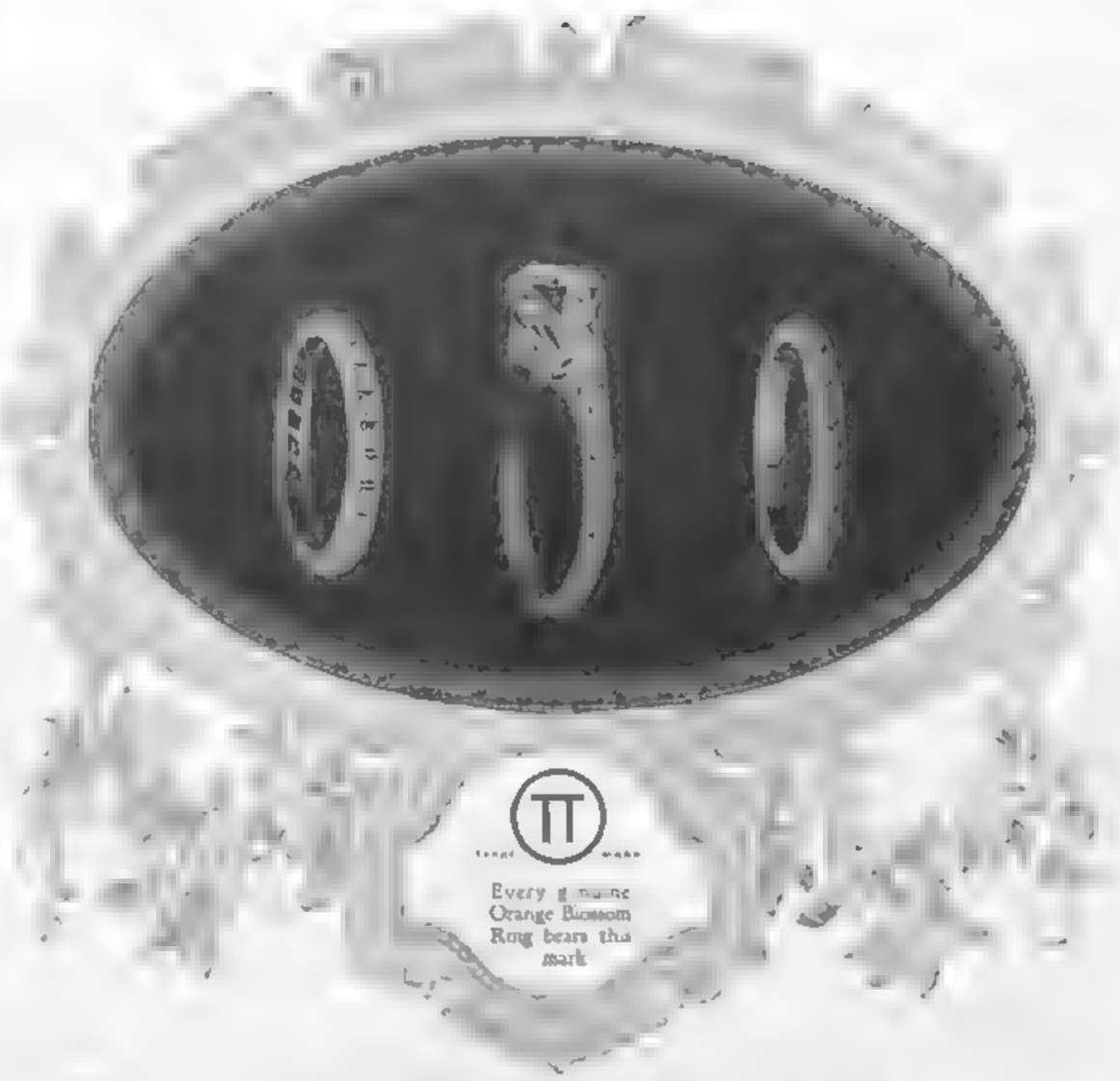
"As a boy he had weak eyes, after scarlet fever. That gave him the habit of sitting with one hand shading his eyes at the theater and at movies. He still does it, especially when he is deeply interested in the show. Unconsciously he is trying to see all of it without the glare hurting him. Perhaps he is doing that now. Look around you and see."

Those who obeyed the suggestion were too late to see Gavin Pyce whip down his arched hand from above his eyes. Yet, guiltily, he glanced to left and right. It seemed to him that a little old lady to his right was indicating him with one finger as she whispered to her escort. Had she seen his hand go down? And why had he never before noticed that he sheltered his vision in that boyhood way? He had seen Dick Ferrill do it more than once, and he had wondered why.

The statement continued:

"He is a vegetarian. He never touches meat in any form. Watch for such a man at lunch tomorrow. Then see if he does any of the other things described here."

The stereotyped promise for next week and the reiterated warning that Pyce might be sitting next to anyone in the audience ended the announcement.



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Traub is the sole maker of Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings. Every such ring, whether gold, platinum or jeweled, bears on its inner surface the copyrighted words "Orange Blossom" and the Traub trade mark. This is for your protection.

Sold by better class jewelers as low as $12.00

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New York, 576 Fifth Ave. Windsor, Ont. San Francisco, 704 Market St

This interesting brochure entitled "Wedding Ring Sentiment" tells the quaint and charming story of the wedding ring since the days of ancient Egypt. You may have it by merely letting us know you want it.

Gavin left the theater less unhappy than when he had entered it. The waiters at his hotel and at the country club knew he was no vegetarian, but a gross eater of meats. That was one wrong shot of Dick's. There might well be others –others which would discount anything that had gone before.

Pyce took heart. He even ventured to the country club on Tuesday and played nine uninspired and worry-ridden holes of golf. Then he played a sad set of tennis. At every stroke he looked down to make certain he was still holding his racket right-handedly. His golf score awoke laughter in a bungler-seasoned caddie. His tennis opponent was bored by his own easy victory.

By main force Gavin forbore to clear the sweat from his forehead except by right-handed dabs of his handkerchief. He felt he had avoided any chance of suspicion that day. But he had avoided also any chance of a good time.

On the fourth Monday evening a veritable ripple of laughter greeted the line "Have You Seen Him?" Gavin had been right in his pessimistic forecast. The idea was beginning to catch on. There was more expectant interest than mere mirth in the chuckle which swept the darkened theater.

Pyce sat with both hands resolutely shoved into his pockets, the fingers gripping the lining, to avert any chance of eye-shading or forehead brushing. Then he read, after the condensation of former notices:

"At meals, when he is absorbed in talking or reading or when he is absent-minded, he pleats his napkin hem, with both hands—sometimes on the table edge, sometimes in his lap. He pleats it into a compact bunch, then shakes it out and begins the pleating all over again."

Across twenty-odd years Gavin could feel his mother's slap on his busily pleating fingers, at meals. He could hear her sharp command not to rumple the clean napkins that way.

He could not remember having done the senseless thing since childhood. Yet he must have done it, and often. Otherwise Dick would not have observed it or set it down as one of his salient peculiarities. Perhaps there were people from the hotel, in the theater, at this moment—people who had seen him do that while he was waiting for his food to be served or while he read his morning paper at the table. If the same people had seen him wipe his forehead with the back of his hand, when the dining room was overwarm, as often it was ——

"Before he sits down to the table," went on the merciless script, "he is apt to take his chair by one corner of the back and twirl it once around with the chair's opposite foot as a pivot. He picked up that habit from a gambler he used to admire when he was a child. He doesn't do it often, but every now and then when he is interested in something else."

And Pyce recalled having done that very thing at breakfast in the hotel, when some former breakfaster had left part of a newspaper in his chair. He had been laughed at repeatedly by acquaintances in olden days for the semisuperstitious action. Wherefore he was aware he did it. Again came the thought that diners at his own hotel might have noticed this, along with his other unconscious mannerisms.

With a pledge to go further into his eccentricities next week, the horrible notice ended.

On the following day Gavin Pyce paid extra to have his meals served in his room. He dared not trust himself to eat in the presence of others, lest in a moment of absent-mindedness he betray himself.

At luncheon his fear had so far worn off that he decided to risk dinner in the restaurant. He came to this decision between courses. Then he chanced to look down just as the waiter entered with his dessert. Abstractedly he was pleating his napkin into tight folds. He wondered morbidly whether or not the waiter saw what he was doing. But they and there he confirmed his own resolve to eat no more in public.

That night he went to a vaudeville show—in an effort to shake off the magical worry which was beginning to ride him. He arrived at the theater when the performance was at its height. Two comedians were in the midst of their cross fire. As Gavin sat down one asked the other dramatically, "Have you seen him?"

The familiar line brought a giggle from the audience. Encouraged, the comedians began to point out one spectator after another, with conjectures as to whether the victims might be left-handed or napkin pleaters. They requested every man present to wipe his forehead in the way that was naturalest to him.

They startled one elderly countryman in the second row by screeching to him in unison, with dramatic wealth of gesture, "He may be sitting next to YOU this minute!"

There was more of the stupid stuff. It went over with a bang. The audience chortled gleefully at it. Their applause proved to Gavin, as had nothing else, that the Iridescent broadcast had been seized upon by the world at large and that every new development was due to be discussed in a myriad homes, setting all manner of folk to hunting for the man described on the screen.

One of the local Sunday papers ran an editorial on the theme—an editorial headed Have You Seen Him? –pointing out that the very original form of criminal hunting was less absurd than appeared on the surface and that all America apparently had thus been put on the lookout for Gavin Pyce.

The fifth Monday evening came. Gavin dreaded unspeakably to go to the Amphion, yet he dared not stay away. It had been a miserable week for him. He had not gone once to the country club or into any public dining room, fearing lest his subconscious self betray him into one or another of the pitfalls for which everyone was watching.

Even on the street he was ill at ease. He walked with a slowness that irritated him. He dared not move with his customary mile-eating stride lest perspiration follow and lest he wipe his forehead with the back of his hand. He eschewed the theater; for twice he had caught himself watching the stage from under an arched palm.

He saw now that his supposedly perfect plan had had but one flaw. He ought never to have cultivated Dick Ferrill. Or else he ought to have murdered him. Too late he realized that to the eyes of a hero worshiper every minor trait of his idol is visible; that on the memory of a hero worshiper every such trait is engraved forever. Dick, observing him in open admiration, had taken account of his every peculiarity, and now was putting his memory of them to terrible use.

There is no man who has not many petty idiosyncrasies which—unless they be glaringly grotesque or disagreeable—the world at large does not bother to note; and which he himself does not know he possesses. Once call public attention to them and they stand forth as impossible to disguise as a church spire on a hill. In a thousand towns and cities and villages the obscure peculiarities of Gavin Pyce were blazoned forth weekly, with the bait of $10,000 as possible award to those who should bear them all in mind.

On this fifth Monday, Gavin sat slumped low in his seat, hands in pockets, face set, his every faculty strained to make no betraying gesture.

"Have you seen him?" cheerily queried the screen, following with its wonted synopsis; then adding:

"His voice is a deep barytone. But when he is angry or excited it scales a whole octave.

"If you live in a hotel or a boarding house, stay awake some night long enough to notice how the man in the next room snores. Gavin Pyce has a snore all his own. It begins with the same snorting growl that your own snore has. But it ends in a funny whistling sound. You can't mistake it. Listen for it. That snore may be worth $10,000 to you."

Gavin smiled in relief. He did not know his voice went high when he was out of temper. Assuredly he did not know he had a whistle tacked to his snore. But neither fact bothered him. For once the wretched announcement had not touched any vital spot.

He was not given to losing his temper or to loud excitement. As to his snoring ——

The smile slunk away. The walls of his hotel room were thin. The transom was thinner. Suppose a next-room neighbor or someone passing down the hall should chance to hear him snoring!

That night Pyce went to bed with a towel wrapped tightly around his head, binding his jaws fast shut. He had heard that a man cannot snore with his mouth shut or except when he is lying on his back. Therefore he knotted two more towels together and fastened them around his waist with the bigger knot snuggling into the small of his back.

He was intolerably uncomfortable. For hours he could not sleep. At daybreak he dropped off into a fitful doze. He woke on his back. The towel knot had slipped to one side. His head towel, too, had become disarranged with his tossings and turnings. His mouth was wide open. Its dryness told him he had been snoring.

He lay quaking with nameless fear. A fast step in the hall set his heart to hammering. Perhaps this was a policeman summoned by the man in the next room who had heard his whistling snore.

As he crossed the lobby, after breakfast, a fellow golf player accosted him.

"Been sick?" asked the golfer. "You sure look it. We haven't seen you on the links all week. Didn't you brag you never miss a day there till the snow gets too deep for the caddie to be seen over the top of it?"

"Yes," said Gavin listlessly. "I've been under the weather."

He made as though to pass on. But the other called after him in elephantine joviality.

"Lucky for you you're tall and fat instead of short and thin! A bunch of us were talking about it yesterday. We got remembering how you always grab out a left-hand club and take a left-sided swipe at the ball when you've got a hard shot. And you rub your forehead with the back of your hand. I've seen you do it a couple of times. I've seen you use a racket left-handed too. If you were a few inches shorter, now, and looked anything like Pyce's photos in the papers ——"

"You he-gossips must have a lot to do if you can waste time up there with that sort of gabble," retorted Gavin. "If you'd put some of that extra time into improving your game ——"

He broke off short and scuttled away, wiping sudden perspiration from his forehead with his hand-back. For in the midst of his snarling answer he noted that his voice was scaling from barytone to high tenor.

Out in the street he looked dazedly at the moist back of his hand. Then he groaned aloud.

On the next Monday night the Iridescent pronouncement took a somewhat new angle.

Gavin as ever was among the first to find a seat when the doors were opened. He chose one under the balcony. His eyes had been troubling him of late. He wanted to avoid the glare of light. Much he longed to shelter his throbbing eyeballs with the arch of his hand, as of old.

Resolutely he dug his hands into his pockets, again gripping the lining. The house was jammed by the time the lights went down. Have You Seen Him? was crowding more motion-picture theaters, throughout America, than could any million-dollar feature.

The sickeningly familiar caption and the synopsis were followed now by:

"He had big bushy eyebrows. Their fringe of longest hairs stuck far out over his eyes, like a hedge. Very few men have such eyebrows. But don't waste your time looking for them. They aren't there any more."

There was a snicker. Pyce was aware of physical nausea; and of a yearning to dig his fingers into Dick Ferrill's throat instead of into his own pocket linings. The notice resumed:

"He is as crafty as a rat. He knows everybody who has seen his photo will be trying to identify him by those bushy eyebrows. So, when he shaved off his big mustache he either shaved off his eyebrows or else he yanked out their forest of long stiff hairs.

"Well, oculists say if a man with such eyebrows does that, his eyes are going to suffer. They have always been sheltered by that overhanging mattress of brow. When it's gone the eyes are likely to become sore and inflamed and weak.

"So watch for a man whose eyes look watery or reddish or who blinks often, and who has hardly any eyebrows at all. And you oculists and opticians and druggists when a man comes to you with that kind of eye, give him the twice-over for the other symptoms you've been reading about. And study his eyebrows carefully. If you look sharp enough you'll be able to see where the hairs were pulled out or shaved. You barbers can watch for that, too, when you shave him. How about a $10,000 tip?"

Dick's guess about the eyebrows had been as good as his vegetarian tip had been bad. Pyce peered around, his brain in a whirl. Twice in the past two months barbers had commented on his raggedly meager eyebrows and had suggested tonics for them. And only this afternoon he had asked the hotel clerk to recommend a good oculist whom he could consult about his increasingly sensitive eyes.

He must shave himself and cut his own hair after this, unless he wanted the impersonal observation of barbers to change to avid curiosity. Moreover, he could not go to a doctor for relief for his eyes.

A wild idea came to him to flee incontinently to some distant city. Then in the same instant he realized afresh that these hideous revelations of Dick Ferrill's were nation-wide. Papers from other cities, in the hotel reading room, had begun carrying not only editorial comments on the case but were now reprinting, verbatim, every Tuesday, the Iridescent's notice of the night before.

Wherever he might go, danger was waiting smugly for him. Indeed, he would be safer here than elsewhere. For many local people had grown familiar with his appearance and would not be likely to give it a second thought, whereas among strangers he might be scanned with curiosity.

The make-up, on which he had relied to obliterate all likeness to his former self, threatened now to be his undoing. For he was conspicuous by reason of his figure and of his loud costumes and his horn spectacles and sporty haircut. He was the sort of man to attract casual attention anywhere.

"I have to eat alone," he summed up morbidly as he returned to his hotel that night. "I don't dare go to a barber, and I don't dare go to a doctor or even to a druggist. I can't play golf or tennis or anything else, or swim. I can't go to any show without torturing my eyes, unless I shield them. I can't associate with people, after what that donkey said to me this morning about how they're comparing my ways with the things Ferrill is sending out. I don't dare go to sleep for fear of giving myself away by snoring. I—why, I don't even dare perspire! What in blazes is there left that I *can* do?"

He found, as he crossed the street to the hotel, that he was slinking in the shadows. A glance at himself in the foyer mirror showed what already the fit of his clothes had told him –that he was losing his new-gained flesh, and losing it fast. Also the ruddy color was draining from his face, by dint of appetiteless meals and sleepless nights and eternal worry. Despite the loss of mustache and eyebrows he was beginning to look more like his former than his latter self.

"Have you seen him?" jokingly called one idler to another in the hotel foyer.

Gavin spun around in mortal terror. Neither of the two was looking at him. But it seemed to Pyce that everyone in the foyer was glaring at him with eyes in which quick suspicion was merging into damnatory certainty.

He lurched to his own rooms, locked the outer door behind him and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth just in time to muffle the sound of hysterical weeping. Never before, since he was a child, could he remember crying. His nerve was gone—clean gone.

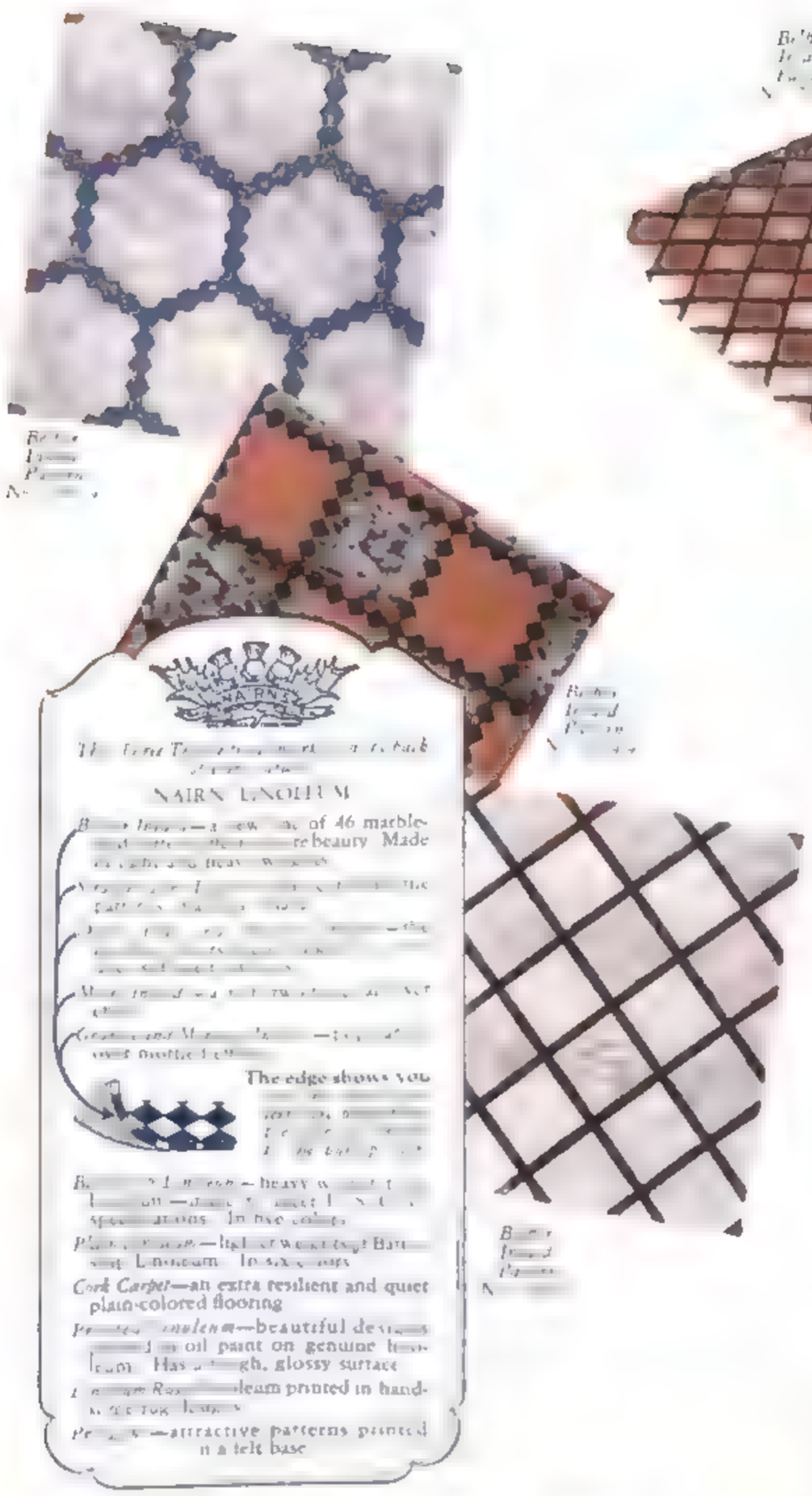
In the morning, as always on Tuesday, he scanned blearedly the paper for an account of the preceding night's developments at the Amphion. This morning the story was on the front page. At the end of the account was the paragraph:

"There is a persistent rumor that next week's installment will do more than have all the others, put together, to unmask Pyce. The police, everywhere, have admittedly changed their tactics in the case and are now following the Iridescent's tips."

A reporter on space had added a few cents to his income by improvising that paragraph. It smote stunningly into the racked soul of the sleepless and panic-scourged fugitive. Like a man in a hypnotic trance Gavin got groggily to his feet and threw a few things into a hand bag. Then he telephoned for his bill.

Dick Ferrill chanced to be in his uncle's private office, submitting his final installment for the Iridescent, when a man pattered unrecognized through the outer bank, shoving aside an indignant office boy and forcing his way into Vechter's presence.

"I'll get off easier if I give myself up and tell where it is, than if I wait for them to nab me next week!" he babbled deliriously as he swayed to and fro. "Now send for the police! Let them take me where I can eat and sleep and mop my forehead without everybody in town spying on me. Send for them, I tell you! I'm—I'm through!"



How one woman transformed her breakfast room

"THERE was something wrong with my breakfast room. Instead of being bright and gay as I had planned, it seemed dull and lifeless. I puzzled over it for days.

"One morning I saw the trouble in a flash. The furniture was a cheerful blue, the hangings were in warm reds and blues with a touch of yellow, and the decorations echoed the same rich tones.

"But the floor—dull, dingy, worn! Why, the very *foundation* of the room scheme was entirely wrong!

"Once I realized that, it took no time to set matters right. When I described my breakfast room appointments to my floor covering dealer he recommended this Belflor Inlaid pattern in a deep terra-cotta-and-sand marbleized effect, with relieving black lines

"What a change it made! The floor now brightens instead of deadening the effect of the rest of the room. And you would be surprised at the happy change it has made in our breakfast table conversation, too!"

Do you want to know why Nairn Inlaid Linoleum is so durable and resilient? How easy it is to keep clean? What a true economy it is in any home? Send for free booklet "The Floor of Enduring Beauty," and 46 unusually attractive Belflor patterns.

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Perfected by ANDREW ALBRIGHT, JR., maker of the world-famous

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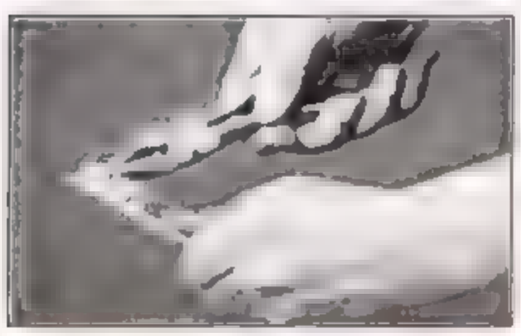
By far the highest quality and most superbly finished toothbrush ever produced to sell at this popular price!

25¢

The bristles STAY IN and are of the same fine quality as found in the highest priced toothbrushes!

The same in design as the **ALBRIGHT** Rotary Wedge Toothbrush, evolved by 4,118 dentists and now endorsed by more than 15,000 dentists



The bristles in the ALBRIGHT JR. are held *everlastingly*—never to come out! No other adult's toothbrush, retailing at 25c, is so guaranteed!

The ALBRIGHT JR. Toothbrush is sterilized and packed in a sealed, sanitary glassine envelope and enclosed in a protecting carton.

A simple rinsing thoroughly cleanses it. No foreign matter remains among the bristles in which germs may breed to be carried into the mouth.

Handles in FOUR colors: RUBY, LIGHT AMBER, DARK AMBER and WHITE
—a distinguishing color for each member of the family

ALBRIGHT JUNIOR

A masterpiece of fine brush making that leading dental authorities assert is without an equal in keeping the teeth sound, white and healthy

IN RESPONSE to the widespread demand for a toothbrush of the *same design* and *fine quality* as the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush, but only smaller in size for young people and those who prefer a smaller toothbrush, we announce the ALBRIGHT JR.

The only difference between the two is that of *size*. In all other respects they are *identical*. The *same design* of the larger brush—which was created by 4,118 leading dentists—is duplicated in the ALBRIGHT JR.

The *same quality of bristles*—the finest money can buy—is used in the ALBRIGHT JR. The finish of this toothbrush is superb. The handles are of celluloid (not bone), thus giving *permanence* to their brilliant lustre and clean appearance. Made in colors for the purpose of identifying the brush of each member of the family—white, light amber, dark amber and ruby.

The bristles in the ALBRIGHT JR. stay in—they're held *everlastingly*—never to come out.

The tufts of bristles are *widely spaced*, preventing toothpaste, toothpowder or foreign matter to remain in them and breed germs to be carried into the mouth. A simple rinsing after use thoroughly cleanses it.

The ALBRIGHT JR. Toothbrush is sterilized and packed in a sanitary, airtight glassine envelope and enclosed in a protecting carton. None other than your *own* hands touch it until you break the seal.

It is *made in America*—in the same factory and by the same workmen who make the world-famous RUBBERSET Shaving, Hair, Nail, Bath, Complexion and Paint Brushes.

In short, the ALBRIGHT JR. Toothbrush is the last word in *dependability;* as highly developed from a *scientific* standpoint, for the cleaning and preservation of the teeth, as human ingenuity can devise—and by far the *greatest value at 25c ever offered*.

Now that you can buy a far superior toothbrush for the young people in your family than they ever had before, it will pay you to discard their old and inefficient toothbrushes for the new ALBRIGHT JR. and thus insure whiter, sounder, stronger, healthier teeth for them. And if *you* prefer a small toothbrush for your personal use, you will derive the same satisfaction yourself.

On sale everywhere. If your dealer is not supplied as yet, send 25c and we will promptly mail one to you. Our booklet, "About *Your* Teeth," mailed free on request.

The ALBRIGHT Rotary Wedge Toothbrush at 35 cents now claims millions of satisfied users

Millions of intelligent people now use the ALBRIGHT ROTARY WEDGE TOOTHBRUSH. It is a revelation to everyone who tries it.

If the normally gleaming whiteness of your teeth is hidden by film; if they are stained or discolored, or marred by tartar despite the daily conscientious care you devote to them—*you are using a toothbrush of a design that does not brush the FIVE surfaces of the teeth.* You are merely reaching the *even* surfaces of the teeth.

It is the *correct scientific design* of the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush that makes it so remarkably effective in bringing out the natural brilliant whiteness of the teeth and keeping them in the best possible condition.

4,118 well known dentists created that design. Over 15,000 dentists have since endorsed it.

Please note how each tuft of bristles in the ALBRIGHT comes to a *point*—like a *wedge;* and how the bristles are *widely spaced* and *slope* from the *neck* to the *tip* of the handle.

Press it against the teeth and you feel the bristles *slide clear through between* them, sweeping out the most minute food particles and removing film, discoloration, stains and tartar. The fact that it is small and sloping in shape enables you to brush *all around* those all-important *back* teeth easily and thoroughly.

The bristles *stay in*—they simply can't come out. Each brush is sterilized and packed in a *purity package*. None other than your *own* hands touch it till you break the seal.

Low manufacturing cost, through new and ingenious mechanical processes, enables us to produce *75c quality in the* Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush for *only 35c*. It is as *fine* a toothbrush as money can buy. Sold everywhere.

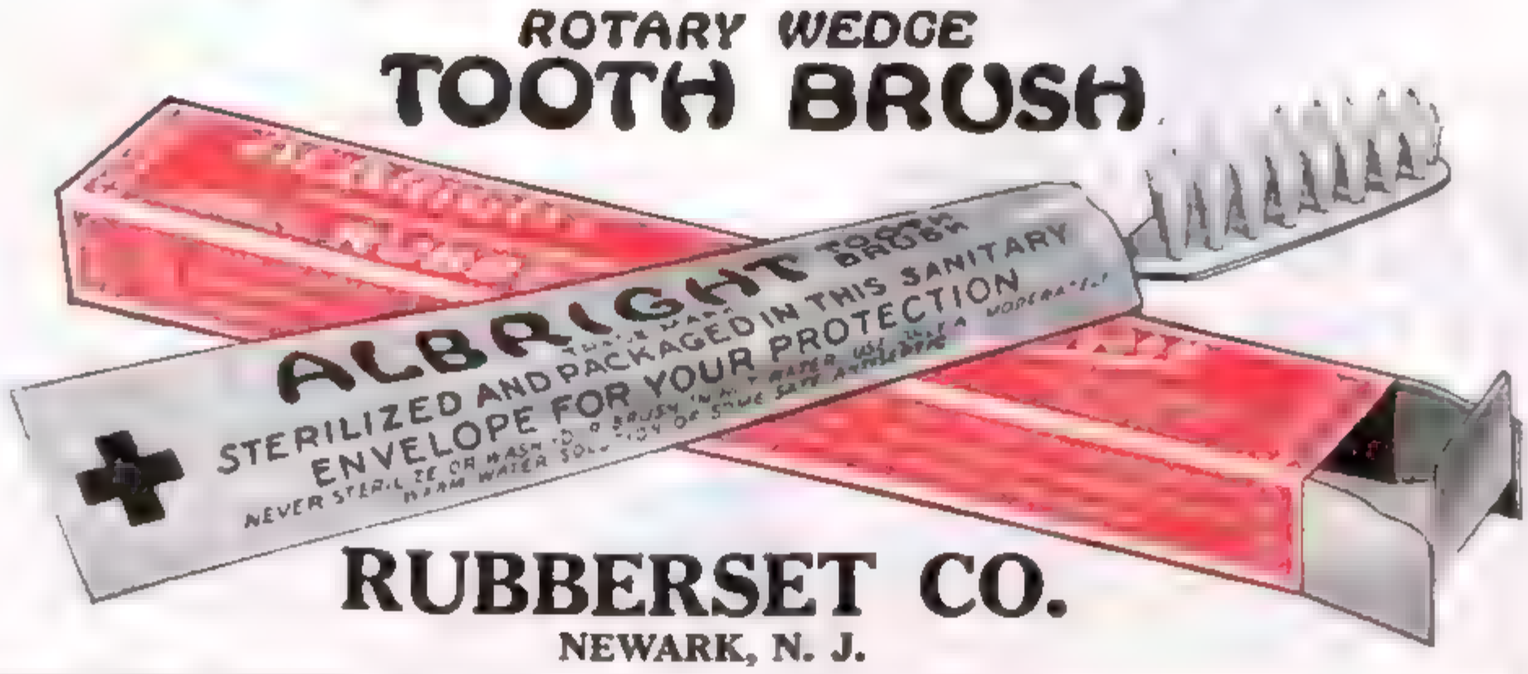
Quantity and Efficiency result in 75c quality for

35¢

IN CANADA: 40c

ALBRIGHT
ROTARY WEDGE TOOTH BRUSH

Made in AMERICA by American Workmen



The Bristles Stay In!

Handles in FOUR colors: RUBY, LIGHT AMBER, DARK AMBER and WHITE—a personal brush for each member of the family!

RUBBERSET CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

ALBRIGHT Rotary Wedge Toothbrushes are manufactured by RUBBERSET CO. Ltd. in Canada, and are on sale throughout the Dominion

First Aid to Busy Mothers

IF THERE is any one thing that is sweeter and more altogether adorable than anything else in all this wide, wide world, it's that perfectly wonderful brand-new baby, with his "morning face and his morning heart," all-dressed-up in his newly washed, freshly ironed, very-best bib-and-tucker.

Surely, the best ironing equipment your money can buy is none too good when it must serve to keep all that very little person's belongings—and your own as well—in so presentable and so perfectly ironed a condition.

Now, mothers all—the Sunbeam is the very finest iron made, and the most efficient. Not only does it heat more rapidly and hold its heat longer, thus helping you do your ironing quicker, easier, better. It is the most skilfully constructed, too—its graceful streamline form glides over the fabric with infinitely less labor—its ironing surface, smooth as polished glass, gives a much finer laundered result. This makes your ironed things look better, feel better, and last longer.

AND—the Sunbeam *in its all-steel, fireproof case*—There, indeed, is a desirable combination! Between uses, your iron is absolutely protected from dirt and moisture. It cannot rust. Iron, cord and stand are always together. No danger of mishap either—work done, put your iron right back in its fireproof place *without waiting for it to cool!*

See this new Sunbeam "Set" at your dealer's. Iron, cord and stand, $7.50, with all-steel fireproof case, $8.50.

THE SUNBEAM SET
iron, cord and stand in
All-Steel
FIREPROOF
Case

"You Need One Extra Good Iron"

Sunbeam
THE IRON OF IRONS

YOU MEN who are interested in providing the finest and most efficient labor-saving equipment for the women-folk who manage your homes will appreciate on sight the advantages of the Sunbeam Set over the ordinary electric iron. You will immediately see in this new-day combination a very real improvement over anything heretofore available in the electric iron field. Take home a Sunbeam Set, to make her day's work just that much easier and more agreeable. It's a gift any woman will welcome. And, because of the annoyance and trouble and inconvenience the Sunbeam Set will certainly save her, she'll bless you for a benefactor every time she has a bit of ironing to do.

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THE DOMESTIC IRON—known as "the best $5 iron made"—is also a product of this company. It is a good, serviceable iron that may be had with the assurance of getting the best value possible at the price.

THE SUNBEAM TOASTER AND TABLE STOVE is a mighty handy aid to good housekeeping. A most convenient and practical appliance. Cooks 49 dishes, right on the table. Bacon and broils. Toasts bread flat and turns it over. Ask your Sunbeam dealer. $10.50.

NAVAHO LAND

Continued from Page 28

One drops down from the plateau on which Gallup is located to the valley of the Chaco by a few easy grades; and by doing so one frequently passes from one climate into a totally different climate in the space of five minutes; which helps one to understand why the cliff dwellers, who populated the Navaho country many centuries ago, built their homes on one side of a cañon and shunned the opposite side as though it were poison; and why the dwellings of these ancient people may appear in one place, but not in another seemingly more favorable place only a few feet away.

The automobile in which we traveled drove through a blinding snowstorm on the plateau, skidding and slithering on the moistened adobe beneath the snow blanket. When the opinion was ventured that protracted travel would be impossible in such weather, the young engineer who drove the car opined optimistically that it would be different in the valley. Pressed to explain why he thought so, he said that a snowstorm on the plateau usually didn't get down into the valley. He didn't know why; it just didn't.

We slipped and slid down the slope, scraping snow from the windshield and narrowly missing a snow-shrouded machine that had paused behind a jutting rock to adjust its tire chains. Halfway down the snow fell more lightly. Two-thirds of the way down the snow stopped. As we reached the valley floor, the sun broke through the gray cloud rack. Fifty yards farther on the dust clouds were swirling behind the automobile, the sky overhead was brassy blue and the pallid tumbleweeds were hard at work at their usual occupation of rolling busily across the landscape to keep an overdue date with other tumbleweeds.

The newcomer to Navaho Land is oppressively affected by the deathlike pallor of the country. The sand is a sickly gray in color; the rocks are gray; the occasional stunted growths are gray. In time, the beauty of the distant buttes and mountains and the clearness and plenitude of the air go far to make up for the dryness, grayness and generally dragged-out look of everything; but at first the newcomer would be willing to sell the entire Navaho country—if it were his to sell—for about twenty-five dollars, or at the rate of one dollar for 1,000,000 acres.

The Mother-in-Law Myth

One of the most noteworthy features of the Navaho country, at first glance, is the apparent scarcity of Indians. Navahos live for the most part in small semispherical huts which are known as hogans—both syllables of the word being equally stressed, so that it rimes with brogan. A hogan faintly resembles a large gray beehive of the old-fashioned conical variety, somewhat flattened at the top. One may travel for miles across the Navaho country without encountering a hogan; and on a journey of 100 miles one sees so few of them that one would feel little surprise if he were told that the population of the entire Navaho country is thirty-three instead of 33,000.

The reason for this apparent paucity of hogans is due to the fact that the main traveled roads offer little inducement to the Navaho as building sites. The Navaho's greatest passion is his sheep. The first thing that he thinks of when he disentangles himself from his blanket in the morning is his sheep, and the last thing that he thinks of as he sinks into the nightly unconsciousness that is induced by smoke and weariness is his sheep. Consequently his hogan is usually located at the spot that will be most convenient for his sheep, and that spot is seldom one that meets the eye of the casual passer-by.

Even when one encounters a hogan near the road, there is an even chance that it will be empty, due to one of the many superstitions with which the Navahos are handicapped. They believe, for example, that it is very bad medicine to live in a hogan in which anybody has ever died. This superstition, until recent years, resulted either in a hogan being burned down after a death had occurred in it, or in the hogan being pulled to pieces. Of late years the Navahos, having observed the houses that the white man builds, have learned to construct hogans that are much more substantial and comfortable than their earlier, primitive dwellings. Consequently they manage to control their superstitious fears with more success than they did several years ago. It is one thing to burn down a hogan made of rough poles and sod, and quite another thing to destroy a hogan made of stone with a graceful and neatly fitting domed roof. Nowadays the Navaho tries to carry a person outdoors when he is ready to die, so that his death won't affect the hogan. If luck is absent and the death takes place inside the hogan, the Navaho usually manages to take off the curse by moving away from the hogan for a few months. That is why the traveler is very apt to run across uninhabited hogans in his wanderings in Navaho Land.

The superstitions of the Navahos are so many and so varied that life, for them, would be a constant burden if they observed them as carefully as they are supposed to. It is probable that the great American mother-in-law myth, which represents all mothers-in-law as being very bad medicine, had its origin in the beliefs of the Navahos; for very terrible things are supposed to happen to any Navaho man who is so unfortunate as to meet his mother-in-law face to face.

The Navaho Bob

When the Navahos are pressed to reveal the hideous calamities that would befall them in the event of meeting their mothers-in-law, they move uneasily from foot to foot and evade the issue. It is too horrible to talk about; but it is obvious that meeting a mother-in-law, in Navaho circles, is the very apex of tough luck. Thus it happens that if a Navaho man is standing stolidly and phlegmatically at the counter of a trader's store, thinking heavily about investing in a sack of tobacco, and is informed by the trader that his mother-in-law is about to enter the front door, the man will be galvanized into instant action, and will vanish out of the back door and obliterate himself behind a small clump of sage with the speed of a streak of lightning passing through a gooseberry bush.

The Navaho further regards all fish with a large amount of superstitious repugnance, owing to the belief that the souls of Navaho ladies of lax morals are transferred to fish by way of punishment; and he eats fish about as frequently as the white man eats dog. Chicken and eggs also are viewed with superstitious horror by the Navahos, who persistently refuse to include them among their menus.

A Navaho will go to any lengths to avoid burying a dead man. It is very bad medicine to kill or skin a bear. His superstition, however, has never led him to consider as bad medicine the stealing of fascinating little odds and ends from the white man, any more than the white man, in years gone by, considered that he was doing any particular wrong when he sold Navaho women and children into slavery, stole Navaho lands and killed Navaho sheep.

The modern Indian trader has no hesitation whatever in saying that he wishes the Navaho superstitions would keep them from sanding their rugs so that they will weigh more and bring a higher price from the trader, and stop them from overfeeding and overwatering their lambs to such an extent, just before bringing them to the traders for weighing and buying, that they frequently drop dead on the scales. The Navahos, however, invented their superstitions for their own benefit, and not for the benefit of Indian traders or any other white men.

The Chaco Valley road is not a lively road, except so far as it makes the automobilist struggle to keep from being tossed out on his neck. At wide intervals a lone hogan breaks the monotonous pallor of the flat valley floor. On either side are low, dust-gray hills. A few miles of stomach-racking bumping bring one to the government school at Tohatchi, beyond which the desert becomes rougher and more twisted. For miles the alleged road passes through gigantic heaps of sand which look as though they had been dumped by enormous dump carts.

Occasionally one meets a lone Indian jogging along on horseback, stiff legged and uncomfortable looking. Too often he wears an unromantic blue denim overall and jumper and a shapeless black felt hat. Occasionally he brightens his stodgy appearance with turquoise earrings, a turquoise necklace, a belt of large oval silver plaques, and heavy silver bracelets set with turquoise.

The Navaho men have taken to bobbing their hair in the last ten or twelve years. It is not a stylish bob; but it gives them a certain air of chicness which they lacked in the days when they allowed their hair to hang gloomily down their backs.

All the Navaho men and women wear or carry blankets, of course, but they never wear or carry Navaho blankets. Navaho blankets as made nowadays are a little too heavy for comfort and too porous for warmth and too stiff to conform to much of anything except the austere surface of a floor; so the Navaho sells his blankets to traders and uses the softer, lighter and more gaudily colored Pendleton blankets, made in the factories of Pendleton, Oregon.

By bearing off to the left of the valley, one twists and turns among table-shaped rocks and pyramid-shaped rocks and rocks that look like sea lions wallowing across hills and rocks that look like crawling dinosaurs and other misshapen prehistoric beasts, and eventually reaches Toadlena, where there is another school for the Navahos among the foothills of the Chuska Mountains, blessed with a thing that is regarded with awe and admiration throughout the Navaho country—a stream of pure cold water, sufficient to quench the thirst of all the men and beasts that care to visit it. The road to Toadlena passes near two small grayish mesas, known as the Two Gray Hills. The rugs that are woven by the Navahos who live in the vicinity of the Two Gray Hills are known far and wide through the Navaho country as the best in weave, color and texture of all the many thousands of Navaho rugs that are woven each year.

There are little cañons that run up into the foothills of the Chuska Mountains, as well as of the many mountains of the Navaho country, that are peppered and honeycombed with the cliff dwellings of people who vanished from the earth hundreds and even thousands of years ago. The number of these cliff dwellings cannot even be estimated, for they are so extensive that the eyes of white men have seen only a small part of them.

Amateur Excavating

By continuing straight up the broad flat desert floor of the valley, one comes to two jagged rocks rising from the sand. These are known as Bennett's Peaks, and they might well be regarded as the gravestones of a dead civilization; for near their base the road passes through low circular mounds that are scarcely distinguishable as mounds to the untrained eye, and these mounds are all that is left of the sturdy houses that were filled with industrious folk hundreds of years before Columbus stumbled on America while attempting to reach China.

Those who question that the inhabitants of these houses that have sunk down into mounds were industrious need only to go out and examine the mounds. They will immediately discover that each mound is covered with countless thousands of pottery fragments—red and black fragments, and white and black fragments, and fragments of the very ancient gray pottery that was built up by coiling a clay rope around and around and notching it into place with the thumb nail—and they will further discover that these fragments extend down into the mounds for many feet; so that the superficial idea that one gets of the people who lived in them is that they did nothing whatever but make pottery jars and bowls as rapidly as they could and then throw them at each other or drop them out of the window for the fun of hearing them break. People who made as much pottery as these ancient people made, and who still had time to stock their larders and love and eat and cook and fight, must have been industrious.

Armed with no more advanced excavating tools than a shovel borrowed from an Indian trader, three of us prowled from mound to mound and dipped beneath the surface wherever the spirit moved. The lightest scratching brought up larger fragments of pottery—an ancient stone on which corn was ground into flour, the skeleton of one of these ancient people, and other exciting matters.

Continued on Page 177

Room for 5 toes!

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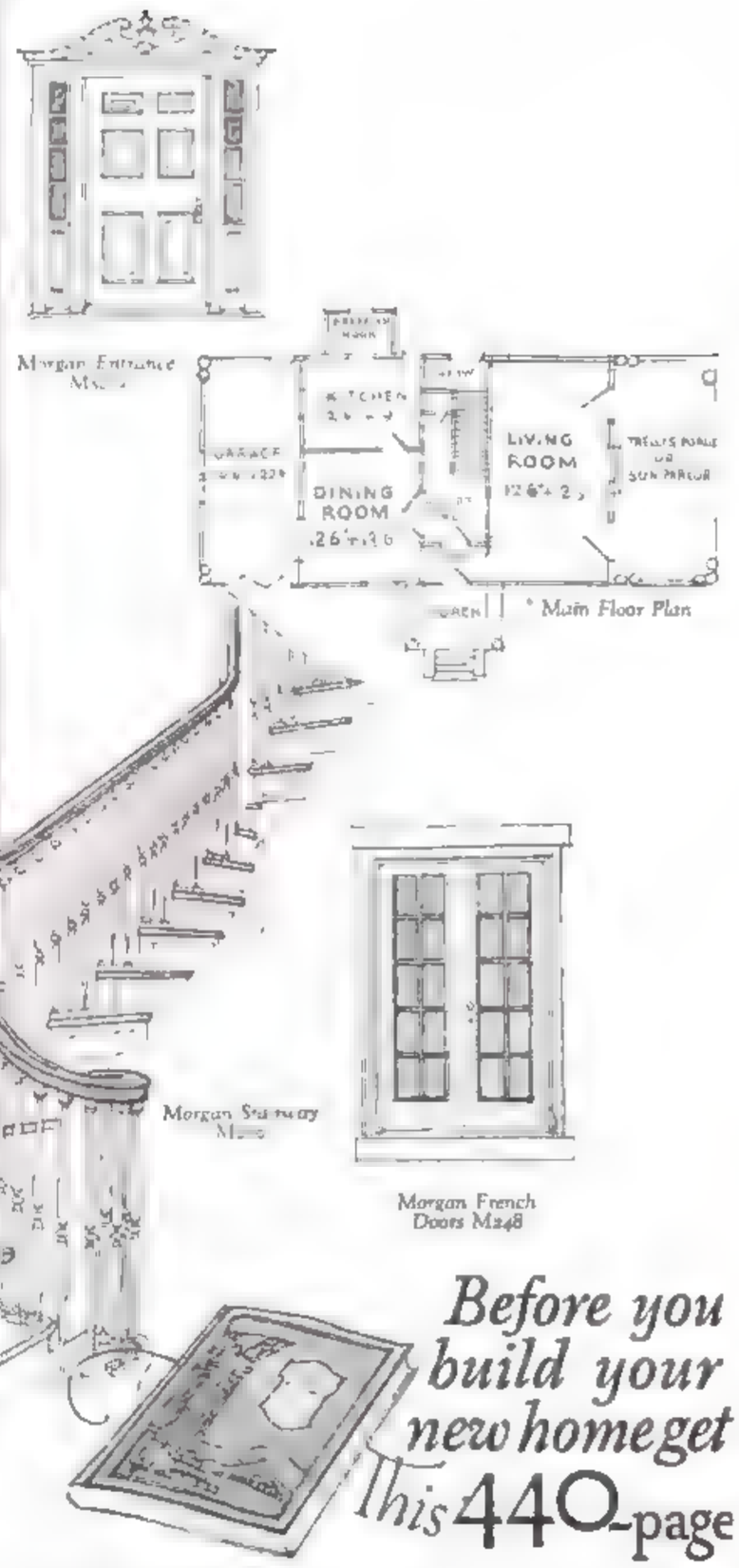
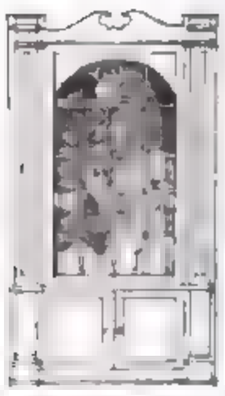


Are you going to build *your dream home?*



Morgan China Case

Are you planning to *build* your dream home, or to remodel the old one? Then look carefully to its beauty and comfort, both exterior and interior. The right entrance will suggest hospitality. Your stairway, woodwork, mantel, French doors, and other features, if properly designed, will add beauty and character, as well as utility, to your entire home. And those modern built-in units, such as bookcase, cupboard, china closet, breakfast nook, ironing board, and other conveniences bring priceless day-in-and-day-out comfort.

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(Continued from Page 175)

Scattered on the surface of the mounds, among the pottery, were bits of agate, of carnelian, of smoky granite, of petrified wood, of sea shells, of strange fossilized objects, of rock that must have come from places hundreds of miles away. Lying between two of the mounds, as though it had been dropped yesterday, was one of the most ancient types of jar, broken into not more than seven or eight pieces.

Odd things constantly come to light in the Navaho country, possibly because the veil of ages has been rudely torn from the land in recent years through the overgrazing of the country and the resulting erosion of the soil.

Fifty and sixty years ago the Navaho flocks weren't nearly so large as they are today, and the Navaho horses weren't so plentiful. In those good old days, when a warrior died, a sufficient number of horses were buried with him to insure his comfort and proper social standing in the happy hunting grounds. Being no fools, the Navahos usually took care to kill the poorest horses in sight. As a result, horses weren't overly plentiful, and the horses that they had were pretty good.

The World's Worst Blow-Out

Having become more enlightened and having no warriors, the Navahos no longer kill horses when their headmen die. Consequently the poor horses live and beget even poorer horses, and the poorer ones beget poorer ones, until at the present time the Navaho horses not only are far too plentiful but are also about the scurviest breed of ponies that ever ate up good fodder. They are small and weak chinned, and their coats bear a strong resemblance to a velours hat that has been kicked around a gutter for several days.

One of the greatest kindnesses that could be done to the Navahos would be to kill off most of their horses, whose only reason for being consists of devouring food that is greatly needed for Navaho sheep.

The overstripping of the soil by the sheep and horses lets the rain wash off the top sand and uncover ancient ruins and peculiar deposits whose existence was unsuspected as recently as 1860 and 1870, when there was a sufficient amount of herbage in the Chuska Valley to support herds of antelope and to permit the Navahos to cut their own hay, instead of hauling it 50 or 100 miles, as they do today.

As a result, the archæologists and geologists who enter the Navaho country for the first time frequently remain in a frenzy of excitement for weeks on end. They stumble on dinosaur bones lying carelessly on the surface of the ground; they find vast deposits of sea shells of bygone ages; after rains they run across spots where temporary streams have cut down through ancient dwellings and exposed beautiful samples of undamaged pottery and intimate relics of vanished peoples.

A trader at Shiprock recently came across a dwelling from which the dirt of centuries had been washed by a heavy rainfall, and in one of the rooms he found a heap of slag inclosing a mass of charred corn that had evidently been used as charcoal, and in which each kernel of corn was as distinct as the day on which it had been pulled from the stalk, centuries ago. His theory concerning the slag and the corn charcoal was that the Indian who was responsible for them was attempting to effect the transmutation of metals. Theories concerning the activities of the prehistoric people, however, are considerably more numerous than blades of grass in the Navaho country, and it is unwise to let any of them disturb one's rest.

Beyond Bennett's Peaks the valley floor widens to a flat-bottomed basin forty miles in diameter, and in the distance appear what might easily be mistaken for the topsails of a giant schooner cruising in lonely grandeur in the middle of the desert—a marine effect that is not lessened by the pitching and tossing of the automobile in which one travels. Though the combination of pitching and tossing and the topsails of Shiprock have never been sufficient to cause travelers to call weakly for a steward to hold their heads, it is certain that Indian traders could stock standard seasick remedies to good advantage if travel on the Shiprock road increases to any marked extent.

The country around Shiprock conveys the distinct impression that a great deal happened to it very suddenly in the dim past, and that it must have been an excellent place from which to be absent when it all happened.

Far to the right, as one approaches the rock, is a tumbled mass of pinnacles, knobs, mesas, ridges and hogbacks. Hogbacks are peculiar structures. If a tremendous pressure were exerted somewhere beneath the earth, and if this pressure increased until it forced the earth high up into the air and then blew out the central portion entirely, the raised, ragged and unbent earth around the blow-out would look like the hogbacks of the Navaho country. So the general effect of the hogback-edged desert around Shiprock is that it was once the scene of the world's worst blow-out, and that the hogbacks are the ragged, unbent edges that were left after the explosion took place.

Shiprock itself looks like something that tried to blow out with the rest, but got stuck in the middle of the proceedings. It is known to geologists as an igneous plug, and it was most certainly pushed out of the devil's stewpan that underlies the Navaho country while it was in a red-hot condition, for its sides are scratched and scoured by the rudeness with which it was shoved up through some harder material than pottery fragments. It measures a third of a mile from the spot where it emerges from the desert floor to its topmost peak; and so far as is known, no human being has ever scaled it.

According to the legends of the Navahos, the top of the rock was occupied for some time by a family of enormous man-eating birds that had the offensive custom of picking up a good meaty Navaho every little while and flying with him to the top of Shiprock, where they devoured him at their leisure. The Navahos consequently declare that if the rock is ever climbed, a great number of turquoise ornaments, left over from the alfresco lunches of the man-eating birds, will be found in the depression at its top.

Inflamed by these tales, the young engineer who guided me through the Navaho country persuaded an aviator friend to take him over the top of the rock in his plane; and although the plane nearly scraped off a few of its highest pinnacles, and although the engineer strained his eyes examining the top through field glasses, he could discover nothing more valuable there than plain rock, the local quotations on which are in the vicinity of zero per million tons.

The Settlement of Shiprock

Beyond Shiprock the desert slopes gradually down to the San Juan River, far beyond which rise the pleasant flanks of the San Juan Mountains, which are celebrated for their trout and game, and the flat top of Mesa Verde, where there are extensive ruins of the ancient people.

By the banks of the San Juan is the settlement of Shiprock, home of the Shiprock Indian Agency, where substantial government buildings of red brick are shaded by widespreading cottonwood trees, and where the young Navaho idea is encouraged to shoot with more or less vigor along the white man's groove.

To the desert wanderer, the Shiprock Agency is a metropolitan center of commerce and culture; for there is a school band, which makes up in noise and rhythm for what it lacks in harmony, and a greenhouse, and young lady teachers, and a small hostelry, which makes up for its total lack of greensward and concealing shrubbery by fresh butter and eggs and a seventy-five-cent breakfast of sufficient size to put an anaconda to sleep for a month, and two traders' stores in which one may find oil men gravely consuming large quantities of eating tobacco, or observe the wise men of the San Juan jurisdiction in the act of pawning their jewelry.

For detailed information on the Indian, it is frequently difficult to beat a trader's store; for if the trader is the right sort of person he has more influence for good on the Indians and receives their confidence more unreservedly than do some of the missionaries, of which there are a plentiful supply on most Indian reservations.

The so-called pawnshops in the stores of trusted Indian traders in the Navaho country are of a nature to make almost any jeweler emit several sharp yelps of surprise. Since time immemorial the Indians of the Southwest have been addicted to the use of the turquoise. The turquoise mines a few hours to the east of Shiprock, which were closed down some years ago, had been worked by the Indians for many hundreds

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BUILT to be bigger, to have a larger motor, to clean more completely, and to last a longer time, the Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper is a real hill-climber. A mountain of cleaning work is as nothing to it. Sturdy, with the greater reserve power of its full one-sixth horsepower motor, it saves sweeping drudgery, saves time, and saves costly rugs and carpets from wear. Surprisingly enough, it costs no more than others, some not half as large, none so far as we know, with a motor as powerful.

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of years. Millions of tons of solid rock were taken out of this mine by prehistoric people equipped with no better tools than fire to make brittle and crack the rock, and stone axes with which to break it out; and the raging passion for turquoise ornaments on the part of the Indians was thus partly gratified.

The craving for this bluish-green stone has persisted to the present day, partly because the Navahos believe that the stone has certain beneficial properties, and partly because they like the looks of it and can get it with comparative ease.

Various prominent authorities on the Indians declare that the turquoise has a deep religious significance for the Navaho; but it is more likely that its religious significance is somewhat similar to that which the left hind foot of a rabbit has for some people.

When properly approached, almost any Navaho seems to prefer the religious significance of a five or ten dollar bill to that of his turquoise ornaments; and those who have never had the proper opportunities to sell are very apt to leave their blue rocks in the traders' pawnshops for ten months out of every twelve—which would appear to cramp their religious efficacy a trifle.

The Navahos are silver workers, but they are no great shakes at cutting and polishing turquoise. They get their stones, usually, by trading with the Pueblo Indians, who live more to the eastward and help themselves freely to the contents of the turquoise mine after the custom of their ancestors, even though the mine is supposed to be closed and guarded.

Almost every Navaho man that one meets wears a pair of earrings made of irregularly shaped blobs of turquoise; and some boast necklaces made of closely strung turquoise disks that are frequently composed of as many as five or six or more strands, each strand hanging to the middle of the wearer's chest. Many wear the bulky silver necklaces hammered out by themselves from coin silver, and many embellish themselves with massive silver bracelets containing several turquoises an inch or more in length.

The value of some of the turquoise strings is very high. Their value is usually reckoned in sheep, and one can sometimes find an old and beautifully colored string in the traders' pawnshops that is estimated to be worth at least 300 sheep; and since a sheep is valued at four dollars, a 300-sheep string makes quite a sizable bit of loot for an Indian to wear while doing odd jobs around the hogan, as one might say.

In Debt and Out

When the white man buys a necklace from a Navaho the sheep value that obtains among the Navahos is apt to be thrown overboard, so that a so-called 300-sheep necklace might sell for considerably less than $1200. Prices fluctuate remarkably on turquoise, probably depending on the amount of the stone that is being mined, and also on the needs of the Indians. A year ago the Pueblos were asking—and getting—about seventy-five dollars for a two-foot string of graduated turquoise disks of a good blue color. Early in the spring their asking price had dropped to twenty-five dollars for a string, and they accepted fifteen because they needed money in a hurry.

Yet the same string, in an Eastern jewelry shop, would have been cheap at seventy-five dollars.

When a Navaho is holding out for the highest possible price he will walk forty and fifty and sixty miles across the desert, from one trader's store to another, in an attempt to get two or three dollars more than he has been offered.

Traders' pawnshops are merely small boxes something like an extra-large bathroom medicine cabinet. Twice a year the Navaho is out of debt—once in the spring, when he shears his sheep, takes the wool to the trader, gets a little money and redeems the pawns which he has been pawning for the past six months; and again in the autumn, when he sells his lambs and once more takes up all the pawns from which he has been parting since he last took them out of hock. As soon as he has got them out, he starts carrying them to the trader again; and each time he does so the trader writes him down for a certain amount of credit. A good bracelet with large stones of the proper blue color will give him a credit of fifteen dollars, say; and the Indian will take out tobacco and flour and coffee and sugar until he has exhausted the fifteen-dollar credit. Then he will deposit his necklace or his earrings or his rings. Necklaces form the staple pawns; and traders will often have between $7000 and $15,000 worth of pawns in their little wooden cabinets.

In spite of the heavy traffic in wool and lambs on the Navaho reservation, the leading single industry of the reservation is the blanket industry; the word "blanket," when used in this sense, meaning something that is made for the white man to use as a rug.

In the San Juan jurisdiction of the Navaho country—the jurisdiction of which Shiprock is the center—there are some 2000 adults. Last year they sold 275,860 pounds of fleece at prices ranging from twenty-eight to forty cents a pound—a total of $98,925. They also sold 15,460 pounds of lambs, ewes and wethers for a total of $65,800. But a matter of 900 of these adults wove enough blankets to bring them in $146,500.

Mysteries of Weaving

Since the San Juan jurisdiction is only about one-fifth of the whole Navaho reservation, one should multiply these figures by five in order to get at the value—to the Indians—of the blankets that they sell in the course of a year.

The Indians sell their blankets through the traders, who seldom pay cash for them, but give the Indians credit equivalent to the value of the blankets. When the traders sell the blankets to outside dealers or individual buyers, they usually add 10 per cent to the purchase price.

One can get excellent blankets from the traders at about half the price that one pays for Navaho blankets outside the reservation; and there is usually an opportunity for selection at a trader's store that is absent elsewhere. Because of a slack market for Navaho blankets during the past year or two, one trader that I visited had $80,000 worth of blankets stacked around three sides of his storeroom.

There is a cynical belief among the more hard-boiled of the experienced travelers who have passed through the Navaho country that the bulk of the Navaho blankets that are exhibited in railway stations and curio shops in the West are the product of Eastern factories. These gentlemen obviously know nothing about weaving; for if they did, they would know that no Eastern woolen factory could possibly turn out a rug made of heavy wool that would have—as do all the Navaho blankets—exactly the same pattern on both sides.

Many of the mysteries of Navaho blanket weaving have consistently baffled the experts, just as have the activities of the Navaho medicine men and the intricacies of their religious ceremonies. It seems probable that the Navahos acquired the art of weaving from the Pueblo Indians; for until comparatively recent years they were an agricultural people and not a sheep-raising, wool-weaving people. But although they may have been taught the art by some other tribe, they have now become the great rug and blanket specialists of all the Indian tribes.

The women do the weaving; and the feature of their weaving that distresses the experts is their peculiar habit of carrying the patterns of their rugs entirely in their heads and weaving them with almost perfect symmetry without ever measuring distances, consulting a chart or getting any sort of inspiration except that which might come from looking up and speaking harshly to a sheep every little while.

Some of the Nahavo rug patterns are extremely intricate—a fact which frequently isn't realized by the paleface until he essays to copy it with colored chalks. Yet the Navaho woman who weaves one of these intricate patterns will start the design eight inches from the bottom, let us say, and weave on and on and on, without tying any knots to show where the design alters or ends; and when the rug is finished, the design will end exactly eight inches from the top. White folk shake their heads over it, and those who try to imitate the Navahos, without copies to go by or measurements to follow, make a hopeless botch of the proceedings.

It is almost impossible to get two Navaho rugs that match each other; for the Navaho rug weavers seem extremely reluctant to copy a rug that has once been made. Yet they are able to copy their own religious pictures, and they have shown an unpleasant inclination to make rugs in which some of the interesting features of civilization are depicted—railway engines, for example, and Masonic emblems and automobiles and such-like bits of scenery that might have their appeal as antiques a thousand years from now, but that serve to make all sensitive souls emit poignant wails of anguish at the present time.

Sand Painting

One of the ways in which the good traders are of assistance to the Navahos is by continually urging them to make the same sort of blanket designs that their ancestors made when they made the blankets that are known as chief blankets and ceremonial blankets. These blankets were soft and beautifully colored with vegetable dyes that never faded. The chief blankets, which were made to be worn by chiefs, were almost invariably different arrangements of stripes. The ceremonial blankets were more simple and beautiful in design than most of the present-day blankets, and nearly everything on them had a meaning, so that the blanket told a story. They bore conventionalized representations of pine trees, lightning, the thunder bird, lodges, clouds, the antelope, and so on. When the blanket makers are urged to get back to these excellent designs, they are more apt to nod their heads understandingly, return to their hogans and turn out some ferocious and wildly colored blankets that would give almost any artist the bends.

Another peculiar superstition exists among the Navaho blanket makers that perfection is the end, and that any Navaho woman who makes an absolutely symmetrical and perfect blanket will immediately die. Consequently all Navaho blankets either bear some slight irregularity in the design, or a few strings of wool are left hanging out at the corner.

A part of some of the impressive Navaho religious ceremonies is the making of what is known as dry painting. These dry paintings are made early in the morning on the floors of the ceremonial lodges out of five colored sands—red, blue, yellow, black and white. These are sacred colors. The sand is picked up between the thumb and fingers of certain chosen persons, who are assisted and directed by a boss painter, or shaman, and is dribbled down onto a background of smooth sand according to an exact system that has been passed down among the Navahos for many hundreds of years.

After the painting is finished the Indians perform various ceremonies over it, after which it is wiped away and the sand carried far from the lodge and spread again on the desert. Some of the paintings are very large. The Navahos have one ceremony that lasts for nine days, and it requires dry paintings of sundry divine occurrences, many Navaho gods, mountains, lakes and streams, sacred herbs and such matters as the rainbow, the lightning, the sun, the moon, the different points of the compass, and so on. Some of these paintings are twelve feet square.

There are no records of the length of time during which these sand paintings have been made, but there is good reason to believe that exactly the same pictures were made in exactly the same way in prehistoric times.

The existence of such a thing as sand painting was not discovered by the white men until about 1800 because of the secrecy with which the Indians surrounded it. No copies of dry paintings had ever been preserved until quite recently, the belief among the Navahos being that any Navaho who copied one of them would at once go blind.

Recently, however, the Harveys built a large and attractive hotel called the Navaho House at Gallup, New Mexico; and the Navahos were persuaded to make dry paintings on the floor of the hotel lobby so that artists could copy them in more durable paints on the lobby walls. Still more recently, two women in the vicinity of Shiprock have begun to weave blankets in which they weave interesting sections of Navaho dry paintings, and sometimes whole paintings. Ordinarily these reckless ladies would be expected to go blind with great rapidity; but fortunately the husband of one of them is a very powerful medicine man, and he is not only able to supply the ladies with the designs of the sand paintings but is also able to weave around them, with the assistance of a broth composed of frogs' ears and rattlesnakes' eyebrows, a potent spell which protects them from all evil results.

Medicine Men Specialists

The great number of medicine men among the Navahos is a good indication that if the Navahos ever feel the urge to break down some of the ancient superstitions which retard them, the medicine men can easily guard them from all the evil results.

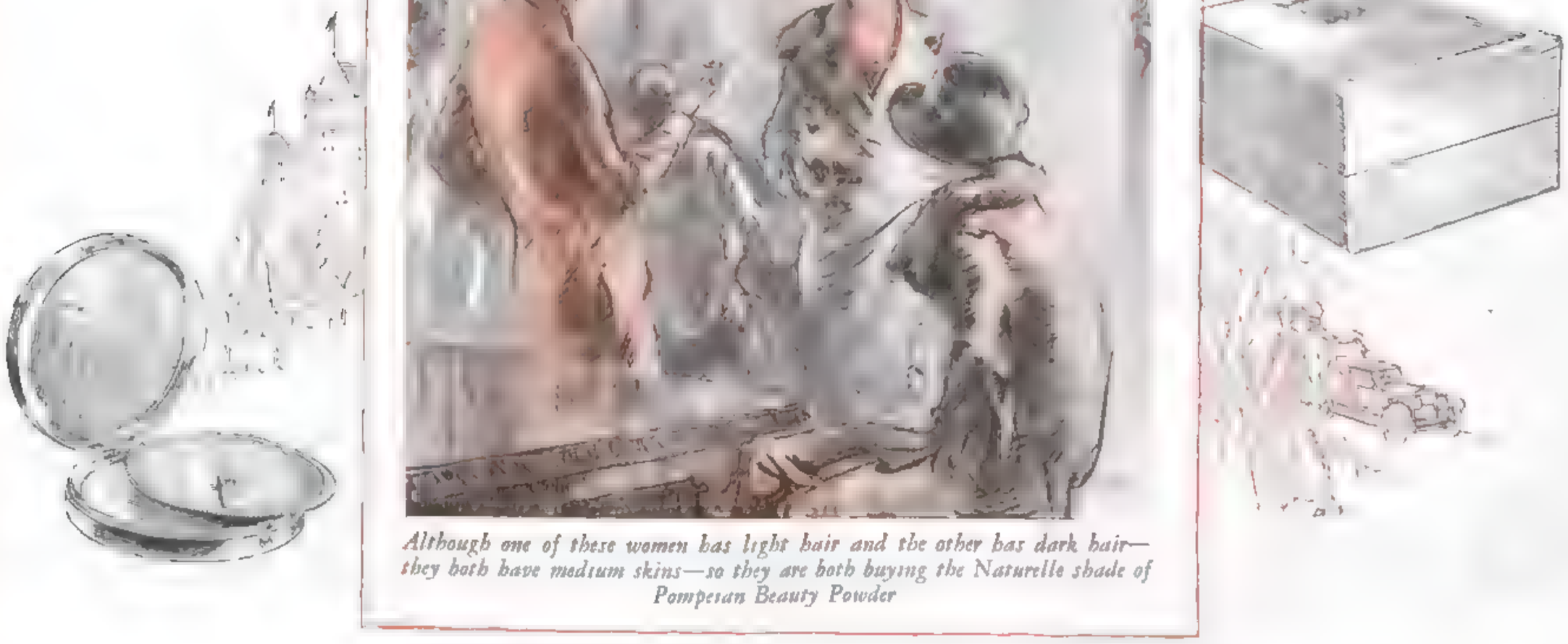
There are more medicine men for the Navahos than there are policemen in New York, comparatively speaking. There are so many that they have had to specialize in order to avoid treading on one another's heels. Some specialize in rain making, some on eye trouble, some on throat and nose affections, some on children's diseases, and so on. Some, like the powerful medicine man affectionately known as Old Rubber Belly, are wise old gentlemen whose advice can quite frequently be heeded with good results.

Others resemble the pure politician found in white circles, and will say and do anything to get the money. One of these gentlemen, after seeing a hypodermic syringe being used, attempted to get the same anæsthetizing results by jabbing a rusty nail into his patient's arm.

The chief stand-by of the Navaho medicine man is the protracted song and the more or less gentle dance. Wherever there is a cluster of Navaho hogans, scarcely a night passes that a medicine man can't be heard singing endlessly over a patient. Considering the amount of terrible singing that the Navahos must hear from infancy to old age, one cannot help but be surprised at the small amount of insanity among them.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the Navaho Indians. The second will appear in an early issue.

Lake Arrowhead, in Arrowhead Woods, California



Although one of these women has light hair and the other has dark hair—they both have medium skins—so they are both buying the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

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Women who get the best effects from their powder are as careful to choose the right shade of powder as they are to select becoming clothes . . . MME. JEANNETTE

CLEVER women are clever in the way they *use* powder. They realize that the more they can make powder appear to be the natural finish of their skin the more effective it becomes.

Powder must be applied with complete uniformity so that it looks like the delicate little finish we often see on the skin of beautiful children—it must be put on evenly. Also, it is of greatest importance to use the shade of powder that best matches your skin.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in the four shades that most nearly match the four typical skin tones of the women of America. These shades of powder are—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White. These are the four essential shades to obtain *natural* effects. In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among American women —the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink or flushed-looking skin. The following simplified explanation of typical skin-tones will prove a guide to women who are aware that their powder has always been too obvious.

Skin-tones—and shades of powder

The Medium skin varies in values and is sometimes hard to determine, for it is found with many combinations of hair and eye colorings. It is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet. The correct shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder for this type of skin is the Naturelle shade.

The Milk White skin is quite without a trace of color except where the little blue veins show. Few American women have this very white, colorless skin, but these few are the only ones who should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin is apt to deepen into a flushed-looking skin, and the result is a too-high coloring.

Women with this type of skin often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder, thinking to hide the pinkness. Pink or flesh-colored powder, however, should *always* be used on this skin—the flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder will tone in with your skin and at the same time will tone down the pinkness.

The Olive skin is rich in its own color-tone, though it rarely shows much red or pink in the cheeks.

Women with this exquisite coloring should not try to disguise it with White or Flesh powder, but should enrich its beauty with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has a quality of fineness that is due to its being sifted through silk. Its delicate consistency is a caress to a woman's skin. Its odor is delicate and elusive.

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POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Pompeian Beauty Powder

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The New Pompeian Powder Compact. This gracefully-proportioned compact is a slender disc of beauty—a size and shape that smart women approve and adopt for constant use.

Thousands of women will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a new smart refillable case. It is gold-finished with a delicate design traced in violet enamel. It is round, and fascinatingly thin. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection—and its lamb's wool puff has a satin top. Beauty Powder Compact, $1.00. Pompeian Refills, 50c. (slightly higher in Canada). At the stores.

[Top half shown]

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The Pompeian Co., Dept. 471, Cleveland, Ohio

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Shade of face powder wanted? _____

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R. L. Falkenberg & Co., builders of the row of houses pictured above, say:

"These houses were being built for sale, and emphasis was to be placed on their value as an investment. We therefore sought roof and side wall materials which would be attractive, long-lived and economical of upkeep. Our choice of "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles has been very strongly approved by all who have investigated this property.

"After the houses were completed we checked our cost on the finished roofs and side walls. We found that the "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingle roof cost the same as a very inferior quality and far from permanently colored stock shingle, that has a considerable percentage of flat-grain wood. In the side walls, however, we found a distinct saving over siding and of stucco. This was due partly to the low cost of application because of their perfect shape and size and partly to the fact that the "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles as we received them were colored heavily enough that no further stain or paint was needed."

Low Cost

The experience of R. L. Falkenberg & Company shows conclusively that "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles actually prove inexpensive for both roofs and side walls. With the exception of Dixie White they do not require a brushcoat after they are on the building—they come ready to lay.

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"CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles are not only low in first cost but, over a period of years, they show an actual saving. You eliminate costly paint and repair bills every few years and "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles always look well. The open market does not afford such quality in both shingles and stains.

Be sure that the roofs and side walls of your home are covered with "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles. Every bundle of shingles indicates highest Quality.

"CREO-DIPT"

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R. L. Falkenberg & Co., Kansas City Mo., built this row of "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingle two-family houses on the Paseo. This two-color reproduction cannot show the distinctive color values in this work. Individuality for each house was secured by careful selection of shades of gray, variegated and solid greens and "Dixie White." Long 24-inch shingles were used on side walls—shorter lengths on roofs. Archt., A. E. Evans Kansas City.

This larger view of the [illegible] house in the row above shows character this beauty of "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingle treatment. Side Walls have dark gray "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles laid with wide exposure. Shorter shingles stained in attractive, variegated shades of green are used on roof

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"CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles exactly meet the needs of home builders as a material for side walls and roofs. They make a permanent and beautiful covering for both. The colors are lasting. The appearance of "CREO-DIPT" homes improves with age. In buying "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles you have the satisfaction of knowing that you get only selected straight grain red cedar shingles thoroughly colored and preserved with pure pigments, creosote and other preservative oils and binders that have been chosen as a result of exhaustive tests made in our laboratories. "CREO-DIPT" Stains are manufactured in our own factories.

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"CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles lend themselves to the best architectural treatments and through the limitless color combinations and different lengths permit of such variety that individuality is assured. Countless color combinations are available with attractive greens, rich reds, browns and blues, charming grays and Dixie White. Thirty color shades in 16, 18 and 24-inch lengths laid with wide or narrow shingle effects give you wide variety.

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Stained Shingles

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, Inc.
1060 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25 cents for which please send Portfolio of 50 large Photographs of Homes and Sample Color Booklet.

Name

Street

City State

This is number seven of a series of ads dealing with fundamental facts on the meat packing industry. To appraise the industry properly, the public must understand how it serves. We welcome inquiries; please write us if there is any information you desire.

Demand for Meat

as well as *Supply* of Livestock Determines the Price.

THE consumers' demand for meat is not stable. It fluctuates just as does the supply of meat animals, though for entirely different reasons.

When people are well employed and prosperous, the demand for meat is strong and prices may be high, notwithstanding large numbers of animals coming to market.

On the other hand, small livestock receipts may arrive during a period of business depression. People under such circumstances cannot buy meat freely unless the price is low. Demand is then weak, and prices must be moderate, notwithstanding the relatively small supply.

Quantities of fish on the market, likewise fresh fruits and vegetables, reduce the demand for meat. Demand fluctuates also with the thermometer.

Therefore, though supply is always a very important factor, it is not the sole influence determining prices of either livestock or meat.

In the case of pork, the number of hogs marketed does not indicate the supply available for immediate use. While part of the hog is marketed at once, much of it goes through curing processes and does not reach the market until many weeks later.

Also the proportion of pork that goes into cure depends upon the market for various pork cuts. If, for instance, the demand for lard happens to be very strong, much of the hog which would otherwise be put into cure is, instead, rendered immediately into lard.

The strength of foreign demand for pork products is still another factor. If demand for English bacon is strong and profitable, fewer pork loins go onto the home market (for pork loins are not removed from the sides which are exported). A large number of hogs offered for sale may thus be accompanied by scarcity of pork loins in the domestic trade.

At another time, the number of hogs offered might be small and hog prices high, while pork loins —because of little export demand —might weaken in price.

In other words, while meat prices and livestock prices follow each other in remarkably close parallel, there is no such definite relation between meat prices and amount of livestock marketed, for the latter constitutes only one of the two chief factors in determining price—the other being demand.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 31)

All this was agreeably changed. The atmosphere of too-often crudely amused tolerance I had been obliged to endure had given place to one of unquestioning deference. The word is not too strong. My most careless utterance was hung upon, my verdicts undisputed; I found eager and respectful listeners when I chose to discourse. It was, I may say, a novel and stimulating sensation to be thus looked up to, treated as a guest of honor not to be rebuked for trifling delinquencies, accorded an ever solicitous courtesy not only by my hostess but by her offspring, whom she never failed to still by an imperative gesture when I spoke.

As to this remarkable woman, I at first found her wholly admirable and, even after learning of her grave transgression, striking treacherously as it did at the very foundation of our social polity, I cannot bring myself utterly to condemn her, considering that, while the excuses she offered in her defense were trivial and inadequate, she had yet been misled by certain pernicious doctrines widely taught by avowed anarchists who would in their frenzy overturn the civilization we have so painfully builded. Not for some days, however, did my hostess confide to me her shameful delinquency, so that our early encounters found me approving her without reserve.

On that first morning after my sidekick's departure I was called to breakfast and found the card of my hostess thoughtfully left by my plate on the neatly set table. It read:

MRS. PLEASANT B. GALE

ROBES ET MANTEAUX. EN ROUTE
FRUIT PUT UP IN SEASON

Observing that I studied the card, my hostess remarked, as she brought her excellent food to the table, "You being my house guest, Mr. Simms, I take pleasure in introducing myself, which, as it says in the best books, I should have done yesterday at our inconventional meeting. I assure you I am not accustomed to striking up acquaintances right and left with every Tom, Dick and Harry."

"I need not be told that, madam," I assured her. "It required only a glance to see that you were not a loose character."

"Well, I should say not!" she replied. "I am leading my own life, but I endeavor to do it like a lady should. I am now engaged in seeing America first, as I think we always had ought to, after which I shall travel in foreign climes seeing different kinds of natives and so forth in order that my chits may get a good knowledge of the world. We have already learned a lot about our own country, such as that it has the biggest trees, the crookedest railway, the hottest desert, the largest cities, the greatest number of crimes, and every town has once been destroyed by flood or fire, although this, of course, is due to shiftlessness and ought to be stopped. Do you not think so? Or do you, Mr. Simms?"

I was a little chilled by this trick of speech so reminiscent of Mrs. Copplestone, particularly as the speaker did not wait for any response, but launched at once into a truly interesting description of her manner of life. Her livelihood she gained as her business card indicated. She erected her Camp Cozy at a pleasant spot near some thriving town, and being a skilled sempstress she found an abundance of work for her needle. "That card says it in French," she explained, "and I often have to tell what it means. But you'd be surprised how much I get to do, either making new gowns or making over old ones. You take this town we're at -hardly a woman in it that isn't hollering her head off—excuse the vulgar expression -for a good dressmaker."

As to her other work, she told me that after fruit ripened she, being an expert maker of preserves and jellies, derived an even greater income from this gift, as so many housewives lacked the time to do the thing for themselves. In winter it was her custom to wander south, where the weather would not be inclement, and place her chits in a public school.

It was all most interesting—for three years now she had been en route, as her card wittily phrased it—and I saw that the woman was a striking example of energy and shrewdness. She was, I further saw, one of those starved souls clamant for knowledge and hungering after the better things of life. These longings I permit myself to say had caused her to welcome so warmly a man of my attainments. They caused her to hang on my words. Avid was she for the finer cultures, particularly those of deportment, speech and table procedure, scarce a meal being had at which she did not remind one or another of her chits that something should be eaten in a different manner. In this connection she now spoke of a recent disappointment.

"We all studied how to eat artichokes properly," she complained; "we have learned the directions word for word and looked at the picture of one being eaten in a choice way. Then I go to town for some, and there isn't an artichoke to be found. The little ones are so careless. They may forget what the book says and then be invited out years from now to a refined dinner party where artichokes are served and not know how to behave, or be taken to an expensive restaurant and humiliated like that poor girl who could only think of chicken salad when she should have ordered a swell course dinner from soup to pie."

I sought to comfort the woman by disclosing to her that artichokes, considered as food, are a mere fallacy; that one may permissibly refuse to touch them, but she seemed fearful that her chits, in declining this difficult vegetable, would be thought to do so from a cultural defect alone. However, the creature was endowed with a matchless optimism, for she presently cheered up to say, "Now, as you have concluded your breakfast, perhaps you will tell us some more good historical items."

To this I was not loth, and while she and the children listened attentively I tried to enlighten them on topics of liver importance than the eating of artichokes, which I have always regarded as a vain ceremony without the slightest food value and calculated primarily for display.

"European history," I said, "is marked by a few sharply delineated periods. For instance, Roman domination ceased when the Emperor Constantine removed his capital to Constantinople, while the so-called Dark Ages came to an end when the dashing Charles VIII of France invaded Italy. Again, the feudal period terminated when that unprincipled but undeniably crafty monarch, Louis XI, insidiously destroyed the power of the nobles and established the unquestioned supremacy of the crown." From this pithy beginning I proceeded to elucidate some of the less significant yet highly picturesque aspects of the three periods, and was obliged to cease only when my hostess regretfully declared that I was detaining her from her work which she must do.

"History improves one a lot," she declared, "and my chits are crazy about it. We could sit and listen all day, but I simply must finish that party dress I promised." And she was presently busy at her sewing machine just inside the portal of her tent, her rather intelligent face absorbed above the humming mechanism, her lips raptly moving from time to time as if she repeated the better bits of my discourse. For myself I had never derived greater enjoyment than from this informal causerie where I so indubitably brought light into dark places.

For a week, I think, I considered the woman wholly admirable. A marvel of industry, continuously occupied with one task or another, she was almost excessively neat in her dress and most determinedly cheerful, not only to me but to her brood, whom she strove to correct in speech and action. At table, to instance, she would put them through an oral examination as to their knowledge of how food should be consumed.

"Now, chits," she would begin, "if you were a hostess would you wonder why your guests smiled if you served thin-sliced bread for dinner, or when you entered the dining room last instead of first, or if you let the maid sound the dinner chimes, which a well-trained servant, of course, would not do at a formal dinner?"

Receiving satisfactory and rather glib answers—for the little ones seemed fully instructed as to these emergencies -she would resume: "Would my little men know that they should open only one fold of their napkins if they would not be ridiculed by other guests, and that they should always send knife and fork with the plate for a second helping—though never under any circumstances requesting a second portion of soup? Would my little ladies wonder why Mrs. Mortimer left one of her calling cards and two of her husband's in paying an honor call? And would all of you know what words R. S. V. P. really stand for, or the meaning of the phrases *le beau monde*, *vis-à-vis*, *à la Russe*, *sang-froid* or *ma chérie?* And surely everyone at this table knows they must not drink a beverage without first placing a napkin to their lips, nor would anyone here, I am sure, be so vulgar as to use a piece of bread as a pusher."

The lore of the woman was amazing, but even more so that of her pupils, who were wise beyond their years. I do not wish to conceal that more than once was I myself instructed. Doubtless I had often caused other guests to smile at my gaucheries. I did not know if a woman should appear in the aisle of a sleeping car in negligee, nor could I have told if it is correct to eat asparagus with the fingers. I had merely thought it convenient.

It may be guessed, then, that I had come to feel rather an awe of this deeply informed woman, and that I was ill prepared for the shock she gave me on a later day in one of her infrequent moments of leisure. She began by recalling the hard life she had led on a farm in a Western state, until she had found, as she put it, the way out. No labor had been too rough for her, and the daily tasks as she catalogued them fairly stunned me. Her day began with five cows to milk, cream to separate [from what, she did not tell me] and take to the nearest village three miles distant. Sometimes she had to shoe horses before leaving with the separated cream [I tried to picture her as a smithy at the forge] and once she helped a neighbor shingle a new barn. She half-soled and repaired the shoes of the family, cut her children's hair, and sometimes that of her neighbors. When her best horse was kicked by another she had put a number of stitches into the wound. She often boarded as many as five laborers. She made her own clothing and that of her children. My brain became in a whirl as she continued the appalling list.

"Every year I would pick sixty quarts of wild blackberries, besides picking and selling five crates of raspberries, and putting up apples and pears and other fruit on the place. It was not a life for one gently reared. I had no time to keep my intellect going. I would be up at five, milking, feeding the calves, pigs and chickens. Then I must clean the house and wash the separator and dishes. Then clean the barn. Next I would cut clover, wheeling it to the barn, cut corn for the cows, and perchance dig potatoes till lunch. After lunch I would pick up and sack the potatoes, then perhaps have to walk three miles before finding the cows. Then there were the chores and getting supper and perhaps a paper to prepare for our next Live Topic meeting

"One winter I and a neighbor butchered eight hogs and three beeves. After that I had to put two windows in the barn, one in my washroom, and build a wheelbarrow and a mile of fence. I have shot wildcats and a bear that was after our pigs, though I had to sit up three nights to get that bruin. And you can imagine, Mr. Simms, that I had little time for reading the latest magazines or keeping up with the best movements. Yet I was always building air castles. Every year they'd tumble down, but I'd build better ones. And at last one proved durable.

"I shall never forget the day. I got up in the morning with the feeling that release was coming. It never seemed so silly, because we had eight hay balers arriving the next day to board for a week, and the other work was already behind. Then the pump broke and I couldn't get any water. Then I went out and found a big Berkshire dead in the pen. Then a cow swelled up from too much clover, and keeled over. Then one of the children upset a pan of bread I had put to raise.

"All at once something come over me, and I went in the drawing-room and sat down in the easy-chair like a lady of leisure. Think of it—sitting idle at eleven o'clock in the morning! I seemed to be in a trance. Pretty soon I went and changed my dress, changed the children, took forty-eight dollars which I'd managed to save out in ten years and kept under the mattress, packed us all into the car and left in a

(Continued on Page 185)

A Vertical "B" Battery

Upright in Shape —Upright in Use

WHERE weight, table or cabinet space is a factor in your selection of Burgess Radio "B" Batteries, buy the Burgess vertical "B" No. 5158.

It is right at home in any position in your cabinet. Its sturdy compactness is almost a necessity in portable receiving sets.

Its height, width and weight coincide exactly with the double strength Burgess Radio "A" Battery. You are sure to be pleased with both the convenience and service offered by such an assembly of "A" and "B" Radio Batteries.

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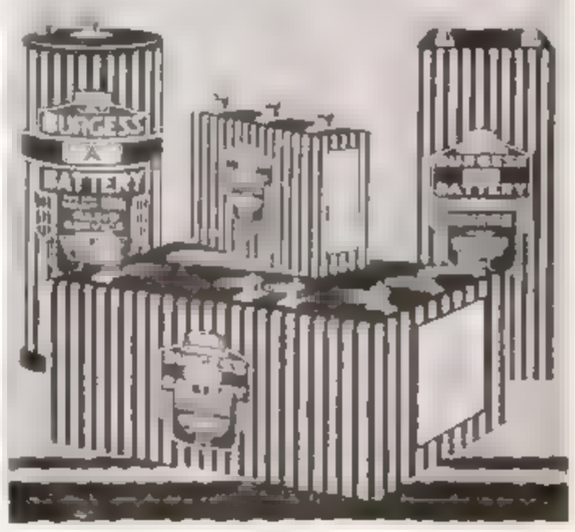

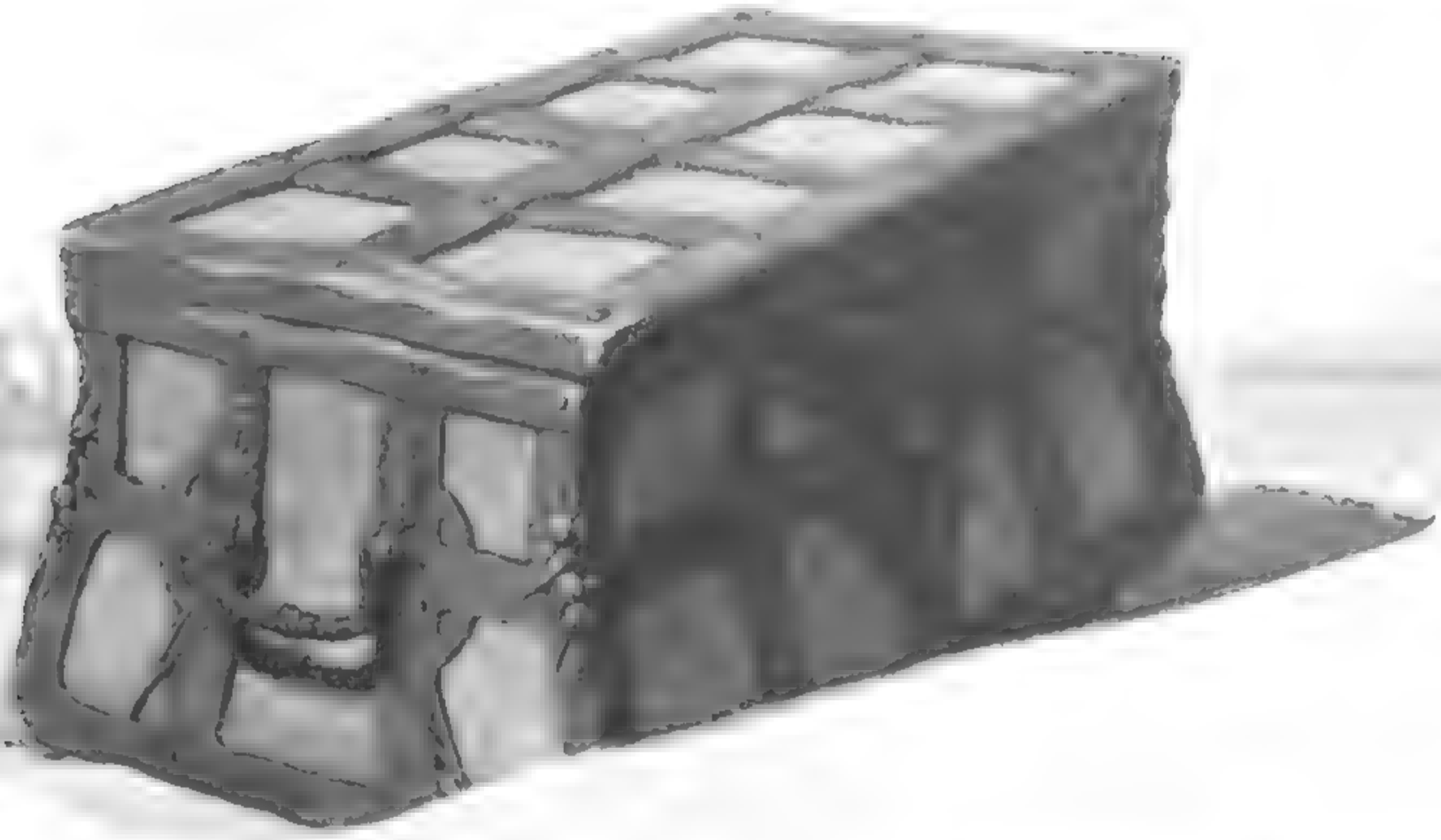

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In over 1,200,000 prosperous homes in the richest sections of rural America are 6,000,000 prospective buyers—buyers whose wants are immediate and insistent, who are seeking everything used in a home or needed on a farm; buyers who have vastly more money than, sixty days ago, they hoped to possess.

And here, ready to your hand, is the key to *your* share of this incalculable volume of buying that is sweeping over the counters of good dealers in every farming community.

Out in the great open spaces of America The Farm Journal, for nearly fifty years, has been preferred home reading. Its 1,200,000 homes include outstanding ones in every state. They have automobiles, light and water systems, washing machines, phonographs, pianos, radios. They have a solid background of big crops, big barns, big herds of cattle and droves of hogs.

Good local merchants in towns within motor-car reach know these leading farm families. They respect them. They are influenced by their opinions and demands. They cater to their wants.

From Atlantic to Pacific—from pine to palm—The Farm Journal is an intimate daily part of the life of rural America. It is accepted by dominating national advertisers as a great selling force in the farm field. Its columns are a roll call of successful merchandisers.

These are but brief high lights in a story of surpassing interest at this time to every concern which is considering how best it may secure its share of the greatly-stimulated purchasing power of the better class of American farmers.

Details regarding market analyses or advertising space may be secured from any accredited advertising agency, or from

The Farm Journal

first in the farm field

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

Continued from Page 183

hurry the teakettle steaming away as I went out the door. I've often pictured that teakettle, so busy after it wasn't any use. But I wasn't going to be a man's mere toy or plaything any longer."

"And you have never returned?" I asked, admiring the spirit with which she had shrugged off her burdens.

"Not ever," she confirmed. "I'll never even be caught in the same state again."

I now fittingly condoled with the woman on the loss of her husband; I forget how I put it—some facile commonplace regarding the hardship of wives early widowed; but no sooner had the words left my lips than I was aghast to hear her rejoin, "Widow—me? Not yet. I married the closest man in the state, and he's so mean he'll live to have his centennial birthday or something."

Hardly could my ears believe the brazen words. "You mean," I began, "that you left home without first securing your husband's approval?"

"Mr. Simms," she replied, "you have just heard the work I did on that place. Think, and think carefully. Would I not had a job getting his approval? Do you think he'd have let a drudge go who was doing the labor of two men and getting not one cent of pay for it? Little you know that man!"

I was now aghast. "But surely," I objected, "you could hardly have deserted home and husband in the cool manner you describe ——"

"Listen again, Mr. Simms. I married while yet in my teens, a schoolgirl romance that lasted till the next day, when I got kicked by a cow I was milking. On the day I quit, the best dress I had was still my wedding dress. My wedding ring actually wore through, and he took what was left and sold it to the jeweler. I never did have another till I bought the one I'm wearing because it looks queer for a woman with children to be without one. I was worked to skin and bones, and this insect—he's a believer in infant damnation—would keep the children from school to slave in the fields. Judson Gale would also tell me I was no longer the woman I had been. Well, now I'm the woman I was, though of course I am not in the first blush of youth, and all because I left in a cool manner, as you call it. Say, if I hadn't left, people long ago would have been saying he was too mean to give me a headstone. I served fair notice on him after I got a thousand miles away. I told him I was through. If he ever wanted to discuss our affairs I would consent to a meeting, but only in friendship's name. He never has looked me up; it would cost too much. And that's that. Dear me, here I sit frittering the time away in idle gossip. I'm getting lazy." And with this the extraordinary creature resumed her endless labors on the sewing machine.

I gazed at her in consternation. It will be readily understood that I no longer regarded her with the approval she had won from me while I was still ignorant of her delinquency. She had not only deserted—there was no other word for it—home and husband but she was unquestionably one of those poisonous agents that wrought to destroy the very fabric of our domestic lives. As she went from home to home, either with her sewing or her preserving of fruit, she sowed the foul seeds of an anarchy that would materially aid in overturning our hard-won civilization. The magazine article I had read spoke also of this lawless ferment in the woman mind that was doing its vicious part, along with our insensate pursuit of pleasure in cabarets where the night life of Paris is reproduced. It was this same toxin, I saw, that had roused in the breast of Mrs. Copplestone her preposterous and unwomanly ambition to be a mayor and have an actual part in men's public life.

And the creature before me was blind to the harm she wrought. "I tell my ill-treated sisters," she had remarked in the course of her frenzied harangue, "that the way out is simple if their souls are worth saving." How little men would suspect—observing her at the ostensible task of preserving berries in their well-ordered homes—that she was a serpent spitting venom that would in time eat away the base of our most sacred institution.

Though it was inevitable that I could no longer approve this evangel of domestic chaos, I could, perhaps, bring her to a better sense of her responsibilities by a diplomatic presentation of them, and thereafter in our little talks at table I took pains to specify the home as the foundation of all we have that sets us apart from the beasts of the field; that a blow at the home is a blow at all we have learned to cherish. Beginning far back I pictured civilization as having been planted by the first family group, which must have come about shortly after the human hand ceased to have a part in the locomotor function. And from that early day, slowly, painfully, civilization had been built on this simple but stout base—the clinging of the mated pair for the perpetuation of the stable home.

So fervid did I at times become in painting the gradual evolution of the home, its necessity if we were to endure as a people, the urgent need of combating forces that might disrupt it, I feared she might take offense. But so far from this fear having any basis, she heartily agreed with me and would, with that famed feminine inconsistency, even venture remarks of her own to this effect.

"The home is truly in danger, Mr. Simms, as you say," she calmly told me. "I read it in the papers. Society is rotten to the core; the popping of champagne corks is heard on every hand. We are dancing down the hill to destruction—there was a wonderful drawing of the scene in the paper of last Sabbath—and according to the article that went with it I shall be surprised if the home endures another hundred years. We live in a terrible time."

It was to me an incredible exposure of a certain blindness in human nature. Never once did the woman take my remarks as in any way reflecting upon herself—she who had deserted and disrupted one home and contaminated how many others I did not know, by telling her sisters of a way out! I was reminded of one of our instructors who became addicted to drink and who would discourse on its evils never so fervently as when in his cups. And this wretched history had been making so close about me while I, all unconscious, would probably never have encountered it until it achieved covers!

Feeling no longer the same toward my hostess, I longed with impatience for the return of Sooner, so that I might once more be off to our wild free life. But a letter now reaching me in care of Mrs. Gale gave me no hope of immediate release.

"*Dear Al,*" it ran: "I picked the bird up that same night in the town near which you are at. He was fooled stiff and has shook his fool flag at us in every town we played since. I don't try to fool him, but say in a loud voice, at the end of my apple sauce, 'Well, friends, tomorrow night I shall be in the town of so-and-so which I will hope will turn out and give me the same rousing welcome as you have done.' You understand, Al. It's because now we don't want to lose him, just the opposite of before. He is batty or something, or else why wave a flag every night and giggle at people that never done you a rotten turn in their lives? But we ain't far enough yet to stage the fifth act like I told you, so set tight and be sure to let the alfalfa grow once more. I mean don't trim the tapestry.

"Your old pal, SOONER.

"P. S. Rain stopped the show at Oskaloosa and the Chief got potted. I got him back on the reservation again, but believe me, Al, he is one bad actor."

This last, to be sure, I had known full well as soon as I saw the fellow trying to act.

XII

ANOTHER ten days sped by and I began to be irked by my confinement. It was becoming too much like my imprisonment in the foredoomed Leffingwell house. Twice, despite Sooner's injunction not to step beyond the gate, I ventured to stroll the length of the road before our camping ground, noting with interest the little homes that would be set up in this wilderness for a night or two.

Mrs. Gale rather looked down upon her neighbors, calling them fly-by-nights, and feeling, I dare say, something of an old-family pride in her longer time of residence here. Nevertheless, I found the gypsy life about us full of color with its overloaded caravans of bedding, household paraphernalia, children and even crates of domestic animals. There were always lively scenes to be observed as these itinerants noisily made their camps for the night, and my walks were happily finished without incident. Not once was I accosted or compelled to deceive anyone by speaking in the out-of-doors farm dialect that Sooner had been at such pains to teach me. I dare

India

You can tell an India by its shape

IT pleases mother to find in the India for children the same desirable features she enjoys in her own smart India.

Distinctive shape
Comfortable carrying length
Windproof tips and ten-rib construction
Wider spread for greater protection

Indias for ladies and gentlemen at all desired prices. Special Indias at $5 and $10. Emergency Indias at $2.

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"The little umbrella with the big spread"

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You Furnish: Only a few hours of your spare time each week.

We Furnish:
1. A complete outfit for immediate profitable work, *cost free.*
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No Investment, No Experience Needed

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THE RUGBY
Style M-154
One of Many Styles

Young men find in The Florsheim Shoe the smart type of footwear they admire—the new live ideas that attract favorable attention—for which Florsheims are famous.

Most Styles $10

Full Booklet "Styles of The Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers CHICAGO

L&H ELECTRICS
THE BETTER ELECTRICAL LINE

TABLE STOVE

Toasts steams—fries—bakes—broils your favorite dishes better—and right at your table. Prepares the most appetizing breakfasts, dinners, after-theatre luncheons. *All aluminum 3-heat switch.* Largest electric table stove made—easiest to operate—quickest.

Insist on L & H Electrics Appliances

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437 Cleveland Ave.,
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say my costume of the approved agrarian mode made me seem to be but a churl living close to the soil, and indeed I took care always to be seen chewing a straw, of which I kept a neat sheaf in my tent for this purpose.

I longed, however, to venture farther, and what was my delight one day to be told by Mrs. Gale that I might drive her car to the town for certain needed supplies. It was only after long deliberation that she brought herself to give me this permission, but as she worked at a sewing task which must be finished by nightfall, and as I could and did assure her that I was an experienced driver, having driven not only cars such as her own but heavy motor trucks, she at last thought I might be trusted.

Nor did the woman have cause to regret her confidence in me. Except that I forgot two items of thread and buttons which she declared had been her chief reason for sending me—in a wholly natural excitement at being again fearlessly abroad in the world—my journey was had without incident, and the groceries, at least, I brought safely back, rather priding myself on the achievement and by no means dismayed at the trifles I had overlooked.

The expedition, moreover, had been vastly diverting, for at the town's straggling edge along a grassed common I had found a series of tents and booths of the most fascinating character. They seemed to comprise a public entertainment which a broad banner described as Burke's Monster Grand Allied Street Carnival. Varying strains of music chimed discordantly from adjacent tents, happy crowds passed in and out of them or lingered before booths supplying food and various gayly hued beverages, and before one or another a perspiring announcer would be lauding his exhibition and urging the hicks to enter after the payment of a purely nominal fee.

I had no doubt that the most of these were trumpery affairs scarce worth even the modest admission demanded. About them was a general air of the meretricious, as, for example, the painted canvas showing a young lady of great personal beauty bisected at her slender waist and resting on a pedestal. Such a mutilation I knew to go beyond physiological bounds; therefore trickery would be resorted to. Yet a stream of yaps constantly passed through the door to view this La Belle Clarine, the Anatomical Paradox of the Ages, as the sign brazenly asserted her to be; whereas a moment's thought would have warned them that they were being gulled.

Before one spread of canvas, however, I halted rather longer, particularly as the announcer was not without a real platform effectiveness and seemed himself persuaded of the worth of his attraction, his manner being earnest to the point of fervency. Nor did I doubt, after studying the banner, that he might have some justification for his warmth. It was a wild man he extolled and his banner revealed the fearsome creature at the very moment of his capture in the lowlands of Madagascar.

It seemed that a band of our intrepid sailors from a warship, having missed one of their comrades and fearing foul play, had landed in this desolate spot and come upon signs all too eloquent that the lost man had met a terrible fate. There stood at bay a creature of a giant's stature, half beast, half man, as the announcer described him. Covered with hair from his ferocious head to his waist, he brandished a knotted club in one mighty arm and in the other held a human thigh bone which, all too obviously, he had been gnawing. The gallant sailors were about to cast over him a great net which they carried, and I learned that this had indeed been the method of his capture.

The scene was dramatically painted and I had no doubt the creature would be worth seeing at the small sum asked. Even as I looked the announcer broke off his torrent of oratory and stood in a listening attitude, one hand to his ear, the other gesturing silence to the crowd before him. Clearly from the inclosure at his back came growls of the most intense rage and the rattle of chains, but the announcer assured his hearers, saying, "But have no fear, ladies and gentlemen, this demon is well secured."

Regretfully I drove on because at this moment a coarse-appearing youth, holding by their strings a great number of toy balloons, hailed me as he drew near my car.

"Howdy, Si," he called. "How's crops?"

He did not in the least resemble one engaged in agricultural pursuits, yet I replied in my dialect, "Wurra, wurra, by heck, crops are really most promising in these parts." Before he could engage me further I left, as I doubted my ability to sustain the character at any length.

Regretting the wild man, whom I determined to view at another time, I also allowed my mind to dwell upon the neighboring booth, where one of the most beautiful women I have ever beheld was serving refreshments. "See that Fat Woman, the Hamburger Queen," her sign read; with the additional line, "Boys, we make them big. Mustard and Onions Extra." But it was the woman herself who engaged my notice. I have said that she was beautiful. Not with a classic severity, it is true, but running, rather, to a most gracious and appealing amplitude. Technically perhaps her sign did her no gross injustice in the phrase "that fat woman," yet one would not, I reflected, unless miserably poor in words, so describe this queenly person. Her lovely rounded arms, revealed to the elbow, were magnificently large, but not fat in the accepted sense. Also they were of a dazzling whiteness, as was her broad, low brow—classic, this, at least—beneath its smoothed mass of lightish-brown hair, and her plump face except where a tinge of the shyest pink showed in either full cheek. Nor was this coloring of a bisque daintiness, artificial, as so often happens in these later days. The woman was natural; she radiated a vast serenity, and the light of her gray warm eyes was the light of a knowing benevolence. She reminded me of something I had often before felt, that beauty lies deeper than line or color. I had watched her serving hungry patrons at the counter she graced, always with unruffled calm as one at the edge of troubling activities but untouched by them. Almost I had watched her to the neglect of the perhaps more striking portrait of the wild man.

I should visit this place again, I thought, not only obtaining a view of the wild person—perhaps even witnessing the anatomical paradox, though well I knew she must be done by fraud—but I should also purchase some hamburger of the beautiful woman and engage her in conversation, so richly did her personality exhale a soothing balm.

Returned safely to the camp ground, Mrs. Gale showed faint signs of annoyance when she discovered I had forgotten those two most important items of my errand, but she soon recovered her equanimity, frankly declaring that a brilliant man of education and refinement having large affairs to occupy his mind could hardly be expected to concern himself with trifles like thread and buttons—thus revealing a breadth of view, a talent for appreciation, that might well have put to shame a certain other critic of mine. Whatever the woman's moral bluntness, she did not lack these fine perceptions, and we had presently forgotten the incident in looking over the illustrated section of a newspaper I had obtained.

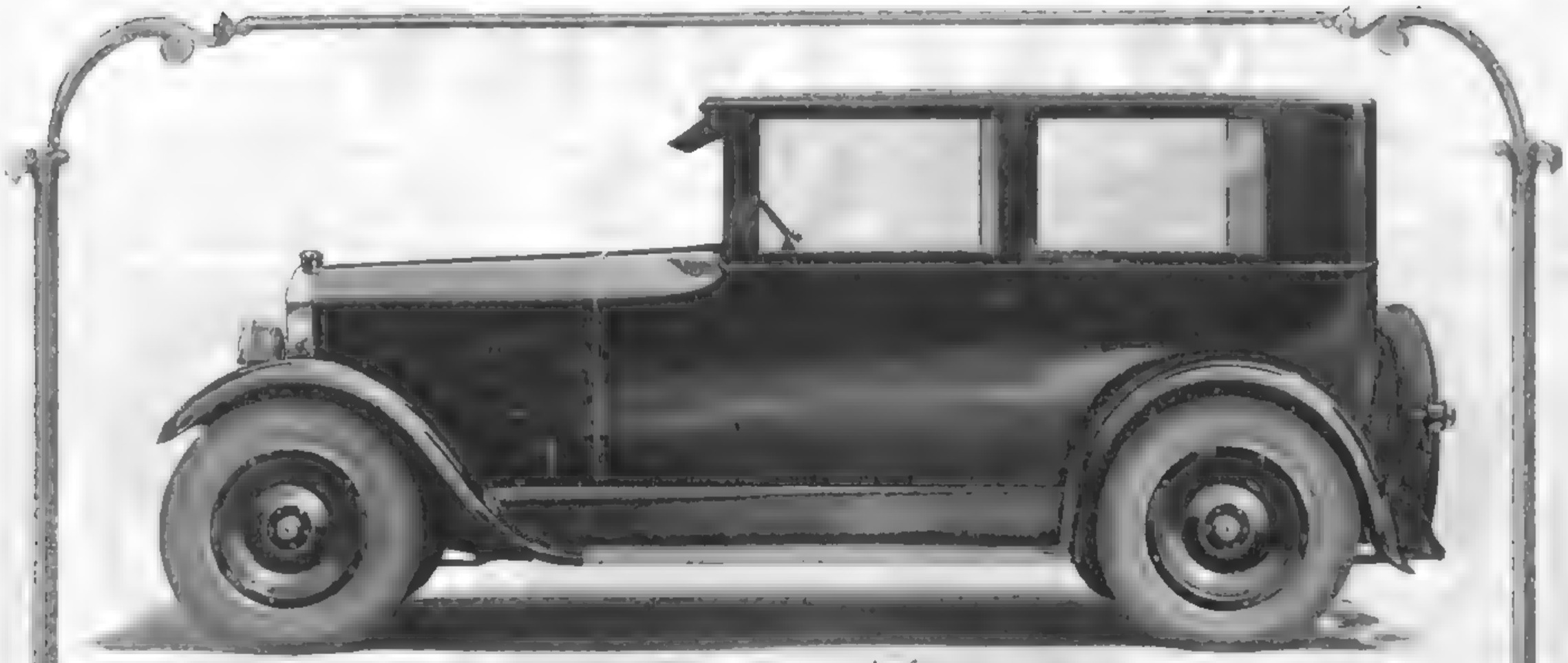
There were, I recall, some views of an Egyptian tomb recently excavated. Mrs. Gale declared she would some day view this large example of antiquity, as she put it. Her comments on other pictures were always acute. Thus, of a Russian dancer she observed, "She must be very light on her feet," and of a so-called diving Venus she remarked pithily, "She must be very fond of the water." She was, it seemed to me, one whose keen mind would always govern her impulses.

The following day, to my great satisfaction, Mrs. Gale announced that I might once more make the trip to town for other supplies and to see—as she jokingly put it—if I could again forget the thread and buttons which were by now urgently needed.

It may be imagined with what delight I set off, having resolved to tarry at the Burke Monster Carnival, where I would again view the superbly ample goddess emblazoned as the Hamburger Queen, and perhaps some of the lesser but still edifying half-human marvels. Indeed I was thrilled as I mused upon what the day might hold for me, and so absorbed that I perhaps did not closely enough regard the road at my first turning into the highway.

At any rate I was rudely shocked from my meditation by a metallic grating, at the same instant feeling Mrs. Gale's car in contact with a foreign mass that well-nigh overturned it. I came to a stop, perforce, realizing immediately, as an experienced driver will, that a collision had occurred. I thought quickly with the presence of mind that had already served me in emergencies, even before I observed the clumsy driver

(Continued on Page 189)



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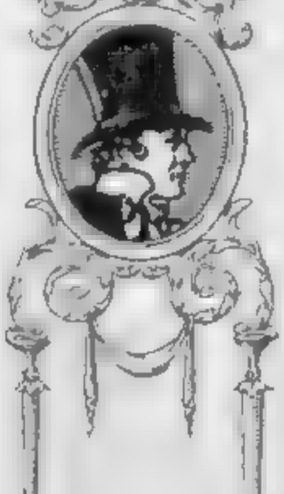

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(Continued from Page 186)

of the other car. Knowing from the past that people under these circumstances are almost invariably moved to a silly rage, I resolved to pretend an ignorance of English. Recalling that the Indian stain was not yet worn from my map, I stepped from the car and confronted the fellow at fault, who was by now on the ground surveying our interlocked cars. I saw he was, happily, not a formidable person; an elderly gray-bearded hick in a dark suit not too well brushed, wearing spectacles over pale eyes and presenting altogether an appearance of troubled futility. I could dispose of him with ease in my aboriginal guise.

"Ugh, ugh!" I exclaimed angrily. "Me heap big chief, by heck!"

The yap straightened up from his study of our bent fenders, stared at me with his ineffectual eyes and said, "Bless my soul, an Indian!"

"Wurra, wurra! No speakum English," I retorted, and, pointing resentfully to the wrinkled fender of my own car I burst into impassioned Greek, meaning to convey that I regarded him as wholly at fault.

At this his face lighted oddly, and wiping his brow he said in amazed tones, "Dear me, and yet you speak Greek! How curious!" Forthwith he returned me Greek for Greek, as one might say, rather delighting, I saw, in his fluency.

By this time it was plain I need not fear the fellow, as his whole manner expressed apology rather than the truculence I had so often met with under somewhat similar circumstances. Accordingly I abandoned the Indian language and addressed him in the farm dialect, intending from my first general remark to progress to details of the affair in hand.

"Howdy, Si," I began. "By jabbers, are not the crops hereabouts really marvelous!"

The poor chap looked more confused than ever. "Bless my soul!" he again exclaimed. "Then you're not an Indian?"

"Of course not, you poor sap," I laughingly answered, to put him at his ease.

"You do amaze me," he replied. "I guessed you to be a graduate of Carlisle."

"I am of the Nordic race," I explained, "but, having lived much among rough people, I fell into the Indian habit of speech on observing this accident in which I fear you are wholly at fault." I did not wish this to be forgotten in our exchange of courtesies.

"My dear sir," he hastened to reply, "there can be no doubt that I was the culpable party in this unfortunate affair. The annoyance you may have read in my face was wholly with myself." He studied me a moment and his manner became simple and confiding. "I see no harm in telling you that I am not often let to drive this car myself. Fairly enough, I doubt not, because there is probably some bit of truth in the contention that I am given to spells of absent-mindedness. And just now I was particularly chagrined because I came out today against the repeated expostulations of my wife, Mrs. Hemingway, who was too busy to accompany me. She will, I fear, be outspoken when she learns of our collision." And he broke off to run a weak white hand over the crumpled fender of his car.

I was affected curiously by this speech, seeming weirdly to be observing my own self in the man. "Are you," I asked on a sudden impulse, "by any chance an educator?"

He smiled weakly and replied, "How well you read me! I am Doctor Hemingway, and hold the chair of history in yonder university." He pointed to a distant rise in the landscape. "You can from here see the memorial clock tower showing above our maples."

Again I was oddly moved, seeing that here, but for the grace of God and an uncommonly boneheaded firmness of will, stood Algernon Copplestone, but I dissembled this embarrassing consciousness.

"I had already observed your tower," I said, "though I had not connected it with an institution of learning. I thought it, indeed, to be a silo more than usually ornamented, erected by some hick with a mania for decoration. But I am extremely glad to meet you, Doctor Hemingway. I am Addison Simms, of Seattle."

In this we shook hands warmly, and I noted that here was the first person hearing my assumed name who had not professed some acquaintance with the individual I alleged myself to be; nor did he receive my announcement, as had sometimes happened, with a waggish lift of the brows.

"It has been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Simms," he cordially replied. "But suppose we separate these unruly contrivances that brought us together and appraise the actual damage."

Hereupon we drove our cars apart and to either side of the road where they would not impede traffic, and ascertained that the damage to each was slight; no more than bent fenders which a mechanic would make little of. Knowing only too well, however, that the poor chap would be poignantly anticipating the remarks of his wife when she learned of even so trifling a mishap, I suggested a course that had once served me well.

"If you will allow the suggestion, Doctor Hemingway," I said, "would it not be well to have this fender restored before you return home? Might you not in that way avoid—I am sure you will pardon the blunt words—certain regrettable infelicities?"

He regarded me with a shrewd eye revealing all too plainly that he had a vein of cunning in him. "I see, Mr. Simms, that you are a man of the world," completing his speech with a sly smile and winking broadly.

"*Et ego in Arcadia vixi*," I lightly explained, not at all meaning him to sense the bitter sarcasm of it and, indeed, it went well over the poor sap's head.

"You must have lived in many an Arcady," he replied musingly; and then with a quite heart-pricking pathos, "You have lived the world over, no doubt; you know men and cities. And perhaps you won't be amazed if I tell you that I, too, have often yearned to be abroad in precisely what seems to be your vagabondish fashion—the term implies no criticism; the contrary, rather. There are times when I long for freedom—the word is hackneyed, but perhaps you will get my meaning—freedom from the dull round of academic tasks that have in this day become well-nigh menial, as if I cleaned the boots or looked after the linen of inattentive cubs; freedom, as well, from certain corroding—I believe 'regrettable infelicities' to have been your thoughtfully chosen term."

Again I pinched myself, in thought, as the saying is, to make sure I did not listen to an old self of mine, now as happily outworn as the moth's empty cocoon. The poor boob gripped me with this longing which I well understood. But, I wondered, would he be sufficiently a bonehead, would he have the stoutly metaled fiber of resolution to dare the fabled fourth dimension? I doubted it. In face and figure he was not unlike myself, and he had the look of one who has suffered, but I felt a lack. Not yet had he been brought to the ultimate heights of a manly desperation. But might I not help him to mount, sow a seed of daring that would presently burgeon?

"Doctor Hemingway, you poor old sap," I said impressively, "I know your daily round of endurance better than you could suspect. And I wish only to hint that there is always a way out if one has the courage."

His head shook a slow, decided negative. "You do not know my wife, Mrs. Hemingway," he very simply replied.

Nor could I, of course, disclose to him how well I knew her. I must feign ignorance of a woman whose characteristics I could have delineated in a manner to astound him. But I did not give up entirely.

"You have a comfortable residence, I dare say, on a pleasant street not too far from the university grounds."

"You have again guessed correctly," he replied. "Our home is modest, but on a most attractive avenue."

"Maple Avenue?" I could not keep myself from suggesting.

"Walnut," he corrected me.

"And attractive homes of neighbors lie on either side of you?"

"You have a gift for visualizing," he conceded.

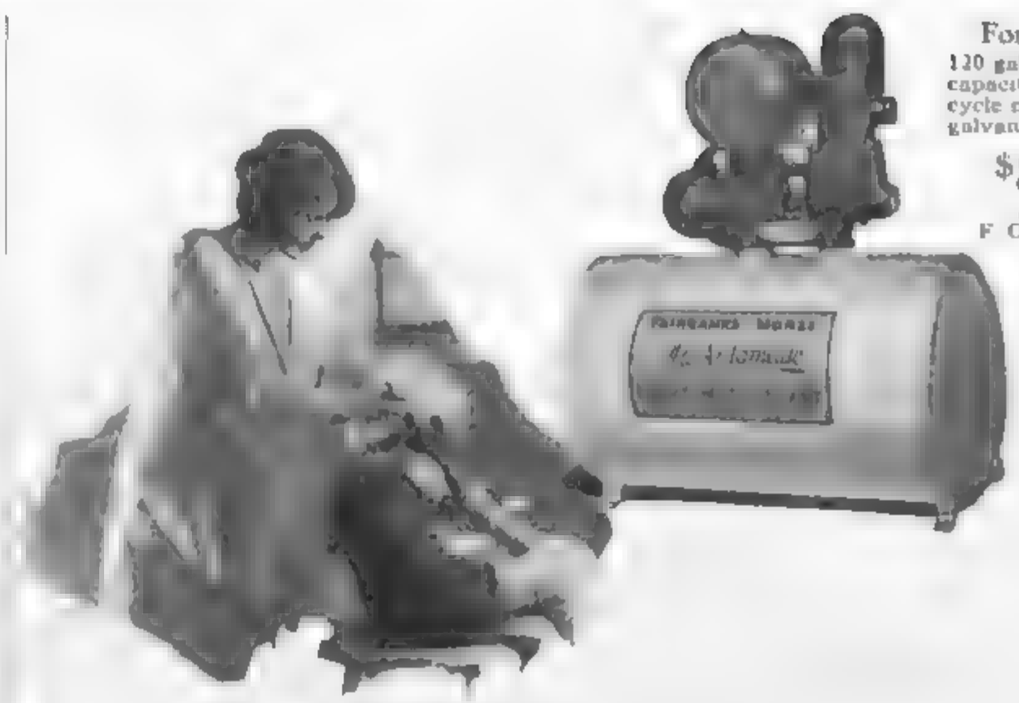
"Very well; and from time to time one or another of these families departs for a greater or less time, leaving the house vacant, the curtains drawn."

"True. Even now one of our neighbors has left for a month. I noticed only this morning an accumulation of newspapers before the door."

"And in the kitchen of that house," I proceeded, trying to make my tone significant, "there is sure to be a store of tinned foods such as would nourish a man for several days, while abovestairs are beds, comfortable beds, waiting to be slept in."

"All true enough, Mr. Simms, I have no doubt, but I don't quite see how the unguarded premises of our neighbor ——"

He broke off. His manner invited me to detail, but I could go no further. I had



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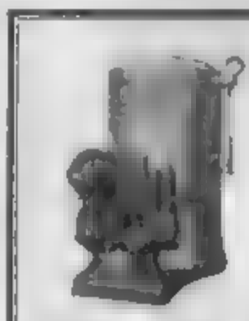

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given him a sufficing hint; my words had been rich in suggestion to a man fit for high emprise. I myself in his plight had not needed so plain a cue. I had not known for certain that the Leffingwell house contained food. Yet a mere glance at its blank exterior had been enough for me. I recalled now the moment when I paused before it, reflecting upon the gracious silence within, and how in a flash at that moment I had conceived my ingenious plan of occupying it until I could disguise myself and make an escape. I recalled the later cool determination with which I had carried out this plan, perfected to the last detail, barring of course the unfortunate behavior of the antiquated oilstove. Yet such was my sympathy with this boob I could not resist another shot.

"Some day," I said, "you will pause before that untenanted house and recall my words. You will later devise a way of inconspicuous entry and find that you have actually vanished into what our non-Euclidian geometrists glibly define as the fourth dimension, thus demonstrating what they maunder about but never do demonstrate. You will be in the world, but no longer of it. Nor need you ever be of it again unless you choose."

His face, as he listened, had become blank with confusion. "I shall remember your words," he replied, "though at the moment I hope you will pardon me if I am unable to glean their precise intention. I have never really had the least talent for mathematics."

"Are you a toy balloon tugging at its string," I sternly demanded, "or are you a bell that could clang a brazen tongue?"

Hemingway was now frankly uneasy, and I could see that he would prefer to drop this topic. During our talk he had absently taken from the seat of his car a volume which I recognized, and I charitably diverted our conversation to that. "You have, I see, Volume Four of a work from which I have derived much enjoyment."

"Ah, the Cambridge Medieval History," he responded eagerly. "You know it, then? I, too, have found the performance most able, and especially this fourth volume, in which mooted questions of theology and church politics have been treated in an admirable spirit of impartiality."

"You will find it also," I suggested, "newly pointing a truth not a little obscured heretofore: That the civilization of the Empire continued that of ancient Greece. The long line of Greek historians is unbroken through the centuries from the fifth B.C. to the fifteenth A.D., a circumstance the significance of which has not always been recognized by the yaps who presume to write today's Outlines. Change, the Empire did; in a sense it became Byzantine; but it never ceased to be Roman, though it became Greek, too, if you know what I mean. Politically it was for Europe, and for that civilization which Greece had created and Rome had inherited and diffused—the great bulwark against Asiatic aggression. Indeed, it may well be said, old top, that it was owing to the heroic and continuous resistance which the Empire made to the barbarian hicks and boobs that the tide was checked before it could reach the western home of ancient culture; that St. Peter's, in short, did not suffer the fate of St. Sophia."

"Quite true, quite true, my dear sir," replied the poor gink with warmth, already forgetting, as I had meant him to, the drab degradation in which he must continue for want of cold initiative. "And I have been especially delighted by the clear manner in which this volume of a noble work approaches, in its historical aspect, the iconoclastic controversy along all its stages. It is excellently done, though I wonder if you will agree with a criticism I have to offer—that full justice is perhaps not done to the theology of Saint Theodore of Studium."

I replied that I agreed most heartily with him, having felt the same lack, and we seated ourselves on a stretch of sward by the wayside. Other points were now brought up on which we agreed or, as chanced with a few, disagreed, and before either of us was aware of it we had talked away the afternoon there on a country road; not unprofitably, to be sure, for we had reënforced each other's conviction that the old view of the Eastern Empire as a combination of ignorance and ineptitude was unsound; that the Roman Empire—for such it was in every but the geographical aspect—was now gloriously vindicated, though too many are slow to understand its greatness.

It was a cry of dismay from my new friend that brought the lateness of the hour to my attention. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed as he looked at his watch. "Where can the day have gone? I am afraid Mrs. Hemingway will be direly annoyed. I had an appointment to meet her at the dentist's two hours ago, after which we were both to attend an important meeting of the Middlewest Housewives' Balanced Diet League, of which she is the newly elected president. I dare say I shall have some difficulty in persuading her that I have not been negligent."

"'The missing man,'" I said cryptically, "'was five feet eight inches in height, weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds, walked with a slight stoop and was careless of dress.'"

The badgered yap regarded me with an appealing eye. "I see," said he, "you counsel me to an extreme course. But, really, one doesn't go to extremes."

"'One' does," I retorted, making a rather delicious play on words, "though another may pusillanimously draw back."

The poor bird still stared in feeble dismay at his watch, finally replacing it with a sigh. "You interest me strangely, Mr. Simms. You are, I may say, a character—a real type. I was visited not long since by a gentleman from Chicago who was making a study of types, and I wish he might have met you. I shall have to write him of our encounter, which he would have enjoyed tremendously had he been here. But meantime I must hurry on. Mrs. Hemingway's meeting, it is to be feared, will be over, but I can at least, I hope, have the marks of my carelessness erased from her car. And how about your own machine? I trust the expense of repairing it will be but a trifle."

"It is not my car," I replied; "merely one I was allowed to take for an errand which I now see I shall have no time to do. However, I am certain the lady will accept my explanation."

He again regarded me shrewdly, running his eyes over the lines of my mean attire. "If a few dollars," he began, reaching for a wallet, "would be of any service, I shall be glad indeed ——"

But I stopped him.

"Thank you," I said, "I have enough for my simple needs."

"I dare say," he replied, and stared wistfully at me. "In your way of life you demand little—a king's poverty is a beggar's competence."

"Remember the vacant house," I urged as we shook hands in farewell. "A few days there and you would have courage for the great release." Yet the man was timid and I had little hope he would ever nerve himself to the determination that had led me to smash my way coolly into another's home.

Returning to the camp ground I felt not a little foolish at having again forgotten Mrs. Gale's buttons and thread, yet I was sure when I told her of my wayside encounter with one of my own kind that she would forbear to joke me about it. Also I hoped that none of the supplies she had also requested had been needed for our evening meal.

And then as I, in this pleasant mood, entered the camp ground and brought the car to a halt in its accustomed nook, I heard raised voices and saw that my neighbor had suffered an intrusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE Conklin Endura (formerly known as the Duragraph) shares with Time an infinity of existence. Time goes on forever. The Conklin Endura writes forever. Passing years find the Conklin Endura delivering the same unending line-mileage of written words. The records, the messages, the memoranda, the signatures of succeeding generations flow from it. It falls from the nerveless fingers of age to serve again the vigorous hand of youth.

In the hands of the student, the Conklin Endura becomes a perpetual souvenir of campus days—a trustworthy tool—as indestructible as an education.

THE Conklin Endura is made in red and black. Two models—a generous-sized pen in two lengths for men, and a graceful, dainty model for ladies. A narrow band of gold, and thin enameled rings on cap and barrel in contrasting colors give it a unique distinctive beauty. One-hand gold clip on the men's pen; gold Chatelaine ring on the women's pen. You can have your choice of the famous Conklin Crescent filler or the improved Conklin lever filler.

$7.00 for the men's models—$5.00 for women's models

A PERPETUAL, UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE WITH EVERY PEN

The Conklin STUDENT'S SPECIAL is a low-priced pen of splendid writing efficiency. Made with the traditional Conklin care to specifically meet all conditions of class room use.

Ladies' model of the Conklin ENDURA

Girls' model STUDENTS' SPECIAL $3.50

Illustrations at the right show the famous Conklin Crescent filler. Illustration at top of page shows lever type. All models come in either type of filler

Conklin—Toledo

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Conklin

Hot Water Without Gas With this Great New Invention

This model No. 431, comes complete with new type "Stay-Hot" storage tank; with thermostats to automatically turn out the flame; with the famous fast-as-gas Giant Superfex Burner and double copper coils.

Every owner of a home without gas should have one of these new and remarkable Perfection Kerosene Water Heaters.

Running hot water in five minutes—enough for washing dishes in ten minutes—plenty for a bath in thirty minutes.

And for the first time in the history of kerosene-burning water heaters you have the protection and convenience of thermostats which turn out the flame automatically when the tank is full of hot water. Also the remarkable economy of the "Stay-Hot" tank, which like a giant Thermos bottle keeps the water hot for 36 hours after the flame is extinguished.

These striking new features added to the power, cleanliness and dependability of Perfection burners which have been giving daily cooking satisfaction to millions of housewives for years, have at last solved the water heating problem for homes without gas.

You owe it to yourself to investigate. Mail the coupon today for the complete story of Perfection's modern method of heating water with kerosene.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., *7614 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio*
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Kerosene Water Heaters

Model 421, is used with a separate storage tank. It has the thermostats to automatically turn out the flame, Giant Superfex Burner and triple copper coils.

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Please send me your Perfection Kerosene Water Heater Catalog

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *I have running water*_____

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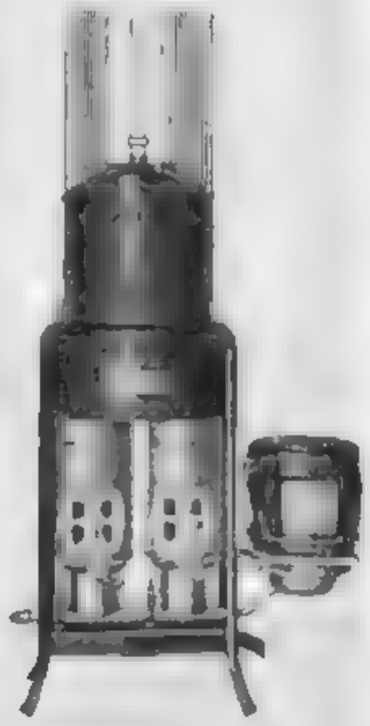


Model 412, a low priced, big value Heater, with two extra-fast Blue Chimney Burners. Dependable and economical. Used with separate storage tank.

COLORFUL COTTON

(Continued from Page 25)

quantity. The Egyptian farmer, knowing what the weather is going to be, is able to predict almost exactly what his next cotton crop will amount to. Egypt gets a high yield per acre and a superior quality of cotton, the best cotton grown on a large scale in the world today, since the destruction of our American sea-island crops by the boll weevil. In Egypt the acreage is about one-twentieth that of the United States, but the outturn is one-tenth the American volume.

We take Egyptian cotton seed and grow a similar fiber under practically the same conditions of soil, climate and irrigation in certain valleys of Arizona and Southern California. Cotton of specific and unique quality is also grown under irrigation in Peru. This Peruvian cotton averages higher than any other in yields per acre. It is obvious therefore that the best results in growing cotton today are obtained on irrigated lands, or, in other words, under made-to-order conditions of soil and climate. India is an apparent exception. Irrigated cotton is grown on a broad scale in India, but Indian cotton is of poor quality with meager yields per acre. The great trouble in India is that, although cotton can be produced nine months out of the twelve, the actual growing season in all parts of the country is a short one owing to variations in climate. In rainy areas the moisture is not well distributed. It is either a feast or a famine. In the irrigated regions in Northern India the frosts come early.

The British spinners are making frantic efforts to develop cotton-growing areas within the empire. Their efforts have been redoubled since the recent shortages in the American crop with prices of raw cotton running above twenty-five cents a pound. Every bale of cotton coming into England pays a levy of sixpence a pound; the proceeds are devoted to the encouragement of empire cotton growing.

What is the outlook? Will the British ever succeed in breaking what they call the American cotton monopoly? Next to the United States, India is the chief cotton-growing country of the world. But the quality is poor and the bulk of Indian cotton is not adapted to the wants of the British spinners. India consumes normally in her own mills rather more than half her own crop. The country plants two-thirds of the American cotton acreage, but gets only about one-third our crop.

The shortage of world cotton may be viewed either quantitatively or qualitatively. The British spinner, for example, may find the Liverpool docks loaded with cotton and yet be unable to run his mills for lack of raw material. What he needs is a particular quality of cotton for his own particular trade, and this he may not be able to obtain. Roughly, cotton may be graded according to the length of its fiber. About the best fiber in the world is our sea-island cotton with staple of two inches and over. By staple is meant length of fiber. Next comes Egyptian cotton with a staple from 1 5/16 to 1¾ inches, second only in value to the sea island. Third, upland long staple ranging in length from 1⅛ to 1¼ inches. Fourth, upland short staple, which furnishes about 85 per cent of the American crop and 50 per cent of the world's production. This is the famous American middling with a staple of one inch or slightly under. Fifth, the Asiatic cottons, India, China, Asia Minor, with a ⅝ to ¾ inch staple, and unfit for anything except coarse cloths for local use.

Poor Yields in India

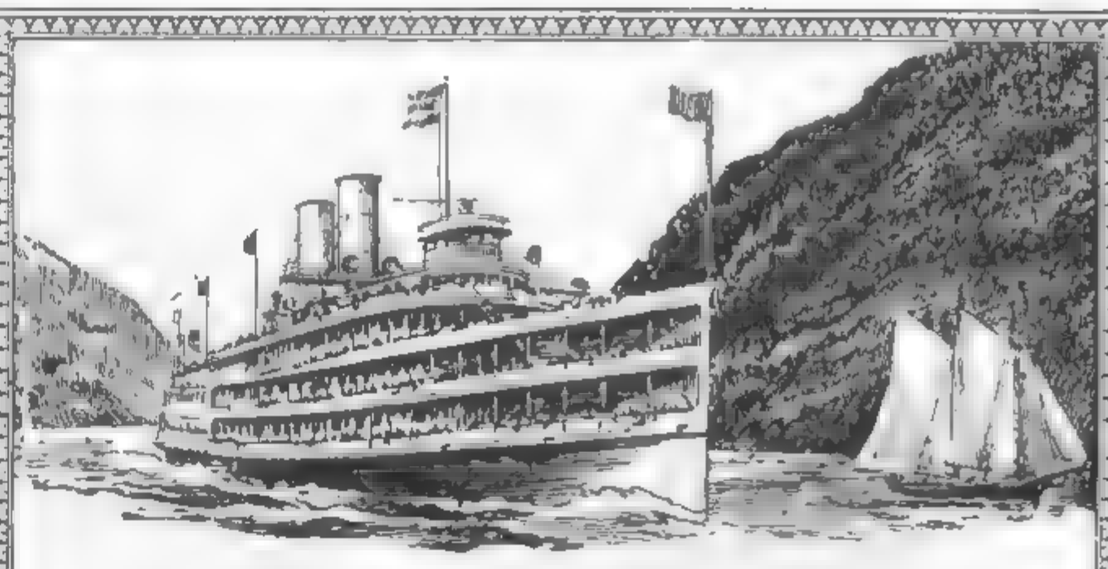
The bulk of cotton used by British spinners corresponds to our upland middling in staple. To increase the quantity of cotton grown in India would not help matters. To improve its quality is another matter. The thing may be done, but it will prove a long job, owing chiefly to the weather hazards and the hidebound conservatism of the Indian planter. The average Indian yield per acre in 1920–21 was only 67 pounds, whereas the average yield in the United States that year was 124.5 pounds. This average, however, compares unfavorably with a yield of 178.4 pounds in 1920, and 209 pounds in 1914, all pointing to the increasing boll-weevil damage.

Cotton growing in Egypt has about reached its limits. The agricultural soil of the country is flanked by desert sands, with the limits of its expansion inexorably defined. Conservation of Nile water achieved through the Assuan Dam and artificially distributed through the barrage and canals has doubled the cotton-producing capacity of the country and enabled two human beings to exist in the Nile Valley where only one could live before. With adequate water the soil has been brought to a high state of intensive cultivation and no great expansion can be looked for in the future.

The Sudan's Possibilities

The Sudan offers better possibilities. The triangle formed by the Blue and White Nile, with Khartum at its apex, is known as the Gezira, and comprises an area of 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 acres capable of producing cotton under irrigation. In ancient times 1,000,000 acres of land in this plain was grain cropped. The program for cotton growing in the Gezira was initiated by the late Lord Kitchener. The success of the enterprise depends upon pumping enough water out of the Blue Nile to carry artificial moisture to the roots of growing cotton. To this end a great barrage is being thrown across the Blue Nile for the purpose of impounding these waters and distributing moisture by gravity over a portion of the Gezira. But the Sudan is the tail of the Egyptian dog, and it is clear that Egypt would put difficulties in the way of watering the entire Gezira, since it could be done only at the expense of the Nile Delta 1000 miles or more farther down the river. The Sudan, like Egypt, is free from the boll weevil; nor does it suffer from the pink bollworm which ravages the crops in Egypt. Cotton is certainly destined to play a major part in the future development and prosperity of the Sudan. Within its boundaries it possesses the proper climate and soil, and in the rainy areas enough moisture to produce a crop of cotton equal in quantity and quality to that now produced in Egypt. But it is likely to be a matter of generations rather than years before undertakings theoretically possible are actually realized. It is not enough for the cotton planter to discover localities favored by soil and climate. Two other major factors must be reckoned with—namely, labor and transportation. For example, the valley of the River Gash seems designed by Nature as a perfect locality for cotton growing. The Gash rises in Eritrea, Abyssinia, irrigates a valley of sixty miles and loses itself in the desert. The soil is a dark rich exotic silt yielding a half bale of fine long-staple cotton to the acre. Cotton may be grown on these lands season after season without exhausting the soil. But the catch of the Gash lies in transport. The cotton has to be packed on the backs of camels to Port Sudan on the Red Sea, a distance of 250 miles. Figure the time, expense and the plaintive groanings of a camel in this round-trip trek of 500 miles over desert sands to get a bale of cotton to market.

Much has been said about the development of cotton growing in Equatorial Africa, notably in Uganda and the old German East African colony of Tanganyika. Soil, climate and rainfall are all to the good, but the cotton grower is up against the worst sort of proposition in labor and transportation. Be it known that the native Central African has no interest in growing cotton. He is a savage and it is the mark of a savage that he cannot postpone the present to the future. Esau was a savage; he chose the immediate thing, a mess of pottage, rather than the remote but more valuable thing, his birthright. The savage is interested in growing only a crop that will fill his own belly. He is not willing to grow something to be worked up into cloth in a far country to cover somebody else's back. The savage in his blindness can't see far enough ahead to grow cotton. He can't wear it until it has undergone a sea change and comes back to him as cloth. He cannot eat it until the seed have been wrought upon by civilized white men. The Germans used to say, "If we could grow cotton in East Africa the way the Americans used to grow it before their Civil War we could beat them at their own game." That is to say, if the overseer had a license to compel black men to work in cotton fields the problem would be solved. But the Germans have lost East Africa, the British are there in their stead, and William Wilberforce would rise from his grave at any suggestion of



See the Hudson

Autumn Service until October 19th

SEE the Hudson's wooded shores, now brilliant in the reds and browns of early autumn. Those who have traveled the world over say that there is nothing finer, nothing more majestic, than the Hudson in September and October.

Daily between New York and Albany
150 Miles of Nature's Most Alluring Scenery

Six Splendid Steamers. Luxurious Day Parlors. Salaried Orchestras. Superior Restaurants. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Delightful One-Day Outings. Write for illustrated literature.

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You don't see unruly hair nowadays!

Fashionably smooth
–in perfect order *all day*

SUCH smooth, well-kept heads everywhere! . . . Both men and women seem to have found some magical secret for keeping their hair looking always as if freshly brushed.

And they have. Its name is Stacomb.

Stacomb is a light, velvety, invisible cream, not sticky or gummy. Just a touch of it in the morning when you brush your hair—and the hair stays just as you want it until night.

You can get it in jars or tubes at all drug and department stores.

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Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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Rex Model
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But underneath good looks is the real Packard quality—a sincerity of shoe making—a firmness, toughness and pliancy which prove in the wearing.

They cost from $8 to $10. Write to us if you don't know where to buy them.

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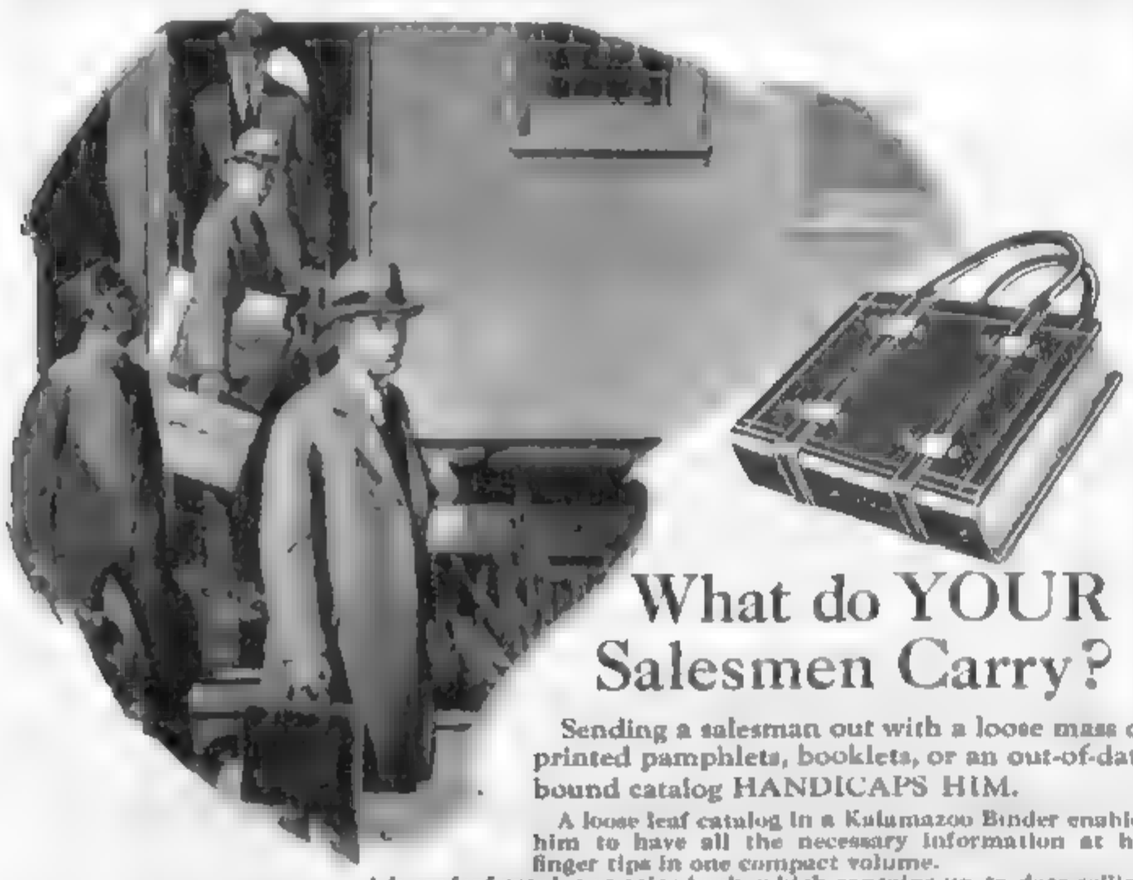


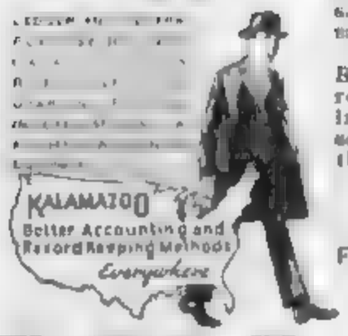
What do YOUR Salesmen Carry?

Sending a salesman out with a loose mass of printed pamphlets, booklets, or an out-of-date bound catalog HANDICAPS HIM.

A loose leaf catalog in a Kalamazoo Binder enables him to have all the necessary information at his finger tips in one compact volume.

A loose leaf catalog or price book, which contains up-to-date selling material in usable form means more sales, faster sales, and more satisfactory sales. (Accurate pre-sale information eliminates after-sale adjustments.)

The Kalamazoo line of loose leaf Binders for catalogs and price lists represents the latest developments in selling equipment. They are described in our circular "Catalogs that Sell"; send for it.



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Factories at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Los Angeles, Calif.
Sales Offices in Principal Cities.

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LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS

growing cotton under the slave driver's lash. This together with the transport difficulty will be a check upon any great expansion in the growing of cotton in Equatorial Africa.

Mesopotamia is another British prospect. Some day the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates under irrigation may flower white with fine long-staple cotton as does the valley of the Nile, but the thing will be an evolution, a matter of slow growth and development if it ever comes about at all.

Finally there is Australia, a continent in itself, millions of acres awaiting the cotton planter. A vast region in Queensland is adapted by soil and climate to the cultivation of cotton, but the weak point is labor. Cotton has never been grown successfully by white labor. Australian labor is white labor, and it is doubtful whether labor costs would justify the raising of Australian cotton at anything below a twenty-five cent figure.

Although cotton growing within the British Empire has made some noteworthy headway in the last decade, it is a question whether the increased output will more than take care of reasonable increases in consumption due to rise in the world's population. It looks as if British spinning mills will continue to be dependent upon America for the great bulk of their cotton. But the British will find a way to produce raw cotton if we are unable to supply them—that is to say, if we run the price too high. The point that is worrying the British today is not so much supply of raw material as loss of markets for finished goods. British spinners were blue as indigo in August last year when the writer was in Manchester. The mills operating American cotton were running on only about 60 per cent time, and it is a question whether more than 25 per cent of the mills were doing better than breaking even. As one spinner summed it up, "Our goods have been out of the Russian and German markets for seven or eight years. India has put up a tariff against us, and with their cheap labor is producing cheap cloth from cheap native cotton. China is buying our machinery and running their own raw cotton through it for themselves."

Brazil is possibly the world's best bet when it comes to the future of cotton growing. This country already raises enough cotton for its own internal consumption, and millions of acres of potential cotton fields are lying to the hand of the prospective cotton cultivator. Adequate labor and transport may come later. Vast spaces in Brazil offer an inviting field to emigrants from Southern Europe. For Italy a throwing off of the superfluous outer rim of population is a fundamental necessity. The former great emigration stream to the United States has dwindled to a rivulet. The population of Italy has surged upward in the last decade by 4,000,000 souls. As Brazil tends to fill up with colonists, cotton growing is bound to develop. The country so far is not cursed with the boll weevil. Cotton is a quick-growing cash crop enabling the immigrant to realize something on his plot of land almost from the beginning. Last year's Brazil cotton crop exceeded 500,000 bales. The yield of 175 pounds to the acre was much superior to the average American yield. The prospects for the further expansion of the industry are therefore favorable.

Two-Hundred-Count Cotton

The principle of the spindle and of the loom has not varied in a thousand years, but the manufacturing of cotton corrects and readjusts itself ceaselessly to meet changed conditions in taste, buying power and competition the world over. Major movements may be detected with the center of gravity of the world's cotton industry passing from old England to New England, spindles and looms multiplying in the Far East, old markets lost, new markets gained. For years talk has been heard about the doom of England as the world's cotton-textile center. Exactly the same thing is now being said about New England. There is a basis for argument here if the quantity of cotton spun is taken as a test. America with 36,000,000 spindles is turning out about twice the weight of cotton yarn produced by 57,000,000 British spindles. In the number of spindles our Southern and New England mills split about fifty-fifty, but the Southern mills consume more than twice the cotton. From a quantitative standpoint the center of industry moved from old England to New England and is now passing to the South. From a qualitative standpoint this rating breaks down. The quantity test is weight, the quality test is fineness. The measure of quality is based on the number of yards of yarn spun from a pound of cotton. Eight hundred and forty yards, or something under one-half mile, is the standard count. A mill spinning 10-count yarn is getting 8400 yards from a pound of cotton. One hundred counts equals 84,000 yards to a pound, or about forty-eight miles. A number of British mills are capable of spinning 200 counts, or more; say, 100 miles of thread to the pound. Ability to spin fine counts depends upon a good many factors, first of all the grade of cotton. Fine counts require long-staple silky cotton. Second, skilled labor; the finer the count the higher the skill of the laborer. A mere artisan passes over to the artist when it comes to spinning 100 miles or more of thread from a pound of cotton. Climate is another prime factor. The British spinner is favored by Nature with a cool, moist climate. With the same machinery and raw material he could not spin in Egypt the fine counts that he does in Lancashire. This much is plain: As the counts increase, labor charges mount and the cost of raw material relatively diminishes. A country with plenty of skilled labor, labor with a hereditary background, men whose fathers and grandfathers were spinners before them—these are the countries that naturally concentrate on quality rather than quantity in cotton manufacture. In both the silk and cotton trades Switzerland is the home of skilled spinners and weavers. With no great agricultural or mineral resources to be wrought upon, Switzerland naturally turns to the export of labor. Labor, wrought into imported raw material such as cocoa, raw cotton and raw silk, is exported all over the world.

Cheap Markets and Quality Markets

Cotton manufacturing has developed along lines of national genius and aptitude. The best clew to the complexities and cross currents of the industry is found in the word "cheapness." Cheapness in fiber, cheapness in labor, cheapness in finished goods. Taking the last link in the chain, we ask whether the customer demands cheapness or quality in cotton goods. If he demands cheapness the source of supply is in a country of cheap labor specializing in short-staple fiber. Germany today, with impoverished consumers, specializes in cheap cloth. Nearly one-half of the raw cotton that passed through German mills last year—statistical year ending January 31, 1924—was short-staple East Indian fiber, whereas the British mills, with higher labor costs, specializing in quality goods, took only about one-tenth of their raw quotas in East Indian fiber and nearly one-fourth in high-quality Egyptian staple. Italy, with an abundance of cheap labor and specializing for poverty stricken customers in the Balkans and South America, used nearly half as much East Indian as American cotton last year. Switzerland, with highly skilled labor catering to a gilt-edge trade, uses Egyptian fiber to the extent of more than half the mill consumption. Cheap Oriental labor naturally links up with cheap cotton. Japan used last year more than twice as much East Indian as American fiber, and China four or five times as much. China bought no high-priced Egyptian cotton at all.

Remember that the cotton industry must be evaluated in terms of fineness as well as volume. Great Britain last year operated 50 per cent more spindles than the United States, but used only 36 per cent as much raw cotton. To put it the other way, the United States spun nearly three times as much raw cotton as England and quite 1,000,000 bales more than all Continental Europe combined. Yet it is not exact to maintain that America has outstripped England as a producer of cotton goods. Polish mills spin coarse counts and cannot well do otherwise from the standpoint of labor and markets. The output goes largely to domestic customers of low purchasing power. Germany is fundamentally a weaving and knitting rather than a spinning country. The European knitting industry centers around Chemnitz, Germany. In the utilization of cotton waste the German runs true to form. He takes our cotton linters and waste and through the magic touch of his science returns the crude stuff in the form of artificial silk and fabric gloves. The British have had to put up a

(Continued on Page 197)

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~you *beautify*

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A campaign to increase the use of Paint, Varnish & Allied products and services conserving property and beauty by preserving every kind of property

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Grecian Pattern
Coffee Urn $22.50
others $8.50 up

Loving Cup Pattern
Coffee Urn $22.50
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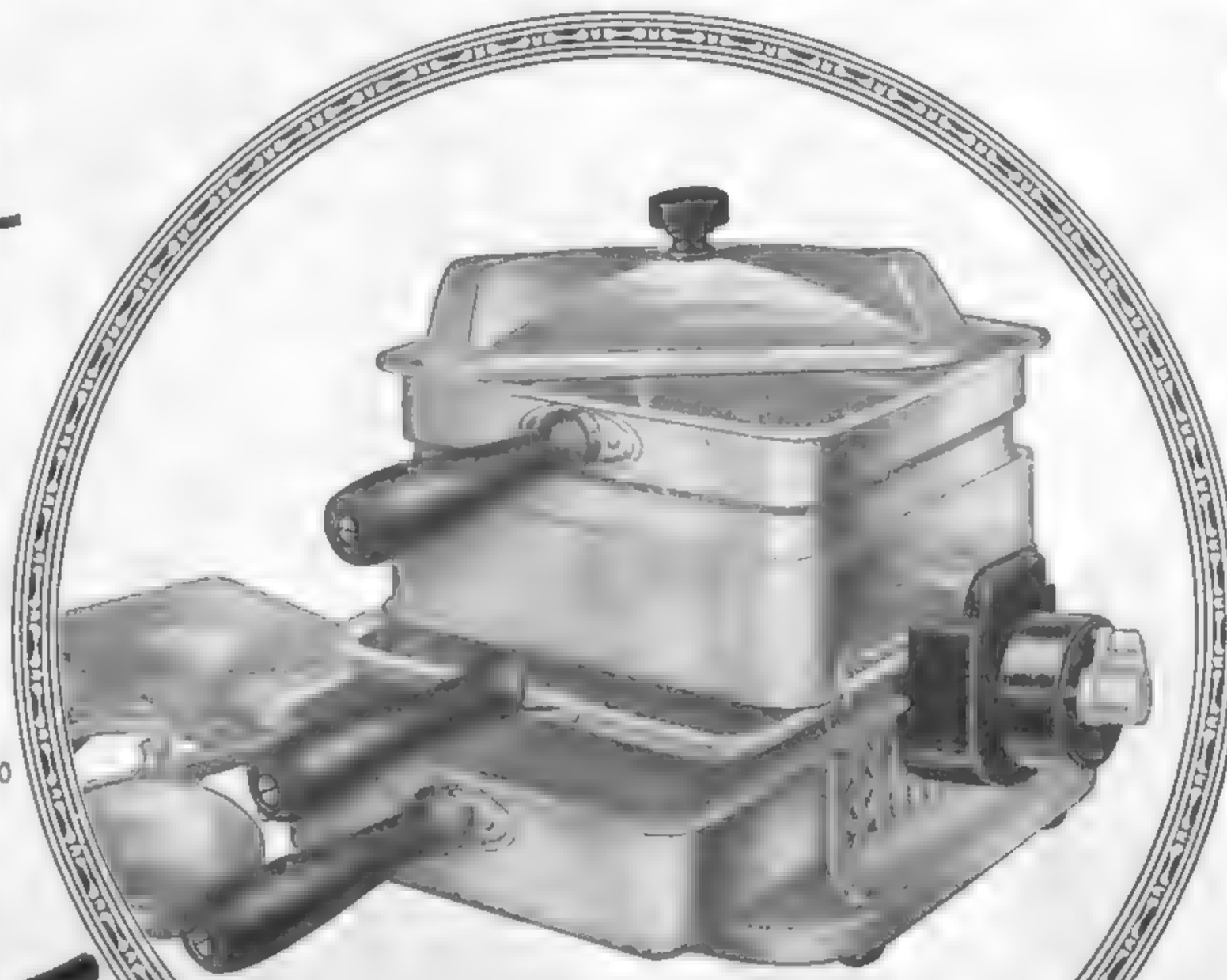
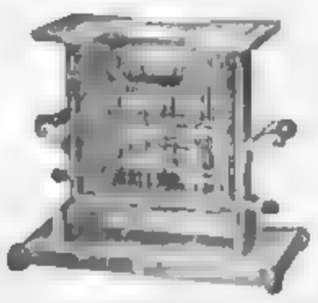
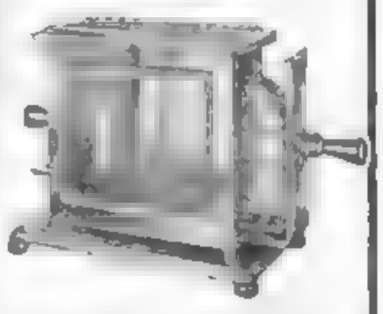


"Universal" Table Stove $13.50
A combination grill, toaster, chafer,
fry pan and double boiler.
Has 4 egg poaching pans



Reversible Toaster $9.00
others $6.75 up



Oven Toaster $8.50
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Chafing Dish $18.00
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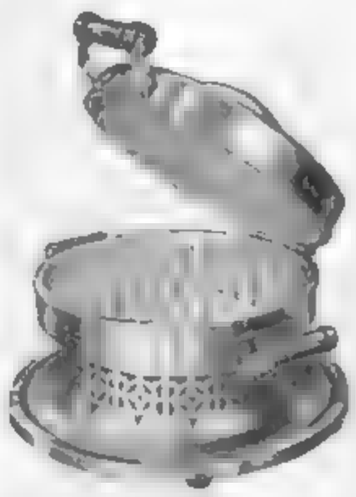

Waffle Iron De Luxe $15.00

"Universal" Electric Household Helps

ALTHOUGH sold at popular prices costing little or no more than ordinary lines "Universal" Appliances offer the best values obtainable, whether that value is measured in quality of materials, attractiveness of design, in workmanship, or in service rendered. Every appliance is unconditionally guaranteed to satisfactorily perform the task for which it is intended.

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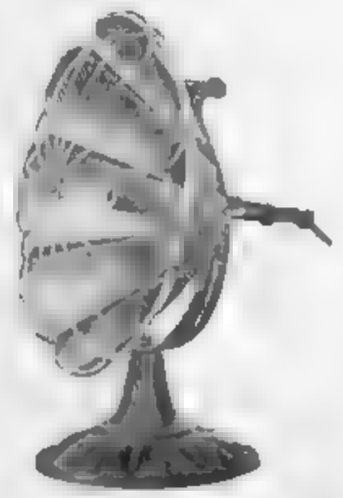
Manufacturers of THE FAMOUS UNIVERSAL HOME NEEDS FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Coffee Percolator $9.00
others $8.50 up



Sunflower Radiator $9.00
others $8.00 up

Pan Cake Griddle $15.00

Wrinkle Proof Iron $6.75

Heating Pad
3 Heats $10.00

(Continued from Page 194)

special tariff barrier against German fabric gloves. We built up a flourishing fabric-glove industry during the war, but German competition despite our tariff has dealt hardly with it. It is not that the Germans beat us so badly on price, but they possess trade secrets in the field of chemistry and manufacturing technic which baffle us. They turn out a better article for the money.

The new European boundaries traced since the war have had a far-reaching influence upon the Continental cotton industry. Poland possesses not less than 25 per cent of the spindles of the old Russian Empire. The industry is thus overbuilt for the present domestic market. The Poles have lost their Russian market to a great extent, although some cotton is still being bartered across the border by Jew peddlers. The Czecho-Slovak industry is upset, since the Bohemian mills formerly catered to what is now Hungary and Jugo-Slavia. Czecho-Slovakia is long on looms while Austria is long on spindles. Austrian spinning mills working to capacity could keep 28,000 looms busy while actually only 13,000 looms are left in the country. Before the war the spinning and weaving industries in the two countries were complementary. They are now divided by a tariff wall and thrown out of balance.

The position of Italy in the world cotton trade defies all logic. With an abundance of cheap labor traditionally gifted with artistic and creative ability, Italy clings to the production of cheap goods for cheap customers. Even the yellow Italian raw silks produced in the plains of Lombardy cross the frontier into Switzerland or France to be worked up into fabrics which sell on a quality basis throughout the world. In New England the Italian has proved himself a very capable workman. He does better in the New World than in the Old. Some of the Italian mills are beginning to turn skilled labor to account. A great mill in Naples is turning out quality goods such as brocades, cotton velvets and Jacquard weaves.

British mills spinning fine counts are running almost to capacity while mills operating American cotton have slowed down to about half time. England is losing her market for cheap goods in the Far East. In the past decade the big development has been in mills using American cotton. The mills operating long-staple Egyptian cotton have been almost stationary in their growth. Consequently, as demand slackens, the American section suffers relatively more than the Egyptian. In other words, England is losing out in the manufacture of coarse cotton in competition with Oriental labor and cheap cotton. Before the war America stood twenty-third in the list of England's cotton-goods customers. We now stand fifth. Last year British goods surmounted our tariff of from 30 to 40 per cent and flowed in to the extent of about $100,000,000.

In the United States we raise 10,000,000 bales of cotton, use rather more than 6,000,000 and import about 400,000 bales of Egyptian cotton. We are taking less from Egypt all the time, chiefly because we have changed our specifications for high-grade automobile tires.

Swapping With Competitors

The international outflow and inflow of cotton goods pivots on the spinners' counts. Labor increases in direct ratio to the rise in the scale of counts. For that reason we can sell cotton duck in England at a profit while the English, despite our high tariff, sell their fine voiles and organdies in this country at a profit. We ship some of our best raw cotton to France and Switzerland, bring it back in the form of fine fabrics and specialties, and export direct to France and Switzerland cheap cotton hosiery, duck and tire fabrics.

Japan buys cheap short-staple raw cotton from China and India and exports coarse cloths to China and the Philippines. Japan imports from the United States many thousands of bales of cotton annually and returns some of it to us in the form of Japanese crêpes.

The shifts as between old England, New England and our Southern mills are clearly defined.

Qualitatively Great Britain turns out certain lines which nobody else can make. The British maintain their superiority through the favoring factors of climate and skilled patient labor born to the business on the hereditary principle. As an offset Britain is losing ground as a manufacturer of coarse goods. New England occupies a middle position as between old England and our Southern mills. New England is branching out into fine lines for which there is a widespread demand, but is still hopelessly outdistanced by Great Britain when it comes to the superfine. New England cannot compete with old England on an order for a special customer who wants only 1000 yards, but is better able to compete when it comes to a contract for 1,000,000 yards.

A great many New England mills are running to the same capacity as twenty years ago and are using only half as much raw cotton. This roughly measures the progress in the output of quality goods. Our Southern mills concentrate on coarse fabrics. They have their own field in the manufacture of rough bags for concrete, coarse sheetings, backing fabrics for artificial leather and automobile tops. The popularization of the automobile has been a great boon to the Southern mills. More than 300,000,000 square feet of imitation leather and upholstery cloth were built into American motor vehicles during 1923, with top and side-curtain material running to hundreds of millions more. One American concern manufacturing moderate-priced cars used 7,000,000 pounds of cotton bats last year for upholstery purposes. All this is grist for our Southern cotton mills. As this is written New England mills are running hardly better than 50 per cent capacity while the mills in the South are operating about 75 per cent. Lower prices on raw material would restart mills on both sides of the Atlantic.

The world needs at least 12,000,000 bales of cotton from the United States annually. Thanks to the boll weevil it has been getting around 2,000,000 bales less, and prices have surged upward.

New England Mill Labor

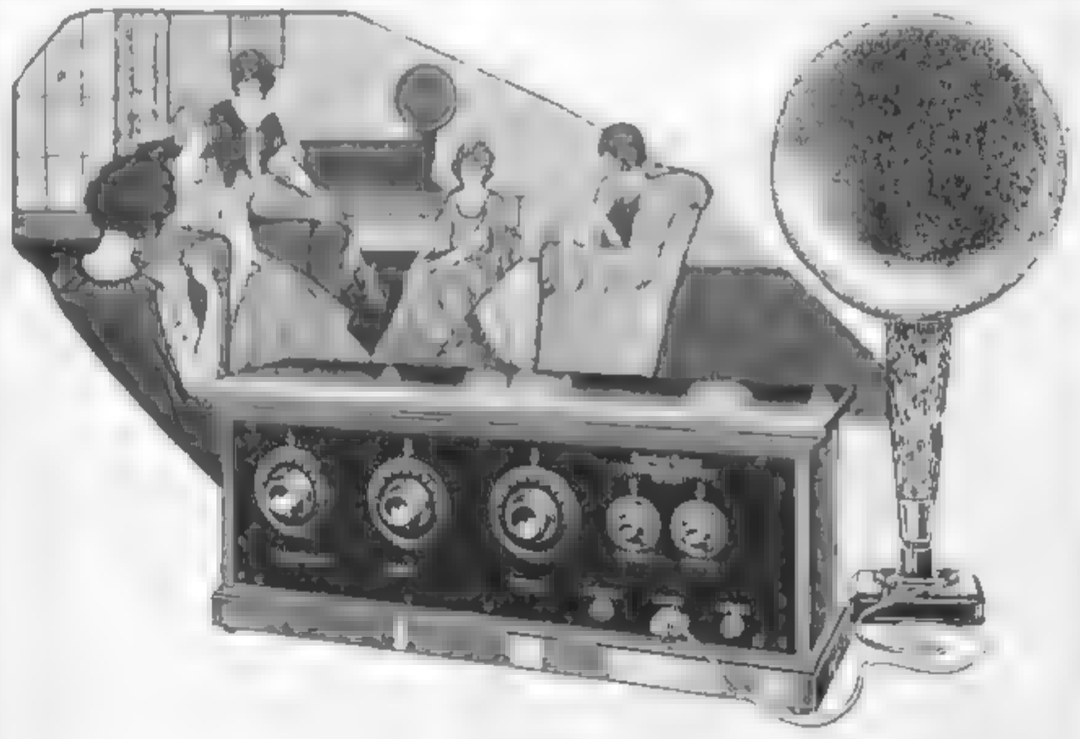
The export of cotton goods from the United States is about 8 or 9 per cent of our national output. The Southern mills get the biggest share because they specialize in coarse goods. The New England mills are more interested in export simply because they are having a harder struggle to get along and their interest in market expansion is more acute. The Southern manufacturer is essentially a producer. His product is sold in New York. If it is exported the thing is done by an intermediary. The New Englander looks over the head of the agent and studies foreign markets himself.

When it comes to labor the Southern mills have the best of it. Their men work more hours and get less pay than the New England mill men.

The workers in the Southern mills are Anglo-Saxons, neither negroes nor foreigners being employed at the looms and spindles. The New England industry is built on Americanized foreign labor. New England cotton-mill labor has run a long gamut, beginning a hundred years ago with the Simon-pure Yankee. Those were the days of the paternalistic pioneering era. The Yankee stayed in the mills for one or two generations, was taxed thirty-seven cents a month for the support of the church and had to be in by ten o'clock at night. If he did not go to church he lost his job. Running mills on these paternalistic principles educates young men out of their jobs. Then came the Irish, who quit the cotton mills when they could for shoe and machine shops and the ampler life suggested by political aspiration. Shortly after the Civil War the French-Canadian made his entrée, and he has stuck. The sprinkling of Poles, Greeks, Italians and Portuguese in the New England mills furnishes the pinch hitters in the game. They are restless and get out when opportunity offers. Labor shortage therefore looms in New England as the flow of immigration slackens. Where are the raw recruits to come from?

Much is heard of the New England mills moving South. That is only a figure of speech. The old and badly managed mills in New England are dying while robust development goes on apace in the Southern mills.

The South has its own labor problem looming ahead of it and the thing is of bad omen. A paternal system which is characteristic of the pioneering stage in handling cotton-mill help is breeding its native Southern workers out of the mills just as the Yankee was educated out of the New England mills



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a hundred years ago. In the South the mills are run on a community plan. The mills are built into rural self-contained village communities Everything clusters about the mill village and everything is done in the mill village to content the worker. He has his schools, gardens, Y. M. C. A., community entertainments. The company will plow up his garden for twenty-five cents or have its dentist pull out an aching tooth for a nominal fee. This all costs the company money. The community outlay probably amounts to as much as four dollars a week in money wages to the mill worker. But it is an insurance against labor disputes and costly labor turnover. Night shifts are run when necessary.

Largely because of lower costs the South can manufacture a pound of cotton into a particular kind of cloth at about twenty-three cents a pound whereas it costs ten cents more to turn out the same material in New England.

The writer visited a Georgia mill where the company pays its school superintendent seven thousand dollars a year. In this school, children of mill workers can be prepared to enter college. Will these boys be content to go back to the spindles and looms tended by their fathers? As a matter of fact, many of them are heading for the higher professions. It has come to this, that the Southern mills will take neither negroes nor foreigners and are educating the younger generation out of the mills. If a labor shortage drives up wages in the South to anything like a parity with the Northern scale, New England stands in a position to regain her old primacy in cotton manufacturing. There are mills in New England which have been run successfully for more than a century. They have survived through elasticity in methods, by keeping abreast of the times, and by changing their styles to conform to the altered conditions of an ever-changing world.

Great changes have passed over the world in the last decade in the consumption of cotton goods. These changes have been unobtrusive but constitute a veritable revolution in the history of the industry. Cotton is the world's universal commodity. It would be hard to find a human being in all the length and breadth of this swarming planet who does not touch cotton at some point or other. The Laplander barters a bit of fur for the cotton wick in the oil lamp that lights his wretched igloo. The tropical savage with a passion for adornment tattoos his naked body but begirds himself with a breechclout of cotton. Cotton for Mussolini's black shirts. Cotton blooming into delicate forms of flowerlike beauty for pampered femininity. Cotton streaming fanlike into scores of new industrial channels.

Cotton's Myriad Disguises

Wheat is our most universal food plant, but cotton is more of a cosmopolite than wheat. Botanically the wheat plant is a grass, and on this grass the diet of civilized man is founded. We are what we eat, and it is therefore something more than a metaphor to say, "All flesh is grass." But human flesh, whether civilized or uncivilized, bedecks itself in cotton. In the refinements of clothing, cotton undergoes a bewildering metamorphosis. It plays hide and seek in a hundred freaks and fancies. It masquerades in the form of velvets, brocades, fleece-lined all-wool underwear, glossy mercerized stuffs, wool hats for hill-billies, artificial silk, silk stockings, gloves, silk underwear, cigarette holders, linen sheets, celluloid collars. It is the lightning-change artist of the world's industrial stage. We glimpse the whole world, its reality and romance, in the swiftly changing pictures of a movie film. As a train of cars carries goods to a destination, so cotton fiber carries the moving stream of little pictures to the human eye The positive film turned out in one year by a single American manufacturer of photographic supplies would girdle the earth more than five times at the equator. The writer is not in the confidence of the manufacturer, but the amount of cotton linters which goes into the 125,000 miles or more of positive photographic moving-picture film turned out by this one concern in a single year should run up to 6000 or 7000 bales of raw cotton.

Traveling in New Paths

Mix cotton with sour milk and you get a cigarette holder which will not burn. Mix it with something else and you get a celluloid which flares up before the eyes. Mix a few pounds with nitric acid and you have an explosive that will blow up a fort. Chemistry is always beckoning cotton on into new bypaths. The amount of cotton which goes into the automobile business is astounding. Between thirty-three and thirty-four pounds are built into every Ford car. This is a good deal more than the car owner uses for clothing and such household equipment as sheets, towels, table linen and window shades.

The fads, fashions and crazes which sweep over humanity find sensitive reflection in the ebb and flow of cotton in consumptive channels. The disappearance of the petticoat along with the rage for narrow skirts and a slim figure takes a toll out of cotton both ways, but the vogue of the knit vest and the substitution of cotton underwear for woolens by both men and women for winter wear tend to more than equalize the loss. Chemistry comes in again with color to transform the fine stuffs that pour out in a dazzling, bewildering stream of novelties. It is like going back to the Stone Age, to conjure up the drab fabrics, the black bombazine and alpaca days of the writer's youth. Inquire for a pair of silk stockings in a well-managed shop. You can have a perfect counterfeit in cotton. If you are not satisfied with one of the primary colors the expert salesman will accommodate you with fabric colors you never heard of five years ago. When it comes to the new colors the animal tribe is called on by the new world to redress the balance of the old You may have elephant, otter, mouse, fawn, squirrel, reindeer, Airedale and a good many others if your taste in color is along zoological lines. Others may find special appeal in titian, sand, shrimp pink, beige, sunburnt, blush, moonlight, atmosphere, dawn, almond, illusion, mirage, vision.

Into the cotton boll is compacted food as well as raiment. Cotton seed, once so much dross, now pays its way all over the world and returns handsome dividends to the lucky owner. Cottonseed oil goes to Italy and is welcomed back as pure Lucca olive oil Even without the formality of a sea trip it makes an excellent salad oil. As a food the cotton plant plays mean tricks on the American hog. Cotton oil, a vegetable product, is processed into something that looks and tastes like an animal fat, and as such competes with lard. Our cottonseed cake goes to maintain the Danish dairy industry, upon which in turn the Danish hog industry depends. Bacon from the Danish dairy-fed hog sells at a premium over bacon from the American corn-fed hog in the London market.

The ceaseless change, the restlessness, the mysterious ebb and flow of cotton. It is like the principle of endosmose and exosmose in physics, whereby two liquids separated by a parchment pass through the partition and intermingle. Colorful cotton!

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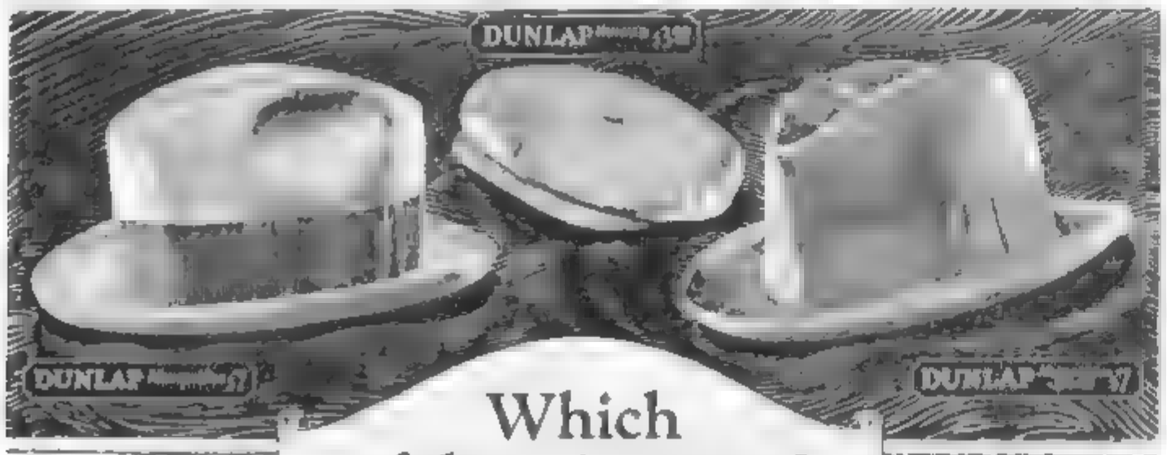

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"Fashioned to Fit the Foot"

GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 42)

in the great Hog Island yard I had the privilege of seeing the ideas then advocated carried out in the actual fabrication of a large number of vessels.

It was President Wilson's deliberate purpose to keep us out of the World War if that were possible. It was his firm determination to use the power of America in behalf of peace without entering the war if that course should prove feasible. It was his deep conviction that America should not enter the war unless and until every resource short of arms should have been exhausted. He profoundly believed that for us to enter the war, moved by wrath, revenge or by any emotional cause, would be a criminal waste of lives that were a priceless asset to our country. He said "I am willing to play for the verdict of mankind" and that "The thing that holds me back is the aftermath of war with all its tears and tragedies." As I read of his alleged vacillation in 1915 and 1916, I recall that mother who even today declares that Mr. Wilson murdered her soldier son as truly as if he had shot him with his own hand, and I know the vision of the grief of many American mothers was foreseen by his prescient mind so vividly as to bid him wait till no other decision than war was possible. He felt and said in 1916 that it looked as if war with Germany was inevitable, but he also felt that he was charged to use every means that might prevent its coming before making the dread decision.

It is easy by picking a phrase from its context here, and a sentence from its fellows there, to give an impression of hesitation that is unjust. Yet who shall say he was wrong to hesitate to the uttermost? Was it not right that every peaceful means should be used and used again before war, *the ultima ratio regum*, should be the final argument of a republic? It is easy, and as trivial as easy, to suggest that if America had entered the war in 1915 it might have been brought to an earlier end, possibly an almost immediate end. Who knows what the result would have been and when it would have been effected? It is all the purest surmise except one thing—that American opinion in 1915 was not ready for a part in the war. The country did not as a whole understand that in any real sense it was our war. It took long months and a series of sad events to convince us of it. One may not reason from the opinions of a few men to the convictions of the many, or from the demands of the coast to the answer of the interior.

Mr. Bryan's Resignation

Public opinion in 1915 had a long way to go and much to learn before it would approve a draft act which registered all our force for war or would pour forth billions in loans and expenditures as freely as it offered lives. Those two hard years of 1915–16 were filled with purposeful action inspired by deep patriotic intent that America should so act that in the future assize of history men should judge that she had tried all things else before she made war her choice; that potent though she was, she was as peaceful as powerful, and did not shed the blood of her sons till she could not do otherwise.

I know France from residence there, and the tight little island of Great Britain is knit to me by ties of friendship as well as those of business, and my old family records are in Scottish towns. My deepest sympathies were with them and with heroic Belgium from the very first. The Ambassador from France was and is my honored friend. The Ambassador from Great Britain had reason to know of my affection for his country. My relations to the Count di Cellere, Ambassador from Italy, were not political or diplomatic but personal and friendly. All of them knew that the outward semblance of neutrality poorly concealed warm sympathy for their cause. My son was the first to go from among many hundreds in his place of employment when our zero hour struck. My sympathies were with Ambassador Page and with my colleague Lane, and I pulled hard at the restraining bit of official conduct, believing as did Page and many, many more, that righteousness called us to battle. But I knew that our people did not understand, for a glance at my morning mail showed that. I knew that the judgment of the East was not that of the West, nor did the coast speak for the interior, nor the two oceans for the Gulf. Patriotic each one, but not all equally informed, nor seeing with the same vision.

I have elsewhere expressed my deep respect for Mr. Bryan's conscientious withdrawal. The puerile suggestion that it was in any degree engineered by President Wilson is contemptibly false. Mr. Bryan deliberately chose, after a hard struggle in his own mind and conscience, to withdraw from what he felt would be the evil to come. I did not agree with him in his views, but any man of candor must respect his high motive and his conscientious conduct. We have, however, perhaps for our sins, brought to birth and activity among us a class of critics who see no things simply. They have a suspicion complex. They know things are never what they seem, that men never are quite truthful and frank, that action always has a secret and ulterior purpose. These degraded minds search for the unreal and the obscure and, when some human weakness is developed, chuckle with silly glee that their pessimistic prophecy is confirmed, and pass to further acts belittling and besmirching their betters.

Chafing Under Restraint

Mr. Garrison withdrew partly because he could not persuade the President to take a course toward Congress that was more arbitrary than Mr. Wilson felt was right or wise, and partly also because of his own temperamental reaction against restraint. This reaction was not new. Able, upright and experienced lawyer and judge, as he unquestionably was, and good administrator, as his services in Washington and elsewhere have shown him to be, he was nevertheless a natural rebel. He told me so, saying that he never saw a rule that he did not want to break. Highly capable and equally individualistic, he chafed under restraint and threw it off. I never heard the question raised in relation to his going whether the legislative action he sought was wise or unwise—possibly it was wise. Even if so, Congress would have none of it, and the President could not take the attitude that Mr. Garrison thought necessary.

I have already said that my sympathies were with Mr. Page and Mr. Lane, but in much that has been published as written by them injustice has been done to President Wilson, and also I believe to the writers themselves. I have reason to know that letters were written by Mr. Page which have not been published and which would modify the general impression to be gathered from some of those which have been printed.

It is an unwritten law in Washington, or at least I with others understood it to be so, that details of cabinet discussions should not be revealed to others unless through the President himself. The propriety, indeed the necessity, of such a rule seems obvious. Especially is this true and the moral obligation seems doubly strong when vital affairs are in debate which are inchoate, are still in process of deliberation and settlement. It seems to me quite unfair to one's own self as well as to one's chief to write at length immediately—on the day of debate perhaps—to any friend or kinsman, no matter whom, discussing details of what the quick-moving drama might the next day alter or which discussion might almost at once amend. My good friend Lane also chafed under restraints, and his feelings so reacted that he hardly did himself justice and certainly did less than justice to the President. I recall clearly many of the incidents of which he wrote, and my feelings were often in sympathy with his own, but my final mental adjustments were not the same. I think that he has not accurately represented his own fine spirit in much that he wrote hastily and which his more deliberate judgment might modify. The man is rare and wonderful, however, that makes no errors, and only in public life is forgiveness forbidden. Perhaps a perfect man would not have been so lovable as was Lane, who, being delightfully human, shared the weaknesses common to us all.

It is amusing to recall in regard to the period preceding our entrance into the war that the criticism which was made of the Administration was of two directly opposite kinds. We were attacked on one hand for

failure to make sufficient preparation for war, and on the other with having done too much in this same direction. Every observer of our public affairs will recall the repeated charges that were made before, during and after the war, in Congress and out of it, of neglect of the duty of preparation. On the other hand the charge was made respecting "the general method that was pursued in the purchase of supplies for the War Department during the war, . . . that a commission of seven men chosen by the President seem to have devised the entire system of purchasing war supplies, . . . designed the system of food control, . . . determined on a daylight-saving scheme, and in a word designed practically every war measure which Congress subsequently enacted, and did all this behind closed doors, weeks and even months before the Congress of the United States declared war against Germany. . . . Practically all the measures which were afterward considered as war measures were initiated by this council and advisory commission, adopted by the council and afterward acted upon by Congress."

There is more to a like effect in a report made to Congress by Edward P. Graham. This criticism, of course, relates to the Council of National Defense and its advisory commission. I leave it to my readers to decide which of the two groups of critics is in the right. Both cannot have been wholly so. To me they seem to cancel each other. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Graham spoke the truth, and I regard his statement as a compliment and as showing that we did our duty at the time when it ought to have been done. It is, however, rather diverting to place squarely across the path of the censurers of neglect official statements which cannot be explained away, that we were too forward in the very matters concerning which neglect was charged. I may add one detail within my own knowledge. On April 11, 1917, President Wilson signed an executive order "transferring to the service and jurisdiction of the War and Navy Departments certain vessels, equipment, stations, and personnel of the Lighthouse Service" in the department under my care. There were forty-five vessels included in this order. It had been foreseen, and the ships were ready, in accord with the regular practice of the service to have them so. The transfer was completed within forty-eight hours. It bears also on the question of foresight to note that this order of April, 1917, was under authority given in an act approved in August, 1916.

Nonpartisan Coöperation

The act of Congress of August 29, 1916, so far as it created the Council of National Defense, dealt with no new subject originating within legislative halls. I had been familiar with the plan for a year, ever since its author, Dr. Hollis Godfrey, had discussed it with me in detail at my old home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He had been working at it for many months before that time, and with the aid of Dr. Henry E. Crampton, of Columbia University, had developed a model study of the operations of the proposed council. It had been approved by Secretary Garrison and Gen. Leonard Wood, and was known to Elihu Root, Frank L. Polk, Edward M. House and others. It was wholly nonpartisan in character, and Senator—now Secretary Weeks and Senator Chamberlain cooperated to forward it in the Senate, as did Representatives Hay and Sanford in the House. Soon after Mr. Baker became Secretary of War, in March, 1916, the project, then the result of about a year's continuous work, was examined and approved by him. President Wilson had known of the progress of the matter from an early period in its history, and gave it cordial approval.

The whole case was one of cooperation between men of both parties in a common public service. It recalls President Wilson's words spoken during the war: "Republicans of the finest sort and of the finest capacity are working for and with the Administration on all hands." From beginning to end of the council's work no partisan word was heard. I never knew or cared what the political views were of any member of the advisory commission, which was the right hand of the council. This nonpartisan attitude was also true respecting the War Trade Board and the War Industries Board which grew later out of the Council of National Defense. The representative of my department on the War Trade Board, Mr. Clarence M. Woolley, was, I think, a Republican. I don't know; I did not ask and he did not mention it.

The history of the Council of National Defense and of the bodies which it organized has been so fully told as to need little at my hands. But I must register my appreciation of the invaluable creative services of Mr. Walter S. Gifford as director of the council, and later of his successor, Mr. Grosvenor B. Clarkson. It was a high privilege to cooperate actively with such men as those who formed the advisory commission. Dr. Hollis Godfrey has already been mentioned. The others were Daniel Willard, Bernard M. Baruch, Howard E. Coffin, Samuel Gompers, Dr. Franklin H. Martin and Julius Rosenwald. Frank A. Scott literally wore himself out in his service as chairman of the General Munitions Board under the council and for a time as chairman of the War Industries Board. He was forced to retire from loyal and efficient service to regain his health. Mr. Willard followed him as chairman of the War Industries Board and served till his duties as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad imperatively demanded his time and thought. Mr. Baruch succeeded him, and served until the end of the war period. It was the advisory commission named above that, on February 15, 1917—nearly two months before we entered the war—recommended that Mr. Herbert Hoover be employed by the Government in connection with food control.

A Weakness of Democracies

The work of the War Trade Board and of the War Industries Board in their later functions is separate from that of the Council of National Defense. The earlier task which the latter body faced in April, 1917, after its functions had been studied for two years and after it had been in existence for seven months, was an appalling one that literally crushed strong men in its working out. How much the more would this have been the case had we declared war two years earlier without having the benefit of the thought that able lawyers, soldiers, manufacturers, legislators and others had given to the plan that was actually developed and which was itself the parent of larger things! A mere glance at the facts of 1898 will suggest an answer, although the Spanish War was but an incident, a pleasure excursion when compared with the vast conflict of 1917–1918.

Democracies are not well suited for war. This fact is indeed almost involved in the word itself, for the rule of the mass means discussion, and war means prompt, often instant decision. History is full of examples. The Athens of debate could not withstand the Sparta of action. The warlike republic of Rome ceased, when under military stress, to be republican, and provided dictators. True, republican armies, inspired by popular passion, have wrought wonders, as the record of revolutionary France shows, but the contrast in the case of France herself with her success in war under the concentrated power of one great leader is striking. Even Great Britain has shown in the Boer War and again in the World War how slowly democracy gathers its forces, for many weary months passed after French's Contemptibles entered the fight before British power rose to its height. France with her standing army is hardly an exception, for past disaster and present danger have caused her to adopt imperial military methods rather than those normal to a self-governing people. Our own experience in the first year of the War Between the States confirms the general statement that democracies are not adapted to war. They may strike in time with a mighty hand, but they move with a leaden heel. This is a necessary outcome of their very structure, and no better or worse example can be found of it than the sad incompetence of our own Government during the Revolutionary War. As one reads that story he is tempted to wonder whether Washington found the British Army or the Continental Congress the greater of his difficulties.

For long months there had been talk of preparedness, and as the shadow grew darker the demand grew louder. I have always believed in what is called preparedness, but that word may be, indeed must be, variously defined. For not all preparedness is the same, either in kind or in degree, and that which is applicable and ample for one war may be unsuitable and insufficient for another. Preparedness in the

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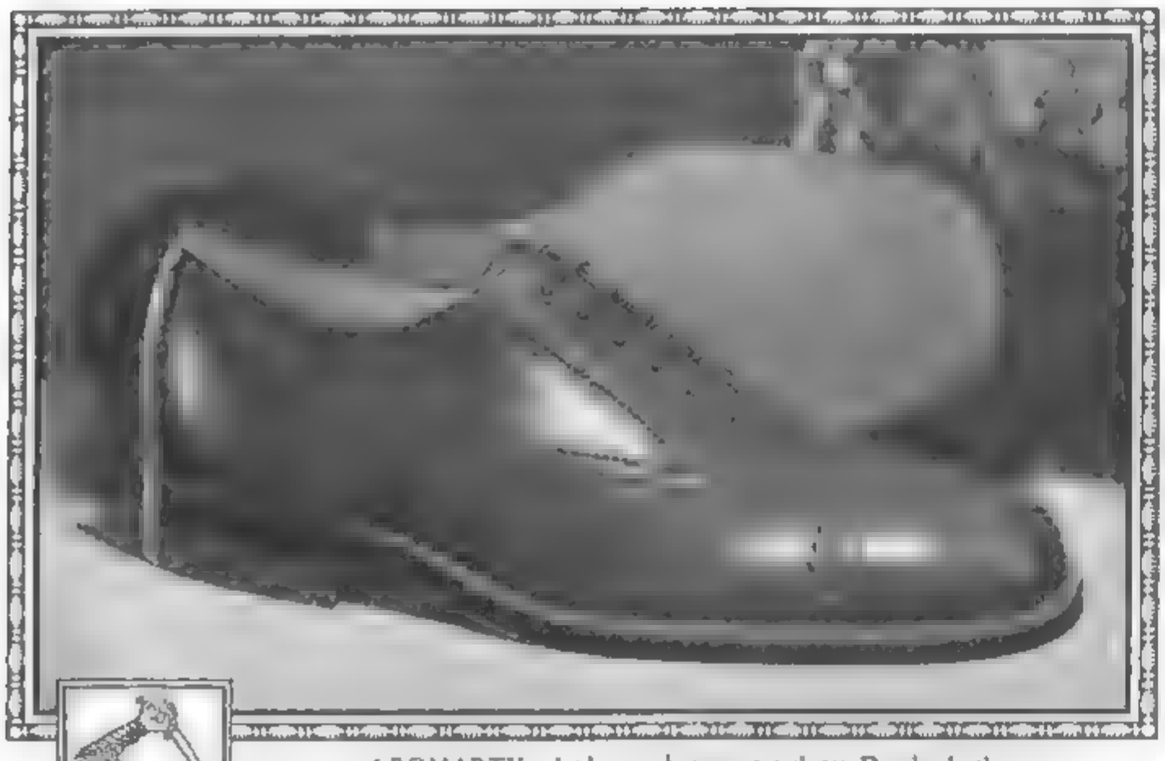

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sense of readiness at any time for any and all wars, is, I venture to assert, something that no free nation, at least no modern free nation, has fully achieved. For war is not static but progressive, and the preparedness of one year is the unpreparedness of the next. Were we standing today ready for just such a war as the last, the progress of science alone since that war ended would have already nullified many of our preparations. Even as that war proceeded, weapon after weapon was discarded and new ones took their place only to be cast aside in their turn. Who, for example, in 1914 could have prepared tanks for the coming conflict, or who among us would have made poison gas for battle? We ourselves during the hostilities were constantly devising in our scientific laboratories new apparatus for war of which up to 1917 no one had ever heard. Speaking literally and specifically, preparedness today in its complete sense for a war covering a period of several years is impossible. Much can, of course, be done, but not so much that we can be sure that when the zero hour of the future strikes we shall march fully equipped to the fray.

To equip and dispatch one army, large or small, is one matter; to equip and transport the manhood power of a great nation is another and a vastly different matter. Whatever the military faults were that existed in our Government in 1914, the underestimating of our enemy was not one of them. Living men recalled that in 1861 one side declared the other would not fight, even as others cried "On to Richmond!" years before it became possible. Sherman was deemed mad because he estimated the conditions correctly. That lesson at least was well learned and lay behind our legislative and executive acts in the spring of 1917. The knowledge that this war might demand, probably would demand our full combat strength lay behind legislative action that otherwise would be inexplicable, and inspired much criticism arising from fear lest our utmost power should not be used and used in time.

"Without Stint or Limit"

Therefore two vital decisions were made and, as the event proved, rightly made. These were, first, that America should put forth all her power, adopting literally President Wilson's words that Germany had appealed to force and she should have it "without stint or limit"; and second, that this was to be a professional soldiers' war. This meant that the glorious self-sacrifice of the volunteer was to be supplemented, not superseded, by the training of the scientific soldier. It was assumed and avowed that all America's manhood was ready to do its part; that, therefore, in reality all men were potential and purposeful volunteers; and based on this, it was believed the fair and safe course to give them strictly professional leadership. The first decision led to steps which are inexplicable if their cause and their necessity are forgotten; the second involved certain refusals which gave offense.

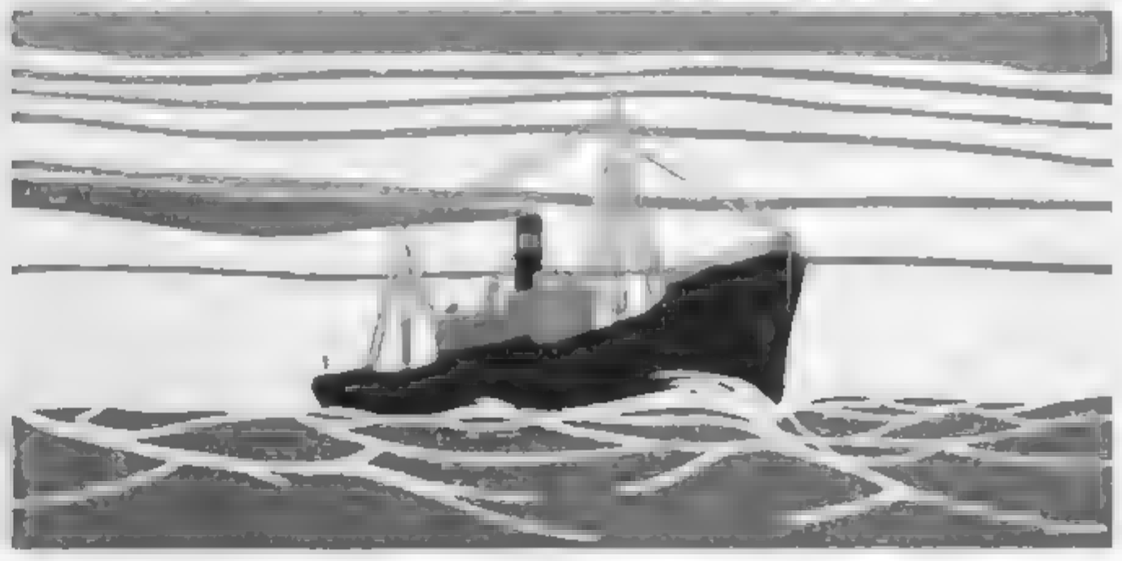
Out of the first decision came the marvelous achievement of the draft act, and following it the deliberate plan to raise and equip an army of five million men; to transport it across the ocean with all its necessary equipment and to keep it supplied with every military and physical need. This included the reconstruction of seaports and the building and equipping of railways on a large scale on the other side of the sea. The mobilization of industry and of technical and constructive forces sufficient for this colossal task was deliberately undertaken and actually achieved. It was done with a celerity and efficiency that made the world marvel and are but thrown into brighter light by the sins of a few and the attacks of many. In considering the outlay for the war, therefore, it must be recalled that we worked on the basis of five million men, though two million actually in France proved sufficient. Those who demur must decide for themselves whether as the Central Powers stood in April, 1917, any less thorough course would have been safe. In retrospect it involved the spending of millions for supplies and equipment that were not used, but in 1917 we could not face it in retrospect, but had to deal with visible realities.

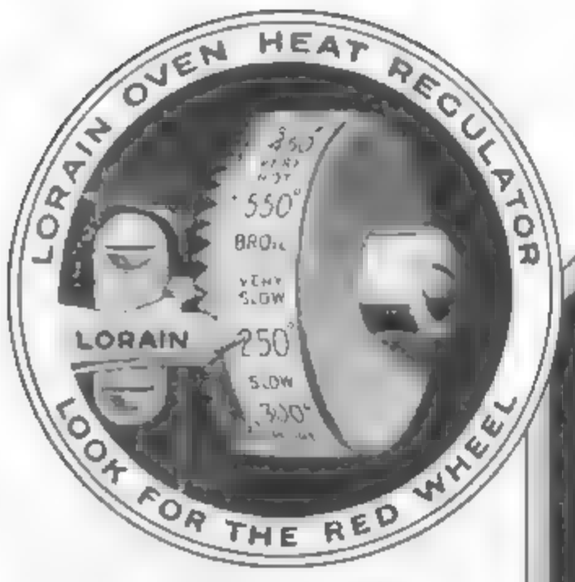
War-Possessed

Because of the second decision President Wilson declined the offer of Mr. Roosevelt, rightly, as I think, making it plain to us when he did so that he acted with full appreciation of the unselfish patriotism that inspired it and with direct courteous expression of this feeling. I am sure that the sober second thought of the country approves today alike the generous self-devotion of Mr. Roosevelt in offering and the sound wisdom of Mr. Wilson in declining. Because of the use made by our political opponents of the Leonard Wood incident, I am led to restate the fact that has already been published, that the decision not to send him to France was not original with Mr. Wilson, but with the commanding general. If it was thoughtless to send General Wood to a port of embarkation and then turn him back, the thoughtlessness was not chargeable to President Wilson unless, indeed, he being commander in chief is to be held personally accountable for every omission of all his subordinates. It is right to add here that the highest words of praise I have ever heard spoken of Leonard Wood came from the lips of Woodrow Wilson.

As we entered upon the actual task of war under the conditions I have stated, there was of necessity much confusion. Both War and Navy Departments were properly using their staff and organization to their full capacity and were rapidly enlarging both. The War Department in particular was ordering needed materials on an enormous scale, even in advance of appropriations. The purchasing division of the Navy was highly organized and was working at high speed. Neither of these two great departments waited, or could afford to wait, for full coördination, although each took immediate and active steps looking to the coöperation which was foreseen to be necessary if the country was to use its strength. The peace departments, my own among them, were looking with eagerness for every means by which they could serve. The Council of National Defense, in which six departments were directly grouped, was seeking a clear path through the difficulties arising from the total lack of organization for war among our industries and from the conflicting problems of transportation in the face of demands which were beyond all precedent. We had, of course, to find ourselves in the strange capacity of a nation in conflict, seeking to exert its whole power, and not merely a part of it, in warfare. The distinction is vital and the necessary effect of it was felt, if not understood, in every corner of our land. We became deliberately war-possessed, to coin a phrase, and this caused radical changes in business, industry and transportation, even in the very form and substance of our Government itself.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.





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Hudson's Bay Tobacco *Bru-Wood Pipes*

AGE 50—MARRIED—AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 21)

corner of an office door above the words "Manufacturer's Agent; Railway and Mill Supplies." He had rented desk room evidently and was again tilling the field from which he had harvested his first crop years before. He had struck, it seemed to me, a happy and sane medium between the two extremes which confronted him—the risking of his life savings in a new venture or the acceptance ultimately or for the time being of employment distasteful to him or at least beneath his capabilities.

Instead he was in business for himself with little more than a nominal overhead and the volume and profits of his business dependent upon his sales ability and sound business judgment. Of course his success or failure rests upon many factors, the largest—or smallest—of which is himself, for business is business at whatever age men enter it.

Nevertheless, the problem still remains, for the day has not yet dawned when one man's experience or the advice of many will wholly solve another's problem.

But it is not a problem of industry or of business either collectively or in group. It is a problem of and for the individual himself. That cardinal fact projects itself through all the thoughts and convictions expressed to me by directors of employment and personnel, sales and production executives and by employers of men in nearly every sphere of business with whom I have talked. Each touched gently or struck firmly one or more notes; many the same notes; but without exception all, consciously or unconsciously, sounded in common that one chord. And it is of passing interest that substantially all were themselves above forty, with the majority ten to fifteen years beyond that age. One, the active directing head of a great mercantile house, cast his first vote for Garfield.

The riddle is as old as trade. Unquestionably, however, it is becoming more complex and difficult to solve each succeeding decade, for the underlying cause is economic. Plants which twenty or thirty years ago were operating independently or in competition are today units in a parent organization located a thousand miles distant. Manufacturing, sales and advertising policies are today formulated by these parent companies. Production methods, machinery, tools and even stationery are standardized. Purchasing is frequently centralized.

That was the first logical step of big business—to economize sanely in material things. Then, on its heels, came a movement which assumed political aspects. Social and industrial justice was its battle cry. There was a popular and sincere demand that the human equation in business have its innings. Legislation, state and Federal, ensued. Laws were passed compelling the employer to compensate workmen injured in his employ, prohibiting the employment of children in certain trades and industries, establishing or attempting to establish a minimum wage for women, prescribing their hours of work in industry, creating bureaus for factory inspection and codifying safety standards. Business, big and little, assumed these obligations; to a degree they became fixed charges.

Morale, the Magic Stone

As a matter of impartial fact, however, the internal policies of many employers toward their employes remained unchanged, because years in advance of this avalanche of social legislation they had sensed the necessity of maintaining a contented and therefore stable working force in their shops and offices. These farsighted business men were the forerunners in the campaign against that expensive and morale-shattering disease, labor turnover. To cure it or at least alleviate its ravages they instituted pensions for infirm or retired workers, created sick-benefit funds and financed employe-welfare associations. Often, after definite years of service, life insurance, payable to the employe's widow or estate, was taken out and paid for by the employer.

Today hardly an industrial corporation or institution of size is without these remedies or other palliatives in its industrial-relations chest. All of them tend to reduce turnover and to lengthen the period of service on the part of those affected.

With stability and increased length of service came the magic stone which leaders in peace and war have ever sought. Once chiseled by a master artisan, it throws bridges across barrage-swept streams, moves freight in spite of Congress and high water, builds an oil tanker in ninety days, sells a million in bonds between nine and dusk, cleans slush-strewn streets by daybreak, storms citadels and markets, smothers discontent, sunders precedent and confounds the skeptic. Philologists term it a state of mind. Business calls it morale. In the lexicon of commerce, production and profits are its synonyms.

"In an organization such as ours," observes the employment manager of a large traction system, "a last-ditch morale is the sole guaranty we have of efficient service to the public. It cannot be created overnight. It springs from years of service upon the part of thousands of employes. Once we have been able to create it, it must be maintained at all costs, even at the cost of men who want positions with us and who doubtless are capable of filling them.

"The only manner in which this can be done is to have and stick to a fair, systematic method of promotion based upon efficiency and length of service. Such a system means that men selected to fill the vacancies which occur above them must have started originally at or near the foot of the ladder. To do this they should be young, for older men with their greater responsibilities, even if they are as competent and productive, cannot afford to work for youths' pay."

A New Slant on the Age Handicap

"For example, every day I am forced to turn down men who on their experience record appear qualified on all fours to hold down the positions I have open. Often I must pass them by solely because their advanced age would be a distinct handicap; it would prevent them from doing the work as it should be done. But more often I am compelled to shake my head because of the effect their employment would have upon our personnel. That always is our first and last consideration—the effect upon our personnel of employing new men. You can readily see that if that is a high hurdle for men between thirty and forty it becomes almost a barrier to men well past forty. I am referring more specifically to men who are capable of doing the work they seek.

"Put yourself for the moment in the shoes of a chief clerk, say, in any one of our departments. You have worked your way up through long years of service. Slow but gradual promotions and salary increases have come to you through ten, possibly twenty years of plugging, and you are still good for additional responsibilities. A resignation, a death or a dismissal creates a vacancy immediately above you. An outsider hears of it and submits his goods. If he is as fit for the position as you are the probability is he has held a similar or subordinate position with another traction company or industrial concern. He is your age or possibly older; his age, though, is not a determining factor. Again, he may even in my fallible opinion be a little more competent to fill the vacancy than you. Let's grant that he is. So much for the premises. I hire him. What is your immediate reaction?

"You don't have to tell me," he continued, "for it would be the same as mine. You would be sore clean through, knowing or at least believing you could fill the bill. You would feel that you were entitled to the chance because of merit and service. Whether you were right or wrong in feeling that way is beside the question. The point is you would. And you would be justified to a large extent because the company had shown its estimate of you not only by retaining you for years but by loading broader duties on your shoulders from year to year. Well, you would feel bad enough if a man from another department was jumped over your head, but how much more down at the heart and mouth would you be if someone without a single service stripe on his sleeve beat you to it. The importance to the company of one man's attitude toward his work and fellow employes depends upon the position he holds. If, as in this case, it is a supervisory one it does not require much imagination to predict what will happen to a department or office force in charge of a man who has acquired an ingrowing grouch. There in the last analysis lurks the greater danger, for the man next

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in line beefs because he does not get your job; he was banking on stepping into your shoes when you moved up another rung of the ladder; and so it goes in a more limited degree straight down the scale to the office boy.

"So you see," he concluded, "this policy is based not on discrimination against men because of their age, but rather on consideration for those who have been with us sufficiently long to deserve it."

Coupled with this major factor of morale in our public utilities and industrial organizations other obstacles beset the veteran seeking work.

Some of them may be attributed to prejudice or to ignorance pickled in theory. None are more familiar or impassable than those erected by a brain which decrees that because Jones, age fifty, fell down on a certain job, Smith, because he confesses to equal years of earthly wisdom, will make a like mess of it; or reasons that because a near-by plant has for years closed its doors to men above a definite age and is still paying dividends, the medicine must be good. Instead of inquiring why its neighbor adopted such a policy in the first place, it swallows the same dose in equal or larger quantity.

Turn for it the pages of very recent history and patiently point to the fact that at fifty-three an American naval officer cleaved his way to the world's axis; that Goethals and Gorgas were fifty-odd when they did a job that youth for centuries had talked about; that six years ago France turned to a youth of seventy-seven for the will to wage war, and civilization to another of sixty-seven to wage it; tell it also that although our Constitution permits us to elect men of thirty-five to the presidency, the youngest citizen elected to that office was forty-six and that only six were under fifty.

"Granted," it glibly replies, "but they are exceptions; the exceptions which prove the rule."

They are exceptions, perhaps or probably; we do not know; it matters little. We have, though, a prosaic hunch that what some men do is of more import in the scheme of things than what others think. Rules and conventions in bridge or business may provoke discussion, but, after all, it is the score that counts.

Such arbitrary age limits, however, frequently dissolve when business enters a period of prolonged prosperity and the demand in various trades and callings exceeds the supply. They are temporary. Others are permanent. When both are erected the course ahead resembles a steeplechase. Although the temporary barriers and hurdles may from time to time be removed as conditions or the minds of men change, the permanent ones are a part of the landscape, and to remove or lower them would undermine a system which within the past quarter of a century has become one of industry's greatest stabilizers.

Looking Ahead Twenty Years

"A worthwhile pension system," said the manager of a large merchandising house, "cannot be a hot-and-cold proposition. It cannot command respect or be worth the effort and money expended in establishing it if we permit favoritism or sentiment to puncture it. Forty-five is our age limit for new employes. I do not pretend that it is ironclad, for our first concern always is that the business be efficiently and profitably conducted; it is self-evident that if we are to remain in business, rules and policies must at times be of secondary importance to us.

"The war period furnished an excellent example. Many hundreds of our younger employes went into the service or took positions which for the time paid salaries higher than we were warranted in offering. The result was we were compelled to choose between filling the vacancies or continuing with a depleted force. Therefore, rather than break in hundreds of other young men we filled the openings with men exempt from the first draft. I haven't the exact figures, but my recollection is distinct that fully three-quarters of them were between forty and fifty-five. In other words, we did what thousands of concerns did during the emergency—waved good-by to consistency and made the best of things.

"At times even today we make exceptions, but they are rare and occur only when younger men of equal ability are not apparently available. Young men are given preference because under our system employes can be retired upon a pension after twenty years of service. Retirement is optional at sixty-five. Therefore when men past forty-five are taken on they join us with the distinct understanding that they are not eligible for a pension. At the time they show little regret or concern; they are content to secure employment. It is a natural attitude for men in good health and who feel they still have many years of usefulness ahead of them.

"'I am young; I always will be young,' they say to themselves. Old age and possible dependency seem as distant to them as death; only the other fellow is mortal. There comes a time, though, when their viewpoint changes. It may develop suddenly, as in case of illness during which they are not, under our system, properly eligible to sick benefits. Under such conditions it is natural for men to acquire an entirely different outlook, which becomes all the more jaundiced as weeks or months pass. They ponder to themselves: 'Why shouldn't I be given the same deal the company gave So-and-So? My work was as good as his; I have given them the best years of my life, and this is what I get.' Then they broadcast their grievance in spite of their having dismissed with a wave of the hand just such a contingency years before. Men flat on their backs have, as a rule, pretty short and convenient memories

"There is another phase equally important from our standpoint. When they reach a certain undisclosed period in their lives men seldom admit that their value in terms of business service is declining as their age advances. There is room on a park bench for all who wish to argue the point, but because it is true of men in mass we instituted the policy of retiring men upon a pension."

Avoiding Individual Problems

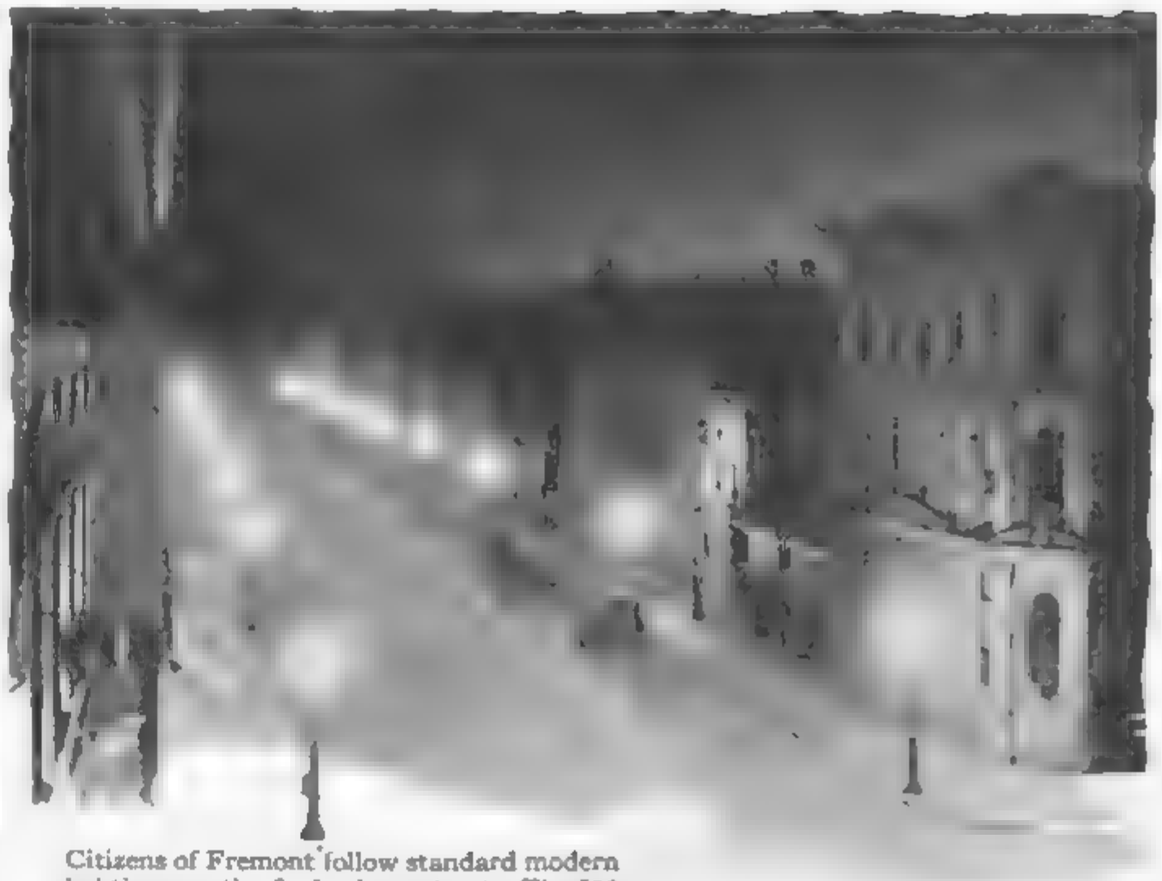
"Now consider our position when we are compelled to retire a man who is not eligible. It is not enviable, I can assure you. We may point to the clear understanding with him when he entered our employ, but that does not alter his condition or assuage whatever of conscience an employer is credited with these days. Certainly he cannot start again at the foot of the ladder, shoulder to shoulder with youth; nor can he enter with promise of success any competitive sphere. In fact, the very field he is forced to enter is the most competitive one I know—the field where the weak, the thriftless and the unfortunate must battle for a living. Always overmanned, new recruits come to it daily through every avenue of business, and only once or twice in a generation is the demand for their services large enough to absorb them.

"You can readily see, therefore, that each time we employ men above forty-five we assume an individual problem. And individual problems are what business men seek to avoid in their relations with employes, because the more of them they are forced to solve the greater is the danger of subjecting themselves to charges of inconsistency and favoritism by other employes. The chief aim of most large employers today is to accord men quick and substantial justice through comprehensive policies adopted after years of experience gained by themselves and others through contact with the individual. Such policies may occasionally cause hardship or engender a sound grievance in isolated cases, but they cannot, I am satisfied, bring about the wholesale and cumulative discontent which often resulted before they became effective.

"The best thing about a lived-up-to policy is that it doesn't fool anyone; you can take it or leave it. It may not be perfect, but, like the Constitution, it takes a lot of thought by a lot of people to establish it. The oftener you break or amend it the more dissatisfaction you sow among those who helped you to establish it."

Another barrier looms, as sheer and troublesome to scale as any of those discussed, and strangely, employers who have unconsciously erected it have done and are doing more than their share in reducing the number of men who each year are relegated to industry's old guard.

"They take care of their old men," is an observation heard often concerning many long-established concerns scattered throughout the country. The message it carries to the veteran seeking work is blithely hopeful until he realizes, like the late arrival at the box office, that the best seats in the house have been reserved or are occupied by those who years before had



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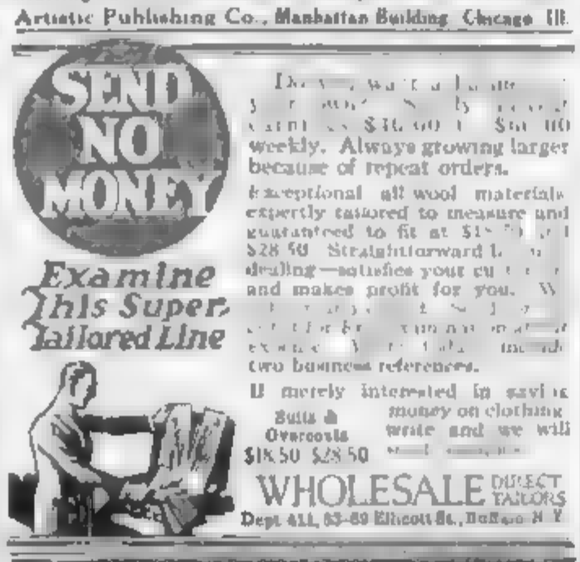

the foresight to plunk down the wherewithal in coin of service. Though there is always room for one more on a public conveyance or pay roll, the practice seldom pays dividends in private business.

He is fortunate, in fact, if he is greeted by the Standing Room Only placard, for in the vast majority of cases those plants and commercial institutions which are able to carry through such a policy are at all times near the saturation point with respect to men past middle age. As they do not maintain uniform pension systems they must of necessity set aside for their own employes all positions which men at or past the meridian of life are qualified to hold.

To do this consistently requires not only financial resource but diversity of employment within an organization. A nationally known manufacturing company serves as a striking example. Its active management for nearly a century has been in the hands of one family; its products in the hands of millions. Sons, fathers and grandfathers have worked side by side in its rolling mills, machine shops and offices. Nine major departments are shown on its organization chart, and its pay-roll force when I last saw it carried thirty-five hundred employes.

On a recent visit I was met at the information desk in the general offices by a man in the late sixties who had cut his wisdom teeth as a salesman in those days when a copper constitution and a good story were a traveling man's greatest assets. He still knew how to talk with strangers.

The chief interviewer in the employment office who sifted out the applicants for work in the various manufacturing departments was between fifty-five and a point beyond. At seventeen he had started a course as an apprentice and in the years which followed he had worked his way through nearly every branch of the production units. He was superintendent of one of the units and on the sloping side of fifty when his health became suddenly impaired through constant contact with certain chemical fumes generated in one of the processes. Being too old to combat their inroads and too young to retire, he had been placed in his present vocation, where he was able to capitalize the knowledge with which experience alone endows a man.

As I strolled through the yards and numerous buildings with one of the vice presidents of the company, middle and old age were on every hand; age welded to or tuning in with youth—messengers who carried interdepartmental mail, none of whom whistled, whittled or got in your way

"They don't break speed records," remarked my host, "but when you give them a memorandum to deliver they don't get lost, and they travel by the shortest route.

"And none of them," he added with a smile, "have obliging grandmothers to furnish an alibi every week or so. They have been with us I don't know how many years. Like the gatemen, tool and locker room attendants, material checkers, inspectors, and the engineer on that switching engine you see over there, they were transferred to their present jobs when we found they were falling below our production standards. In some instances they were shifted at their own requests or for their own safety."

Victims of Industrialism

But there were others who were in the trades to which they had apprenticed themselves in boyhood. An ancient chronicler might have termed them craftsmen, or a modern angler for discontent envisioned them as sullen victims of a crass industrialism, yet they responded quite affably when greeted by the vice president as Tom and Bill and Ed and Joe. Whatever of discontent enshrouded them seemed to spring from a meticulous regard for the quality of their handiwork.

"Quantity production is vital," commented the official, "although in the long run it is but the logical result of quality production. Quantity may advertise our firm name or trade-mark, but quality establishes it. Minute routine inspection is necessary at various stages of manufacture, but the most economical form of inspection is that which each workman gives willingly to his own work. No permanent substitute will ever be found for it. So long as men combine this evidence of pride in their work with a reasonable production they remain at trades they know best. To transfer them to less productive positions such as those I have mentioned would be as shortsighted as it would be to give a job to a man only because he happens to be young."

There were still others, gray-haired, who to the casual observer appeared at times to have no definite tasks or duties assigned to them. They gave you the impression of walking around aimlessly and without even that interest in the bustle about them which marked men of less or equal years who had been retired to the rear guard where the pace was slower.

You have glimpsed the type often on the seven o'clock to town, the early morning special to the steel mills, or opposite you in the subway when you were country-bound for the week-end. And if your mental furniture is not too highly polished you possibly mused to yourself: "Pretty hard lines to have reached that age and have to fight to keep your head above water; ten hours a day, six days a week, high rents, getting older each year. Pretty tough; how do you suppose they do it?"

On its myriad pay rolls industry has many titles for the type, but in the Esperanto of shop and office just plain boss fills the bill quite adequately.

"It's the old story," continued my friend, "of men who accept responsibility when it is shoved at them and who train themselves mentally as well as physically for the long pull. They have one fine quality which so many men lack or never give rein to—the ability, the imagination to picture themselves at fifty or seventy."

When Opportunity Knocked

"Ten or more years ago we offered a foremanship in this department to one of our best mechanics, who was about forty years of age. He had held the job at one time for a week when the regular foreman was sick, and had met every requirement. I remember distinctly he wanted a few days to think it over. We gave them to him reluctantly, for the simple reason that when a man hesitates to accept a promotion eagerly it is a fair indication that you have misjudged either his technical or mental layout. Usually it is the latter. Anyway, he turned it down after we had pushed him for a decision. He said he was making out pretty well and the slight temporary increase in pay, he felt, would not compensate him for the increased responsibilities.

"He opened and closed that last gate we came through," he went on with a backward jerk of the head. "Two years ago he began to fall down in the quality of his work. His eyes at forty-eight weren't what they'd been at forty; nothing seriously wrong with them, but their constant use on micrometer work impaired them and retarded his work toward the end of the day.

"A younger man to whom we offered that foremanship is superintendent of the shops today. I held that job myself at the time, and I have never forgotten his comeback when I made him the offer. 'Fine! Shall I finish this milling job first?' was all he said. He is a little under fifty now, and so long as he carries that head on his shoulders he can have every infirmity from rheumatism to crabbedness that old age is cursed with and he will still be on the job he has with us or a better one."

Columns back the question was launched: "What is the answer to it all?"

Political platforms to the contrary, it still remains a problem of and for the individual, and there are as many answers as there are men seeking answers.

This side of Moscow there are but three ways for a man to earn a living—with his hands, with his brain or with both. If he goes to it with his hands, well and good, but youth will set the pace to the end. If he decides to let brains tell the story, though youth will always be in the game, experience and wisdom give him a constantly increasing advantage. When he enlists with both hands and brain, though he must always compete with youth, the physical handicaps of advancing years are offset by his ability to capitalize what he has parked in the back of his head.

The nation once groped for an answer to a problem as complex as this one. No one man solved it, but one man who led others to its solution pointed out to them that first they must clearly understand it and then frankly face it.

"If we could first know," said Lincoln, "where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

So it is with a man at any age, at any crossroads. Only when he knows where he is and something, however meager and unalluring, about the road ahead, can he best determine what to do and how to do it.

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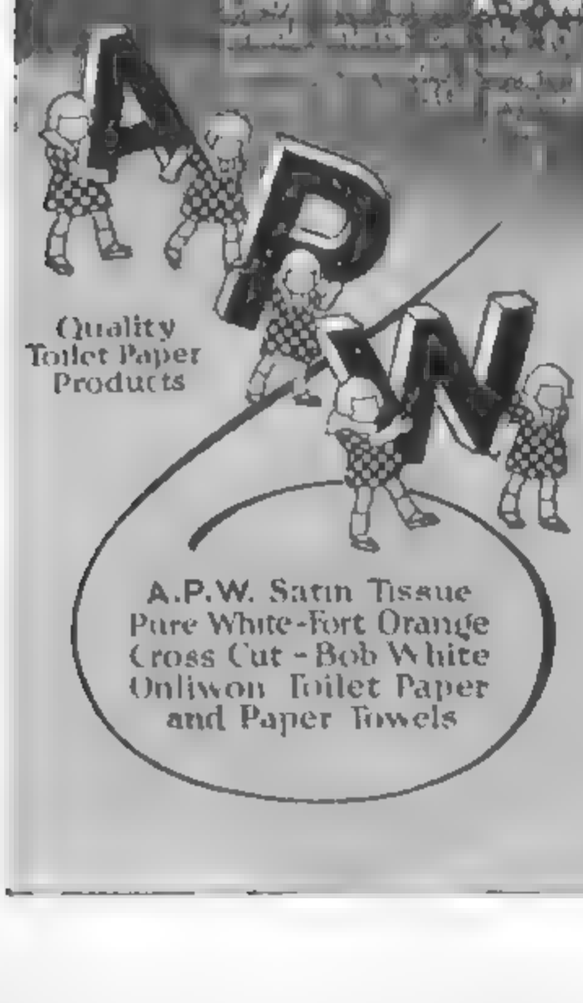

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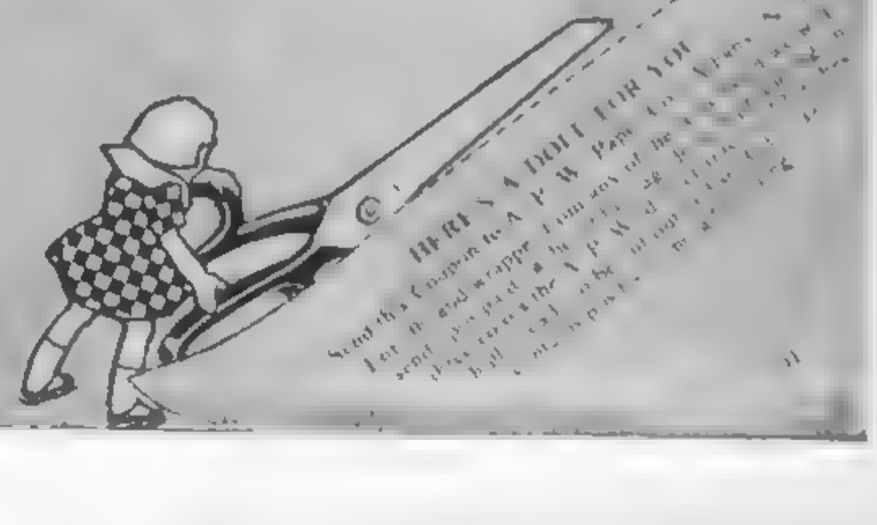

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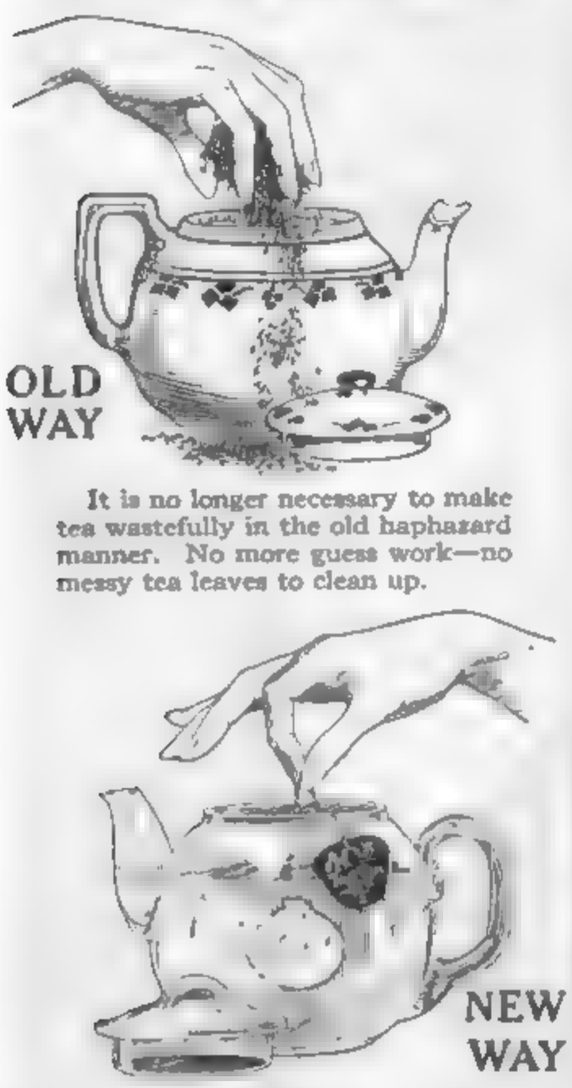

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THE CHORUS LADY, MODEL 1924

(Continued from Page 29)

writers. To return to these self-constituted prima donnas—they wander around the theatrical offices and agencies just as long as their money holds out, refusing anything but leading parts. Their refusals are scornful at first, then not so scornful, and after a while, if they are really in earnest, they take a chorus job for the experience, until something better comes along. If they're not really in earnest they go home and tell highly imaginative stories about wicked producers who would have starred them if they had been willing to pay the price.

Then there's the type of girl who goes into the chorus because it seems to her an easy way of making a fairly good living. Her family cannot afford to maintain her in idleness, and she has no particular talent or ambition, but she's pretty, has a good figure and has always been considered a swell dancer. She doesn't care much for work. She has an imagination a little beyond stenography or bookkeeping or any other office work. And in the chorus you get thirty-five and forty dollars a week, sometimes more, and your daytimes practically free. That's the way she figures it. And her best beau has often told her that she's much better looking than Peggy Joyce, so why not give it a try? She means to get married early, anyway, and a year or two in the chorus will be lots of fun. Besides, look at the chorus girls who marry millionaires! Maybe she'll be one of the lucky ones.

It would be foolish to pretend that all chorus girls are stained-glass saints who never have any fun, and who go straight home after the show every night to the poor invalid mother they are supporting, and send all their spare cash to the little brother they are sending through college. A fair proportion of the girls in the chorus are quite as naughty as they are alleged to be. Some of them are the celebrated gold diggers of song and story; many girls merely use the chorus as a stepping-stone to a life of ease and luxury, a likely place to meet men of wealth who will give them the diamonds and the motor cars they have read about. But why brand a whole profession because of the peccadillos of a few? There are a good many girls who choose business careers for the same purpose, girls who take jobs in brokerage houses and banks because they think they'll meet rich men there. And because of these the whole tribe of business girls is not condemned.

The Chorus Girl of Royal Blood

There's another thing to consider, too, in this regard. Any time a chorus girl gets involved in an unpleasant situation, however trivial, the newspapers play it up for all they can get out of it, while girls in less public positions can be mixed up in far more disagreeable things without getting a tenth of the publicity. Also almost invariably girls who get into difficulties of any kind refer to themselves as chorus girls, even if the nearest they have ever been to a chorus was a seat in the gallery of a theater. For a while this situation was so acute in New York that several musical-comedy producers issued identification cards to their girls.

Practically every musical-comedy chorus today boasts at least one girl, sometimes more, of really good family. Sometimes it is a girl who is bored with society and has prevailed upon her bewildered parents to let her try the stage for a little while, but more often it is a clever resourceful girl whose family has position but little money, and who does not care for a life of genteel poverty. Girls such as these lend tone to a chorus, and the producer is usually quite pleased to get them. Incidentally, during the past season there have been a good many English girls in Broadway choruses. It is amusing to record the fact that at least once during the season the press agent of each show has sent out an announcement declaring that his particular chorus girl is distantly related to the British royal family and once danced with the Prince of Wales. Nobody believed it, but everybody printed it, so the press agent and the chorus girl were happy.

A difference in type is not the only difference between the chorus girl of a decade or two ago and the one of today. Formerly all the girls had to do was look pretty. Now that's the least of the job. Pretty they must be, of course, but in addition to that they must have talent—good voices, clever dancing, and in many cases the ability to do some sort of specialty. In huge and splendid revues, of course, the girls still come on as a unit; there is not much place for individual work among the chorus. But the majority of musical shows, and a number of revues, too, are giving their chorus girls a chance to step out of the line and do something alone—a brief dance, a solo on the ukulele, a special chorus to a song. Producers find they get better all-round work from their girls if they give them something of this sort to do. There is an incentive, a real reason for working harder.

Chorus girls today naturally get much better pay than their sisters of a few years ago. For a long time the average salary of a chorus girl was eighteen dollars a week—eighteen, that is, for the dancers, the ponies and mediums, while the showgirls, the tall ones who did nothing but parade in fine clothes, got twenty dollars. And in the old days the entire circumstances of the chorus girls' life were different. There was no time limit placed on rehearsals, for instance. It was not at all unusual for a chorus to rehearse without pay for eight or ten weeks in a show that failed after its first week on Broadway. Now no chorus can be rehearsed without pay for more than four weeks. The chorus formerly had to pay for its own shoes and stockings, but now these articles are supplied by the management, as they should be. Altogether conditions are greatly improved. The chorus girl of today, in an ordinary show, where she just has the customary routine to go through, gets thirty-five or forty dollars a week, while in a show where she has some specialty to do she may get fifty or sixty dollars. In The Follies and similar entertainments the showgirls, who have to be unusually beautiful, and who make eight or ten changes of costumes during a performance, get seventy-five and occasionally a hundred dollars a week.

The Day of Perfect Thirty-Twos

In addition to their chorus jobs, many of these girls earn money during the day. Some of them, if they have acquired something of a reputation for beauty, get brief movie engagements from time to time, while many of them pose for artists and also for photographic studios. And often they are paid handsomely by the manufacturers of some widely advertised product, usually a beauty aid, for the use of their pictures and testimonials. Each season, it seems, some girl will be singled out either by the management she works for or by a series of fortuitous circumstances, for particular notice, and in that way a vogue will be created for her. Jessie Reed, who has recently married and retired from the stage, was for two seasons, at least, the best-known and highest-salaried chorus girl in America.

Speaking, as I was a few paragraphs back, of the three types of chorus girls—ponies, mediums and showgirls—leads to still another difference between the old and the new. It is a difference in size and shape. In the days when the Florodora Sextet was the standard of beauty among choruses, a girl had to answer the requirements of a perfect thirty-six before she was considered eligible at all. If she erred in this regard it had to be on the generous side. Nowadays even a thirty-four is regarded with slight disfavor. Thirty-twos are about the right size for the ultra-modern chorus. And in practically all choruses the pony-ballet type of girl has been eliminated. There are only two sizes today—the mediums, who do the dancing, and the big girls, who wear the gowns. Some shows do not even have the big girls at all, contenting themselves with a small but talented chorus.

Quite a number of shows lately have used only eight or ten girls, instead of the usual sixteen, twenty and twenty-four. One piece tried this with very good effect.

This show, of the small, intimate type, used only eight girls, giving each one a specialty to do during the course of the evening. The experiment was so successful that the chorus stole the notices the day after the show opened—that is, the reviewers paid more attention to the work of the chorus than they did to the principals. Several other shows of last season followed this example, with equally interesting results. A revue which opened in June has a

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I could give these for a birthday or for any other gift and be proud of them always. If I bought a pair for myself, they would serve me all my life.

I could not choose a better gift, as Krementz links are guaranteed to wear a lifetime."

And any man who thought this would be right!

See them at your dealer's. Write us at Newark, N. J., for illustrated booklet.

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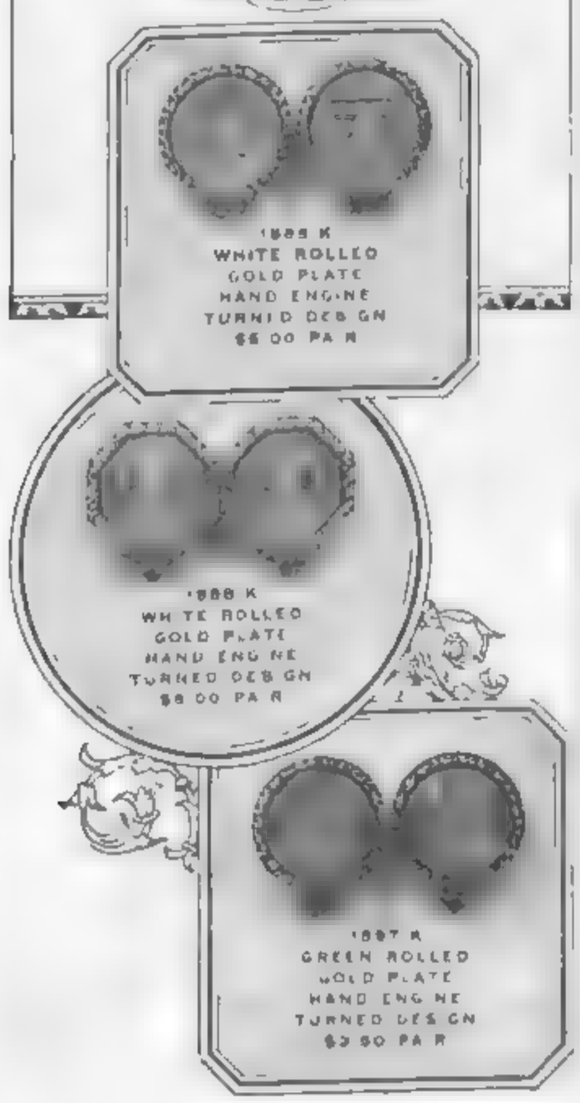

sensational chorus. These girls are really remarkable, and were selected from a list of nearly a thousand girls.

On the whole, the modern tendency seems to be to give the girls a chance. Edward Royce, that wizard among stage directors, who has put on many editions of The Follies, has expressed his attitude in a single sentence. "The chorus girl of today," Mr. Royce declares, "is the star of tomorrow."

This is more than theory. It is easy to summon up a dozen or so important names in the theater today which can be traced back to the chorus. The most notable of all is Elsie Ferguson, one of the finest emotional actresses on the current stage, who began her career as a chorus girl in The Belle of New York. Ina Claire, that most beautiful and charming of comediennes, was originally a member of the chorus who worked her way up through several seasons in The Follies, where she impersonated stars, to the rank of stardom in her own right. Justine Johnstone, who not long ago returned from a most successful engagement in London, where she was starred in a series of plays, started as a chorus girl. So did Edith Day, who is now starring. So did Peggy Wood and June Walker and Kay Laurell, all of whom are leading women in the legitimate theater today. The beautiful and much press-agented Peggy Joyce once decorated a front line. Shirley Vernon, who succeeded Marilynn Miller in the title rôle of Sally, is a graduate of Mr. Ziegfeld's group of glorified girls. And at the present time in New York a lovely Dresden china figure from the ranks of The Follies chorus is in the process of transformation.

The Dresden china doll is Mae Daw, who for the past few seasons has been one of the many beautiful girls for which The Follies is noted. Last season Mae was endowed by Mr. Ziegfeld with an infinitesimal part. She did so well with her bit that this year she was intrusted with a good deal more, and after the first-night reviews were out Mr. Ziegfeld signed her up for five years, which probably means that she will follow in the footsteps of Marilynn Miller, Mary Eaton and Shirley Vernon.

A great many girls who are at present at the top of the ladder in the movies were originally chorus girls. Among those who come immediately to mind are Marion Davies, Mae Murray and Nita Naldi, although no doubt there are a score or more of others.

Brief Brilliance

It is really in the straight musical comedies, however, that the individual work of a chorus girl has a chance to be recognized, and, realizing this, many girls who are more interested in building up a future than they are in having a glamorous present to boast about prefer to work in a smaller production and understudy the star or one of the other principal girls. As I said before, frequently this leads to sudden success, but occasionally the result is an unhappy one.

A couple of seasons ago in a popular musical comedy there was a sweet little chorus girl who, chiefly because she bore a fleeting resemblance to the star, was permitted to understudy the rôle. And as those things happen in life as well as in fiction, one day the star fell ill and the little chorus girl got her chance to play the part. She went in on a few hours' notice, and acquitted herself very well for an understudy. But that was the trouble. Everyone who saw her do the part said, "Yes, she's awfully good, for an understudy." She was very sweet and appealing. Her dancing was pretty good, her singing wasn't bad and her acting was quite nice. But she lacked the spark, the thing that cannot be described, but which carries the audience along so that it really cares what happens to the little girl on the stage. She had all the separate requirements, but somehow the motive power wasn't there.

It so happened that the star was unable to return to the cast at all, so the little chorus girl continued in the stellar rôle for about six weeks, until the play closed. She expected, of course, to continue in the part when the piece went on tour, but the management decided that she couldn't quite carry it, and told her, regretfully enough, that if she wanted to go on the road it would have to be in her old capacity as a chorus girl. She was heartbroken, naturally, and refused to go under those conditions. She went to several other offices and got a hearing on the strength of having played the leading rôle of this play, but nobody was willing to engage her for an important part, and she couldn't bring herself to accept a minor one after once having tasted glory. It was unfortunate for her. If she had continued as a chorus girl and worked hard, perhaps some day she would have found her right place, but this experience really spoiled whatever chance she may have had for a big career. Opportunity that comes too soon is often as futile as opportunity that comes too late.

Unemployment among chorus girls is always a favorite topic for newspaper-feature writers. During the past season there were dozens of stories in the dailies about the tremendous number of chorus girls who could not find work, some setting the figure as high as thirty-five hundred. This is in direct contradiction to the plaintive wail of musical-comedy producers and stage directors, who say there are not enough good chorus girls to go round. One reason why the number of unemployed girls seems so high is that every young woman—and some not so young—who wishes she were a chorus girl, or who thinks it might be nice to be a chorus girl, or whose best friend's brother knows a chorus girl, refers to herself as a chorus girl, just as every man who has had a letter printed in the Vox Populi column of his local newspaper says, "Oh, yes, I used to be a newspaperman myself once," and every stenographer says, "This is Mr. Blank's private secretary speaking."

Picking a Chorus

It is quite true that there are more chorus girls than there are chorus jobs, but it is not true that there are more good-looking and clever chorus girls than there are chorus jobs. This may seem like a gross exaggeration, but I can take my oath on its accuracy; to get a chorus—a good chorus of sixteen girls—for a regulation three-act musical comedy which does not make any special demands, the producer has to interview at least two hundred girls, sometimes more. And if he wants a chorus that can do specialties, five hundred is not too many. I know that in a recent show which needed eight girls, each one of whom could do some stunt by herself, the director saw four hundred applicants before he picked his octet. And he was even willing to concede a little on looks, willing to take talent at the expense of tremendous beauty.

The process of selecting a chorus is most interesting. First of all the producer notifies the various chorus agencies, of which there are a great many, to send out a call for girls. A theater and an hour are set. In addition to the agency call his own office usually has a list of several hundred girls used in former productions or furnished by the stage manager, who knows them from other shows. Postcards are sent to these girls as well. Sometimes, if the producer is interested in getting new girls without previous chorus experience, he inserts an advertisement in the Sunday want-ad sections, and also sends out a notice to the dramatic editors.

The morning of the call arrives. It is set for twelve o'clock, let us say, at the Times Square Theater. Among those present are the stage manager, the dance director and the general manager. The producer himself comes in, late, of course. Sometimes the author of the piece is there, and occasionally the composer, if he can be interested at such an early stage of the game. If possible the leading man is supposed to be there, because, after all, the girls do most of their work with him, and he must approve of them. But usually he is out playing golf or he doesn't like to get up so early in the day, and the first selection is made without him. Later he objects to about half of them and the whole thing has to be done over again.

The girls start coming at about eleven. By noon the stage is packed. The footlights are on and the girls, standing around in motley dress, without regular stage make-up, look none too prepossessing. From the first row, where he holds forth, surrounded by his henchmen, the producer bellows loudly.

"Take 'em away," he howls. "They're terrible. Not a good-looker in the bunch." But he doesn't mean it. That's just his way of expressing himself. The stage manager, who knows him too well to take him at his word, runs around the stage,

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NO sandwich like ham! And no ham sandwich like Underwood Deviled Ham, which is ham plus extra goodness!

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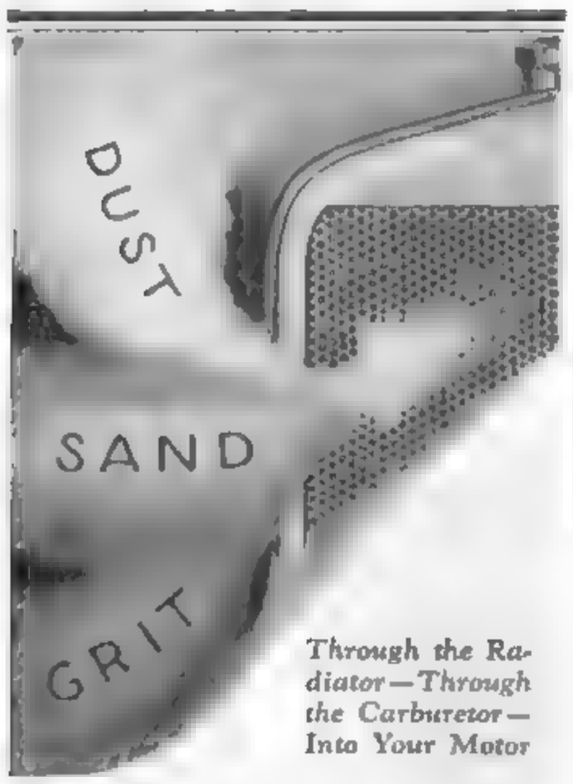

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getting some semblance of order out of the prevailing chaos. He stands the girls in long lines across the stage, four or five rows deep. They vary in height from four feet three to six feet eight, in weight from ninety pounds to a hundred and ninety. Some are sixteen and some look as though they might be sixty. Some are in blue serge suits, some in gingham dresses, a few are decked out in semi-evening gowns, swathed in tulle and draperies. About a quarter of them are attired in practice clothes, which may be rompers, one-piece bathing suits, boys' running pants or specially made suits of gayly colored knickers and Russian blouses. Some have their stockings rolled down below the knees, some have them drawn discreetly up, some are wearing none at all. There are red heads, heads of chestnut brown, black ones, auburn ones, blondes of every hue, real and artificial; bobbed hair, long hair, medium hair, shingled, Dutch cut, marceled, straight, well-groomed hair and tousled hair—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." An utterly bewildering assortment, ranging from the positively ravishing to the perfectly frightful.

A few weeks ago I attended a chorus call for a musical comedy now in preparation. The producer, in notifying the agencies and in sending out his advertisement and newspaper announcement, had said specifically that for this first call he was interested on a basis of beauty only.

"Beauty is the paramount consideration," his announcement had stated. "Naturally the girls must have ability, but the main consideration at the present time is beauty, both of face and figure. Do not come unless you are really beautiful."

Nothing could be more specific than that. Yet when I reached the theater at twelve o'clock I found on the stage a heterogeneous collection of females, some of whom were at least as ugly as Medusa and as old. One woman was easily a grandmother, and she weighed two hundred pounds if she weighed an ounce. At first they thought she had come to chaperon one of the girls, and somebody questioned her about it.

Making the Grade

"Oh, no," she said coyly, "I want to get in the chorus myself. I have a very good voice. I studied five years under De Reszke. Of course I usually have prima donna parts, but this season ——" She would have trailed on indefinitely if the stage manager hadn't leaped in and told her firmly there was no use. It's pathetic, but it happens so often one gets quite hardened to it.

After two hours of wrangling and squabbling, perhaps thirty-five out of the two hundred applicants have been tentatively selected. The rest are dismissed with thanks, but another half hour is consumed while they wait around, vainly hoping that some miracle will happen and they'll be told to stay. Often some of them will try to sneak into the group of lucky ones. Finally they straggle out.

The names of these thirty-five are taken, and they are told to report back in a week. Then the dance director puts them through their paces and eliminates the ones who don't pass his test. And the composer tries their voices and eliminates the ones who don't pass his test. Maybe the prima donna comes around and finds fault with one or two. The leading man registers his objections. And the producer discovers that some of them aren't as pretty as he thought. So perhaps out of the thirty-five who were tentatively selected from the original two hundred, three get as far as beginning rehearsals. This whole procedure is gone over until the eight or sixteen or twenty girls are selected. It takes a long time and a good deal of patience. Then often girls drop out during rehearsals, or are dropped, and the scuffle begins again.

It's no easy job to qualify as a chorus girl. A girl has to be considerable of a person to have the looks, the dancing ability and the voice to get into a modern chorus. The tradition that chorus girls are stupid was probably originated by a homely woman as a form of self-defense. Chorus girls aren't stupid as a class. Maybe a few of them are, but that's just the law of averages. As a matter of fact, they can't be stupid. They may not be well educated on the whole, and their brains may not be developed along scientific lines, but I maintain that they are not stupid!

You can't be altogether brainless and learn a dozen or more highly intricate sets of dance steps, each one of which is a feat in itself. I tried it once and I know. Last winter there was a vacancy in the chorus of a musical comedy with which I was associated, and I thought it would be a great idea to fill it for a little while, so I could be right with the girls and really find out what they thought about. After rehearsing a few days I gave it up in despair. I suppose I could have learned those labyrinthian steps eventually, but it didn't seem worth all the trouble to me, not to speak of the dance director. To be a successful chorus girl requires a remarkable power of coördination and a retentive memory, as well as a definite amount of brain power, even if it doesn't take the form of intellectual attainment. After that experience my respect for chorus girls went up a hundred per cent.

The great controversy which seems to be shaking the entire country just now—the bobbed-hair battle, I mean—has spread to the theatrical world. Some managers prefer short-haired girls, saying they can work with more freedom, while others claim that girls with what used to be known as their crowning glory intact make a prettier picture.

Sisters Under the Skin

Mr. Ziegfeld has just added a barber chair and a barber—feminine—to his other backstage equipment, so that his girls can be clipped between numbers. He represents the extreme left wing, while on the extreme right is Philip Goodman, who decided that for his new musical comedy he would get a whole chorus of long-haired girls. The tired business man, he figured, is tired, among other things, of looking at girls with shaved necks. The probabilities are that the T.B.M.'s daughter, stenographer, and maybe even his wife, have short hair, and that consequently he would be more diverted by a chorus full of long-haired beauties. Acting upon this theory, the producer made his wishes known, but that was as far as he got. Of the two hundred girls who answered his call less than twenty had long hair, and fully half of those were old or homely. So he had to renounce his novel idea. In the matter of hair, as in other things, the chorus girl is much like all other girls.

That point cannot be emphasized too strongly. If you were to stand in the wings of a theater where a musical comedy was in progress, and watch what the chorus girls were doing while waiting for a song cue, you'd be surprised to find them doing just about the same things, in the same proportion, as any other group of girls might be doing while sitting around idle.

Some would be reading. You might find Flaming Youth, The Outline of History, White Shadows in the South Seas, Snappy Stories, a French grammar and The Blind Bow-Boy all being read within ten feet of one another.

Some would be sewing—one on a fluffy bit of underwear, another on a bungalow apron to wear around the house. Still another, with a rapturous look, would be knitting on a sweater for her recently acquired husband, a chorus boy in the show she was with last season. Incidentally, about one-quarter of the girls in every show are married, most often to very young boys they have met in other shows. I knew one chorus girl who kept a sewing machine in her dressing room, and between acts and numbers she'd run up curtains or hangings for their tiny apartment on Washington Heights, just like any other happy young housewife. Some of the girls are divorced, too, just as some other girls are everywhere.

Some would be sitting around doing nothing, just gossiping or flirting idly with the boys; one would surely be at the backstage telephone, making a date for after the show.

After the show, when the make-up is off and the street clothes on, the girls file out into the street. Some go right home to Brooklyn or Harlem or Staten Island, and some start out on gay parties at near-by cabarets or distant road houses.

The main point is this: No matter where it is they're going, halfway down the block, after one of these chorus girls has mingled with the crowd pouring out of the theaters, she is indistinguishable from one of the girls who ten minutes before was part of her audience. Just a modern girl.

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EARLIER AND LATER DAYS

(Continued from Page 13)

is that all J. C.'s friends accepted me on indisputable terms. Though I have not many illusions about my merits, I must say that I never had the slightest doubt about the sincerity of their friendly feelings toward me. I may truly say I was never made to feel that I was in the way; and this, I take it, was a great compliment.

As to J. C., his view was characteristically conscientious and simple. I remember his once telling me that almost directly we were married—perhaps within the hour—he perceived what he had done, and got into a panic at the thought that he hadn't the slightest idea of how to take care of a young girl, a wife, not even from observation. Where could he have seen it? Not at school and still less on the high seas, while his stays ashore were but experiences of utter loneliness. It was only natural, he said, that he should have been very frightened. But he perceived very soon that the young girl, the wife, could not only take care of herself but also knew how to take care of him, and then he understood the blessedness of the married state.

On another occasion, in the course of a discussion of a person we knew, he declared to me that he couldn't see himself married to anybody else. He couldn't even begin to imagine such a thing. And that also was a great compliment. With the arrival of the first child a subtle change came upon our intimate feelings, a new sense of closer and even more simple unity of our two lives.

We never managed to beat the record of three auspicious events in about two months, and our first home in Ivy Walls is memorable mainly on that account, and for my first meeting with Mr. Cunninghame Graham. We didn't live there very long. Its low situation, practically on the Essex marsh, was a serious drawback. We decided, with great reluctance, on account of getting away from the Hopes, to move into a farmhouse in Kent, rented to us by Mr. F. M. Hueffer, whose acquaintance we had made lately. The idea was that we should stay there six months and look about us, but in the end we took it over completely and did not leave it till our first boy was ten years old.

I can truly say that I enjoyed every moment of our boys' early childhood. Neither Borys nor John, born some years later, had a nurse; but we had a maid who was greatly attached to them, who came to us very young and remained for twenty years. Pent Farm, though charmingly situated, was rather lonely and we had some difficulty in getting girls to stay. Mr. John Galsworthy, to whose unfailing friendship we both owe more than can be expressed in words, who used to run down often for a day's or two days' visit, had many views of me in the kitchen—it opened straight from the dining room—with Borys on one arm while my other hand hovered over the saucepans from which his next meal would come. In fact, he and the other guests used often to walk right in and greet me there on their arrival.

The Blackwood Period

The early years, the home of which was Pent Farm, fall into two periods—the first one of four years marked by J. C.'s better health and to which he always refers as his Blackwood period. While Borys learned to walk and talk and take his place in the world, J. C. wrote Youth and the Heart of Darkness, stories that attracted attention, and then turned to Lord Jim, of which I think about fifteen pages had been written in Ivy Walls. Into this period also fall the two novels in which J. C. collaborated with Mr. F. M. Hueffer, who was a very frequent visitor, staying with us sometimes for many days, while we used to drive often over to Winchelsea, where the Hueffers had a charming bungalow. We had rooms in a hotel, but we generally spent our days with them.

It was at that time that I saw Mr. Henry James for the first time. J. C. knew him before, but he came over from Rye to call on us and make my acquaintance. Our small boy, a very important person by now—though the fact was concealed from him as much as possible—earned the esteem of his father on that occasion. He hated to be taken on the knee and generally disliked being nursed in that way; but this is exactly what Mr. James did, and the little fellow sat perfectly resigned and still for more than half an hour, till Mr. James released him with a kiss. J. C.'s opinion of his son's character went up considerably from that day. The boy's first remark when he saw Mr. James cross the street was "Oh, mamma dear, isn't he an elegant fowl?" I had been reading Lear's Nonsense to him.

Later, much later, the literary critics seemed to find that the end of the Blackwood period marked a change in J. C.'s manner. My attitude toward his work was never critical—it was too much part of himself; if anything it was perhaps maternal. I welcomed his productions with affection more than with any other feeling: with curiosity, too, for by then the typewriting was being done in London, and J. C., without being secretive, disliked extremely to let anybody see any unfinished piece of work. His references to it were of the briefest kind. But if he was evolving a new manner, then the volume called Typhoon, standing as it does between the end of the Blackwood phase and the beginning of a phase marked by the composition of Nostromo, may be regarded as a transition book. Those tales were noticed in a particular way; in a sort of way that induced Mr. Harvey, who was lately United States Ambassador to England, but was then the editor of Harper's Weekly, to buy Nostromo for his firm without seeing it at all, and in fact quite a long time before the book was finished. While working at it J. C. had a serious illness which caused much anxiety to me and his friends. But he recovered surprisingly quickly. We went for a change to London, and he managed to do some work there absolutely in lodgings—to my surprise—and under very adverse circumstances, for it was at that time that I became a source of anxiety to him.

Illness and Anxiety

The trouble was sprung on him one frosty morning when he had gone out early to breakfast with Mr. John Galsworthy and I on my side had gone out to do some early shopping. On coming out from Barker's I slipped the cartilage of both knees at once and fell on the pavement, hurting very badly the knee already damaged by an accident I had had at the age of sixteen. I had with me my maid and the small boy. Two passers-by helped me to my feet, and I actually managed to walk into a café some yards distant and send a message to J. C. He came in a great fright and helped me to walk to our lodgings in Gordon Place. My fortitude failed me then and it was many days before I could move off the couch. So, on a day that opened like any other day, without particular forebodings as to good or evil, twenty years ago, as I write these words, the whole coloring, the mental complexion and even the material details of all our future life became permanently affected before half past ten in the morning.

At times, looking back on it, it seems a little nightmarish, not only in its more or less constant physical suffering but also in its grip on one's mentality and in its persistent hindrance of the freedom of one's movements. One would like to dismiss it in silence, but it can't be kept out of this summary survey. Before Nostromo was finished an operation had been decided upon, and when the book appeared I was actually in a nursing home for that purpose.

Nostromo turned out a black frost as far as the public went. J. C. was bitterly disappointed. It is the only time I saw him display any feeling as to the fate of his books, and I didn't wonder at it, because I knew how much effort, what sum of vitality and nervous force he had expended in the writing of that book. For some time he could not regain a creative mood, except for a short story or two; but he found refuge from that worry in the writing of the what I think marvelous pages of The Mirror of the Sea.

Our Pent Farm period comes practically to an end with the advent of John, our second boy, though he was not a native of the place. Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy lent him their house in London to begin life in. While we were awaiting his arrival there, J. C. was finishing the first, shorter, version of The Secret Agent. As I did not know in the least what the book was about, I could not account to myself for the grimly ironic expression I used to catch on his face whenever he came to give me a look-in.

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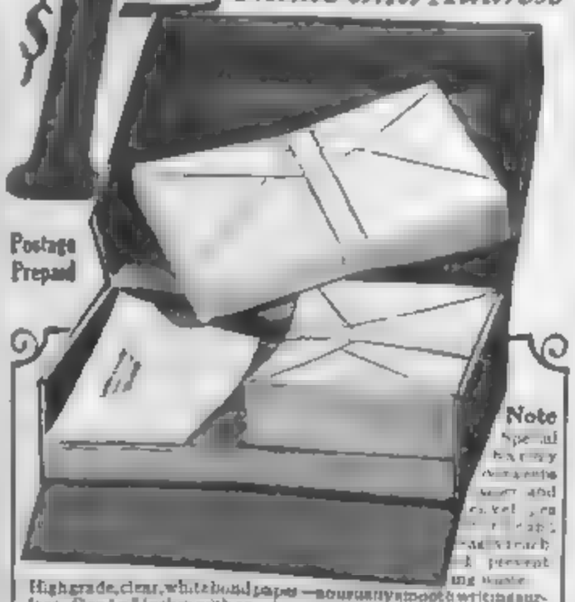

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Could it have reference to the expected baby? No, it was only a reflection of the book's coloring. J. C. was as pleased with this baby as with the other boy. His first remark, I believe, was "That fellow looks like an Italian," while his brother's was the offer of half the cat and half the dog. Later it was amusing to me to watch John, aged about three, winding his father round his little finger.

The end of our early years was overshadowed by cruel anxiety, as we nearly lost both our boys at the same time—the baby from sheer exhaustion during a very severe and prolonged attack of whooping cough, and the elder, then approaching his tenth year, from pleurisy; all that in a hotel at Champel, near Geneva. While I was fighting for the last spark of life in John, J. C. looked after Borys, and earned my additional respect by managing under those circumstances to rewrite and expand by some fifteen thousand words the end of The Secret Agent.

That book in its present form marks for me literarily the end of our early days. After thankfully bringing both children home, we decided to leave Pent Farm and move out of Kent altogether, to a house called Someries in Bedfordshire. I conclude we must have been suffering from temporary aberration of mind, because we discovered that the only place for us, after all, was the county of Kent. We felt as if we had been exiled. Therefore our tenancy of Someries did not last more than a year and a half. J. C., without suffering from any acute attacks of gout, was being mildly tormented all the time. But most of the stories in the Set of Six were written there, and almost all the whole first part of the novel called Under Western Eyes, the only book which, from a few words dropped at different times, I thought he regretted having begun at all.

He told me once that this work, which he considered to be intensely personal in its views and its style, would be pronounced by critics to be derivative.

"They will be trying to drag in comparisons with Russian writers of a certain kind," he said.

The mere thought of it was odious to him, and I quite understand why. He held quite tenaciously to the fact of Poland's Western temperament, traditions and culture being altogether removed from Slavonism except geographically. His apprehensions were realized to some extent—to my great regret.

Our Six-Room Cottage

Otherwise Someries is memorable to me for the fact that the first number of the English Review was partly edited and actually put together there. The final operation took the whole of one night. Mr. F. M. Hueffer arrived late in the afternoon, accompanied by his secretary and his subeditor, all carrying parcels of papers and very little other luggage besides. Each took possession of a separate room, and that night nobody slept in that house except the baby and, of course, the servants. I went to bed in the usual way, yet did nothing but listen to the sounds of footsteps and to the voices conversing between the ground floor and the first floor, over the banisters. That night's consumption of lamp oil and candles was prodigious. I like to remember that period of excitement, if it were only for the reason that one of what I consider J. C.'s more precious books, the Personal Record, owes its existence to the English Review.

From the spacious Someries we changed into a cottage of six tiny rooms. But we were back in Kent. Those were straitened quarters, but we made up our minds to remain in them for years if need be, waiting till we could discover something more adequate.

There, in a room not much bigger than a monk's cell, but much more encumbered with furniture, J. C. finished Under Western Eyes; and it was in that same room—as the most cheerful of all—that in a bed I had put there he lay through nearly three months of a most severe illness, during which he says that he never came to himself or opened his eyes either night or day without seeing me by his bedside.

I saw from the first what it would be and had a couch put in there for myself. I could have but little aid from an old maid who helped me to look after John. Our cottage neighbors were very kind and sympathetic to us—strangers—and we had the unremitting friendly care of our doctor, the same who had attended us in our Pent Farm days.

It was four months before I took J. C. for his first convalescent drive. Under Western Eyes had been out more than a month and, so to speak, had no sale whatever. It was unfortunate, yet J. C. did not appear to care. We seemed condemned to that six-room cottage for life; it had grown odious to both of us. But on that day our luck turned. As we drove along a familiar lane we passed a house we had known by sight for years. It had the appearance of being unoccupied. The gate of the drive was open. I was inspired to direct our driver to turn into it. The rustic caretaker thought there was no harm in our seeing it.

J. C. was much too weak to walk about; but he sat on the low window sill of a room that was afterward our dining room, while I and the child went all over the place. It was not big; but after the cottage it seemed palatial, and John found great delight in shouting in the empty rooms. J. C. and I felt we must have this; but the caretaker, pocketing my half crown, assured us that it was impossible; the gentleman was going to make a week-end cottage of it for himself. Still, he gave us his name and his London address. To make a long story short, with a rapidity that seemed like enchantment, but was really the magic of human kindness, the house became ours on a yearly tenancy.

The Birth of Many Books

I sent J. C. away to the care of a friend while I directed the move, which was only seven miles, put every bit of furniture in its place according to a plan which I had in my mind's eye, and then wired to him to come home. I met him at the railway station. As I watched him come along I thought how very ghostlike he still looked. Next day after breakfast he walked, still shaky, into the room which combined the functions of drawing-room and study, and wrote the first pages of The Smile of Fortune.

That auspicious title ushered in a period of happy activity and comparatively good health for J. C. Here I watched the birth of many books—the stories of Twixt Land and Sea and Within the Tides, the novels Chance—the first library success—and Victory, the last of the prewar works, which came into existence without a name. J. C. gave himself up to this work with great intensity, but as usual not saying anything about it. Then, one morning as I was in the front of the house having a look at the flower beds, a window flew open upstairs and he put his head out and shouted to me, "I've got the title! It's Victory!" Then, after a pause, he added, "And it is the last word I have written." I was delighted to learn that the book was finished and to hear its promising name on that bright forenoon on an early day in May, 1914. No premonition of the coming war intruded upon my quiet contentment.

The next event that followed before the war shadow fell on our thoughts and on the very spirit of the land was our eldest boy's leaving the Worcester with a good leaving certificate. He had been too happy in that school ship not to feel a little cast down by the separation, but he soon got very interested in the project of our journey to Poland. We had been invited to a Polish country house, and J. C. was very glad that the boys should see something of the Polish life and also visit Cracow, the town of their father's school days, before they grew too old to care for the early associations of their father's life.

The events, impressions and feelings of that journey have been related by J. C. in their essentials in the three articles called Poland Revisited. But in any case this would not be the place for me to enter into the mental and emotional experience of what I may call our captivity and our release from an internment which might have lasted for years, but from which we escaped, thanks to the efforts and influence of Mr. Penfield, the United States Ambassador to Austria. We reached London in the first week of November, and I could see that there was trouble ahead for poor J. C. My greatest concern was to get him home as quickly as possible.

Our eldest boy had to curb his impatience in deference to his father's will and on the assurance of that man whom he implicitly trusted that he would not be too late to play his part in whatever fate reserved for his country. Ultimately, in

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August, 1915, he got his commission as second lieutenant and his instructions to join the depot at Grove Park.

On the day he left home to join his depot he was seventeen and a half years old and looked very youthful. J. C., whose mission generally it was to take him to his various schools and leave him behind there, went with him on that occasion too. He did not go all the way to the camp, however. He got out of the car at Bromley, at the railway station, and came home by train. He told me that the look of ecstatic happiness on the boy's face was enough to frighten anybody.

J. C. and I had at least the comfort of having John with us, and I had need of every comfort I could get, because just at that time I was not feeling at all well. But presently J. C., on the invitation of the Admiralty, went away to visit some of our naval bases. I must say that I felt his absence very much, though, of course, I did not say a single discouraging word.

Our older boy's first leave was in 1917, and he was at home on his nineteenth birthday. I looked at him with a certain wonder. He had developed physically and looked strangely mature in every way. Only his manner with me remained what it had been in his school days. I had fifteen days of fearful joy.

The days of parting after leave do not bear much talking about. I must render ourselves the justice that we kept smiling all the time, but each of those days seemed in prospect more than one could bear. It was at this time that J. C. finished his story The Shadow-Line, which he dedicated "To Borys and all his generation." This dedication used to trouble me all the time my boy was at the Front. There seemed to be in it something ominous, though of course the line alluded to has no relation to passage from life to death, but symbolizes the passage from the irresponsible early youth to the wider self-realization and the responsibilities of manhood.

Early in October a War Office telegram was delivered at our house expressing the regret of the Secretary of State that our boy had been severely shell-shocked and gassed during the army's advance on the Menin Road. The consequence of the shock developed slowly and all we heard of him was the news that he was being moved from one hospital to another. Our anxieties were kept alive all the time, and meantime I had managed to catch bronchitis, which laid me up and added much to the strain from which J. C. was suffering. But meantime he had managed to finish The Arrow of Gold and could devote himself to the task of nursing me with unremitting care.

One day in early December, at dusk, we heard a car come to the front door and J. C., who had been reading to me, got up and went to see who it could be. Then, as I lay there wondering and listening myself with that sort of permanent anxiety which belonged to one's natural state then, I heard J. C.'s exclamation of surprise and directly afterward a deep voice asking anxiously, "Where's mum?"

With the arrival home of our older boy—returned to us whole certainly, but very far from well, as we soon discovered—I closed my eyes in deep thankfulness and tasted the first moment of real peace for years, and on the record of that crowning mercy I will bring to an end my recollections

Editor's Note—Mr Conrad's death occurred only a few weeks after this article was written.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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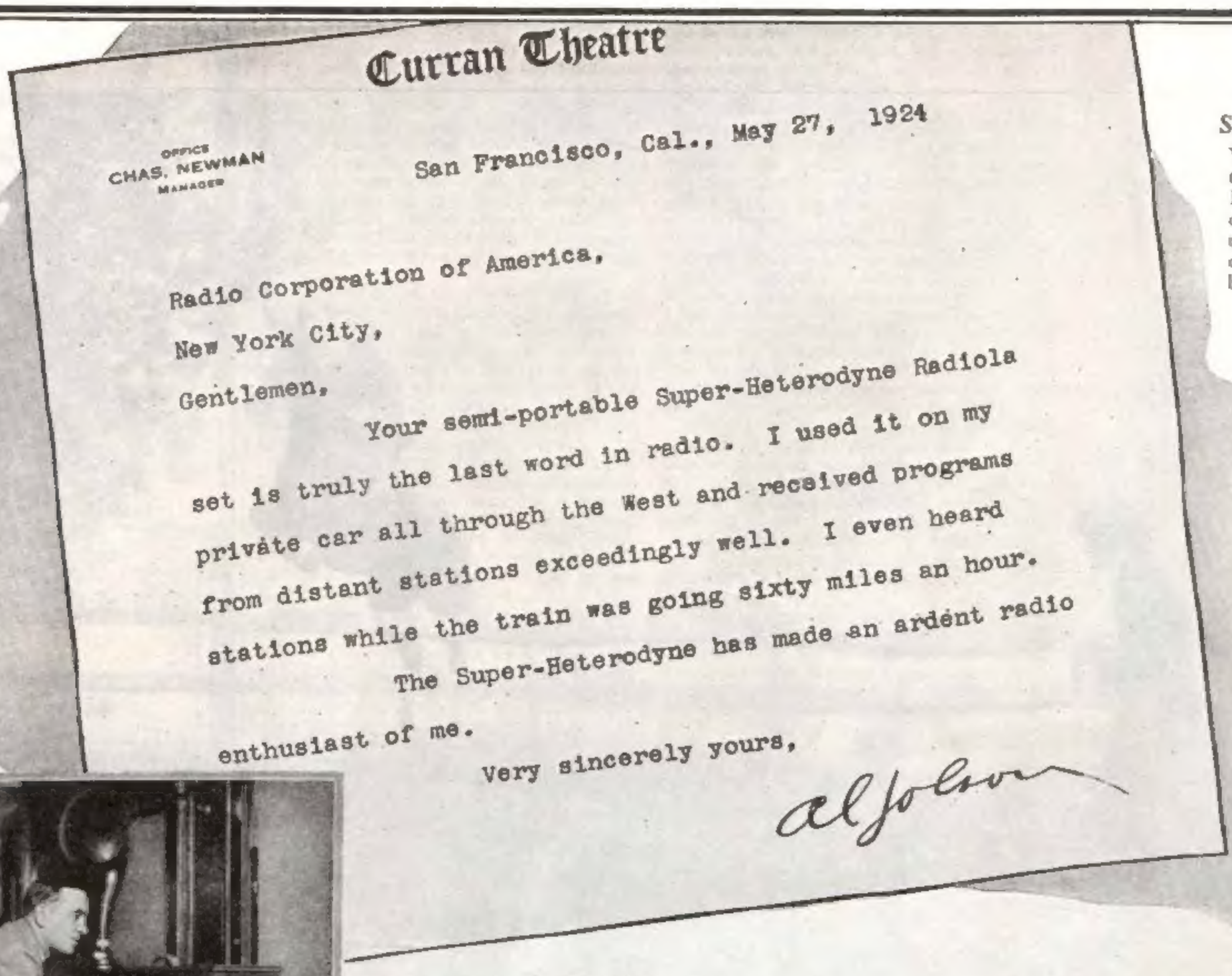
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